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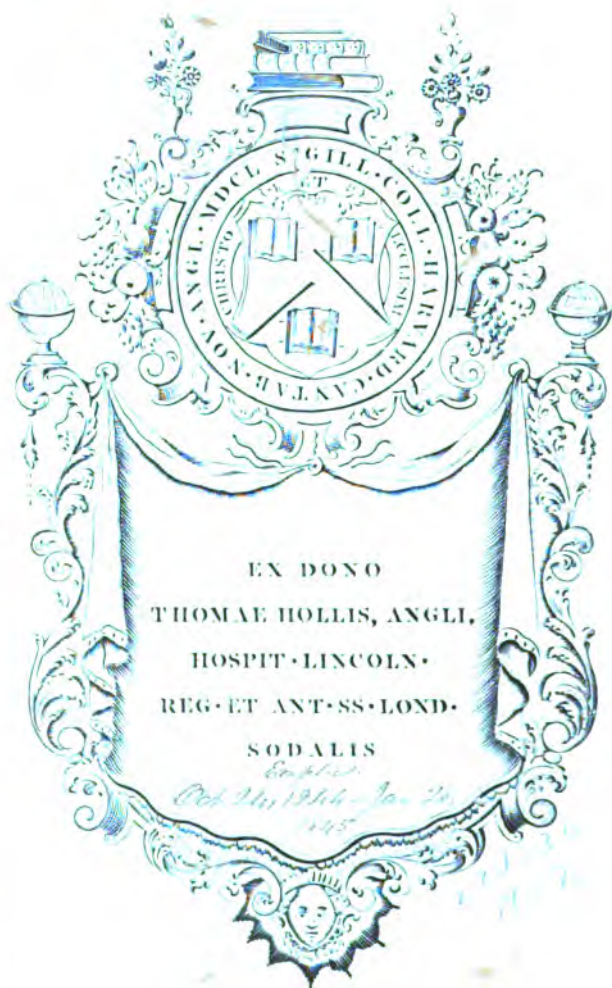
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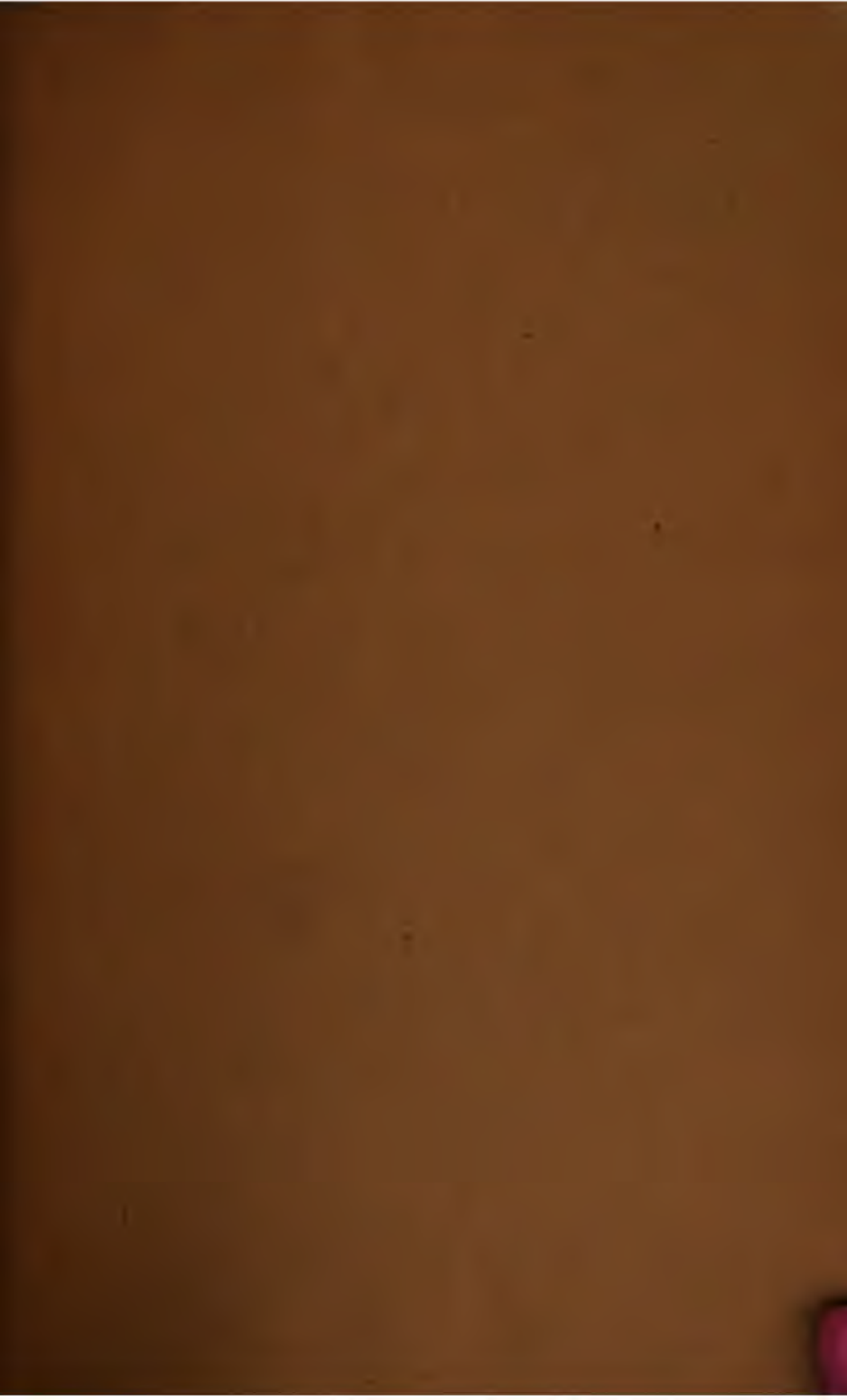
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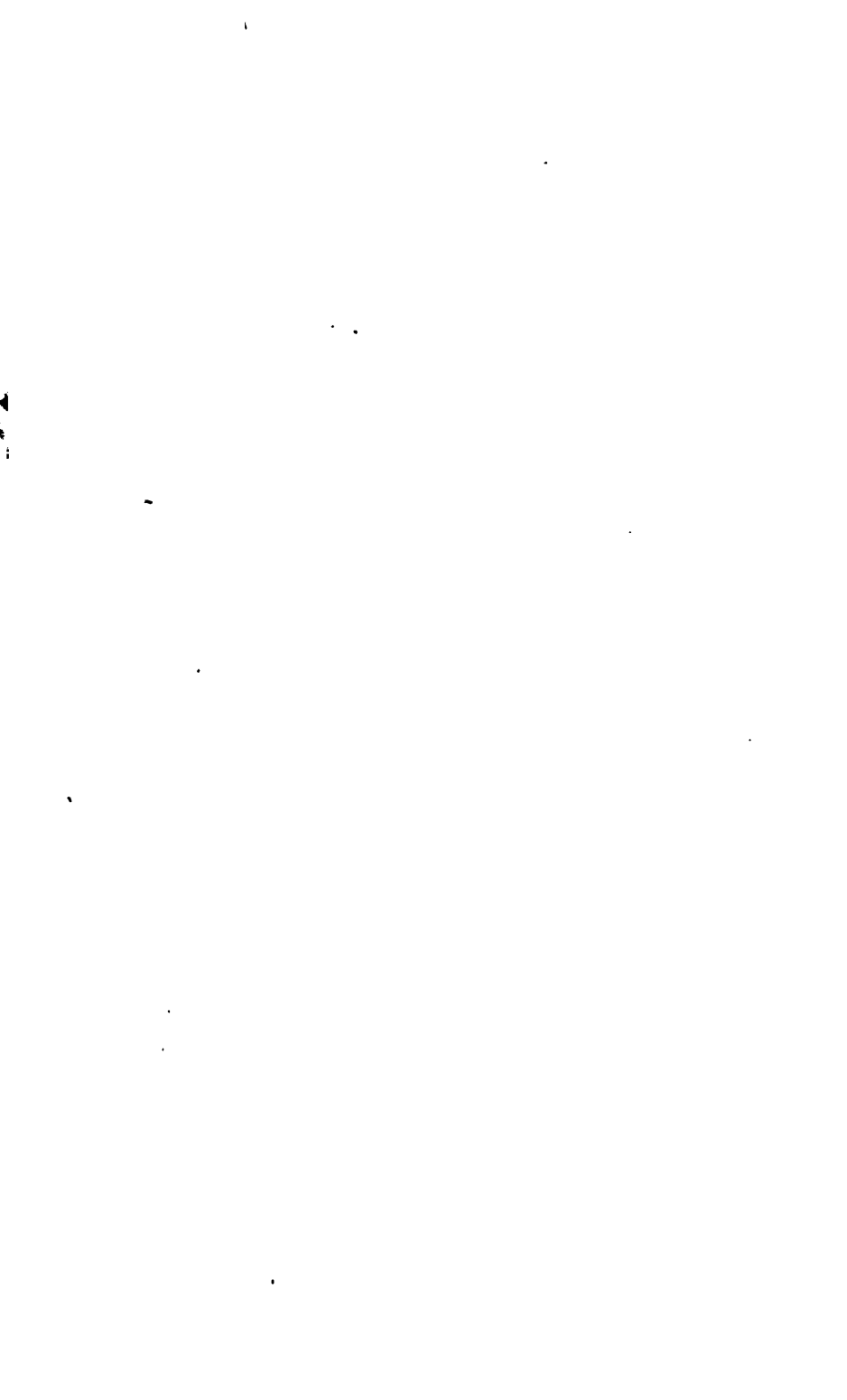
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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Nunziatura in Irlanda di Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Arcivescovo di Fermo, negli anni 1645 a 1649, pubblicata per la prima volta su' MSS. originali della Rinucciniana, con documenti illustrativi, per cura di G. AIAZZI, Bibliotecario della Medesima.* Firenze, 1844. (Mission of Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, as Nuncio to Ireland, from 1645 to 1649, published for the first time from the original Manuscripts in the Rinuccinian Library, with Illustrative Documents. By G. AIAZZI.) Florence. 1844.

THE publication before us, though interesting and important in a high degree, can scarcely be said to contain any direct and positive addition to the amount of our historical knowledge. The memoir,* or historical account of his mission, presented by the nuncio to the pope after his return to Rome, which occupies a small part of the present volume, has, we believe, already been published; and several of the letters have been quoted by Carte and Birch, and through them, or directly, by many other historians. The bulk of M. Aiazzi's publication consists of the original despatches sent by Rinuccini to Cardinal Panfilio, nephew and minister to Innocent X., and to Panfilio's successor, Cardinal Panzirolo; with some less confidential letters to Cardinal Mazarine, Queen Henrietta Maria of England, and other persons of rank and importance. To these the editor has added the original instructions given to the nuncio, the bull from which he derived his authority, and some very curious extracts from the occasional directions forwarded to him from Rome. His own contributions are confined to a short preface, and a somewhat meagre and unsatisfactory biography of Rinuccini. It does not appear whether all the

* The longer Latin work commonly quoted as the 'Nuncio's Memoirs' is, as M. Aiazzi informs us, not the composition of Rinuccini himself. It appears to have been compiled several years after his death with the assistance of the documents which he had left. M. Aiazzi says that the handwriting is not that of an Italian, and he is inclined to attribute the work to some learned Irishman—a supposition calculated in some degree to diminish its value.

extant despatches have been published. The nuncio refers to many additional letters and documents not included in this collection; but it is probable that several of his despatches were intercepted by the parliamentary cruisers, or otherwise lost. Those which remain form a narrative of his mission, which is nearly continuous, and evidently more authentic than the memoir, naturally coloured as it was by a wish to justify himself, and by the influence of events, which, when the letters were written, could not have been foreseen. In Clarendon's '*History of the Rebellion of 1641*,' in the '*History of the War*,' by Richard Bellings, secretary to the Confederate Catholics, and in '*Rinuccini's Despatches*,' the cases of all the principal parties to the complicated negotiations and conflicts of the time, who shared in hostility to the English Parliament, will be found to be fully stated.

The unmixed eulogy with which the editor speaks of the conduct and character of Rinuccini, is principally remarkable as a proof of the little change which two centuries have produced in the spirit of Italian Catholicism. To the north of the Alps these letters will produce little change in the opinion which has long been entertained, that the uncompromising bigotry and encroaching spirit of the nuncio was one of the principal causes of the overthrow of Ireland and of Catholicism by Cromwell. In blaming the Irish for their final disobedience to his counsels, M. Aiazzi has contrived to add a new charge to the many which may be brought against that unhappy nation. It is not often that they have been accused by a foreigner of deficiency in hatred to England, or lukewarmness in their abhorrence of heretics. Yet, while the reprobation of Rinuccini's policy by Irish and English historians is well founded as far as the interests of Ireland were concerned, it is from a very different point of view that his personal and political merits must be considered. He was not an Irish statesman, but a servant of the pope; and his mission was not intended to promote the general interests of the country, but to establish the supremacy of Catholicism, and of its representative the Apostolic See. To the Irish it might seem expedient to return to the protection of a tolerant Crown, under a composition with those Protestants who shared their hostility to the growing power of the Puritans; but Rome knew no degrees in heresy. Between the public exercise of the Catholic worship with the exclusion of all opposition, and the utter ruin of the church and nation, the nuncio allowed no alternative. In his individual character, as well as in the measures which he adopted, it seems to us that he affords a remarkable illustration of the strength and weakness of ecclesiastical diplomacy. Like private individuals who enter into general politics with objects exclusively religious, the agents of Rome have always had the advantage of definite objects to pursue, of

disengagement from the conflicting motives of secular statesmen, and, above all, of an external and arbitrary rule substituted for the law of conscience. On a large or small scale religious politicians are generally more unscrupulous, and, beyond the limits of their chosen principle, more unprincipled than other men. In his obedience to the instructions of Rome, in his determination to advance the cause of Catholicism, Rinuccini never wavers; but neither does he hesitate to make false assertions to suspected allies, nor shrink from conniving at the cruelty and rapine of the army which support his cause. In the decline of his influence he shows the contingent weakness of those who stand, as ecclesiastics often do, apart from general human interests, while they actively engage in particular enterprises. They almost always prefer immediate success to ultimate security, they misunderstand the secular instruments with which they work, and sooner or later they undergo the suspicion which justly attaches to them in their isolated position, of joining in the game of human life with the intention of playing unfairly. The nuncio's piety, according to the Roman type, appears to have been genuine, and his energy and the rapidity with which he acquired a knowledge of the affairs of Ireland were very remarkable. He spoke Latin, which was his medium of communication with the Irish, with fluency and eloquence. The short Italian memoir of his mission is written with peculiar force and spirit, but the style is so much more animated than that of his letters, that it may be doubtful whether it was of his own composition. His adversary, Bellings, says, that the open and familiar Irish took great offence at his reserved and ceremonious manners. It is certain, however, that the common people retained their devotion to him to the last, and it is probable that the assumption of dignity natural to a high-born minister of Rome, was well calculated to win their reverence.

Urban VIII. had employed the Abate Pier Francesco Scarampi as his agent in Ireland for about two years before his death in 1644. His successor, Innocent X., on receiving an application for aid from the council of the Confederate Catholics, determined, against the wish of their more moderate leaders, to send them a minister with the high rank of nuncio. He first selected Luigi Omodei, afterwards a cardinal; but in consequence of the remonstrances of Mazarine against the appointment of a prelate who, as a Milanese, was a subject of Spain, he substituted Giovanni Batista Rinuccini, the son of a Florentine patrician, and a favourite of the grand ducal house of Medici. The nuncio had been educated at Rome and at different Italian universities as a canon lawyer, and at the time of his appointment he had for twenty years held the Archbishopric of Fermo, from attachment

to which, he had in 1631 refused the metropolitan see of Florence. He received his instructions early in the year 1645, and passing through Florence, Genoa, and Marseilles, he arrived in Paris about the middle of May.

It would not have been consistent with the policy of the court of Rome to engage in Irish affairs with any more limited object than that of establishing the undisputed supremacy of Catholicism. The event proved that the purpose was unattainable, but it was not strange that it should be entertained by a power which had so often achieved greater victories, under circumstances apparently more unpromising. From the time when the popes, renouncing the policy of founding principalities for their families, had resumed their proper position at the head of Catholic Christendom, the counsels and the wealth of the Holy See had prevailed over Protestantism through the greater part of Europe. In less than a century the widely-scattered sparks of the Reformation had been trodden out in Spain and Italy, the French throne had been shaken by the Catholic League, and the Huguenots reduced to be content with a precarious toleration. From the south and from the east of Germany, Protestantism had been pushed steadily back, till Austria, Bohemia and Bavaria were free from its contagion, and it seemed probable that, but for the connivance of Urban VIII. at Richelieu's resistance to the ambition of the House of Austria, the opponents of Rome might have been driven beyond the Baltic and the British Channel, or forced, like their brethren in France, to exist as a dependent though hostile republic, in the heart of a powerful Catholic monarchy. Innocent X. was, according to the frequent custom at Rome, disinclined to the policy of his immediate predecessor, and suspected by the French court of an undue bias to the Spanish interest. He professed, however, entire impartiality, and while the continent of Europe, where the war was drawing to its close, no longer offered opportunities for spreading the orthodox faith by arms and policy, Ireland seemed an open field. The two great powers were themselves engaged by promises to support the Catholic cause, and to the crown of England the pope owed no friendship, and did not now profess hostility. The Irish were poor and religious: the pope, though not the richest prince in Europe, had the greatest command of ready money, and of spiritual treasures he possessed an inexhaustible supply. It seemed probable that the confederates, divided as they were in wishes, in interests, and in blood, would find unity and power in obedience to the head of that religion which was their only common bond. The real motives and the actual strength of the component factions of the great Catholic body could not be fully known by a foreign court,

and even now the true state of Ireland at the time is involved in much obscurity and confusion.

It is probable that the government of Ireland has never been conducted in a manner so favourable to the interests of the majority of the inhabitants, as under the vigorous despotism of Strafford; but his arbitrary and illegal interference with titles to land, and his successful attempts to curb the power of the principal families, had caused deep dissatisfaction among the old English inhabitants, who formed the chief support of the English dominion. The just discontent of the nobility and gentry was only increased by the policy, in many respects opposite to Strafford's, of his Puritan successors, the lords-justices Parsons and Borlase. The Catholics, who formed the vast majority of the aristocracy, as well as of the people, were threatened with the immediate enforcement of the dormant penal laws; and when the old Irish of Ulster, whose chieftains had been dispossessed of their lands by James I., took the occasion of the universal ferment to rise in that insurrection, of which the provocations have been so falsely extenuated, and the atrocities so much aggravated by puritan historians, the only object of the lords-justices was to multiply forfeitures by adding to the number of compulsory rebels. The English of the Pale, suspected, insulted and threatened, were compelled to arm themselves against the government, which, as they justly asserted, was itself disposed to hostility against the king. At first they acted independently, but they were soon compelled to ally themselves with their old enemies the Irish, and to form in conjunction with them a provisional government for the confederacy. In May, 1642, their general assembly, consisting of all the peers and Catholic bishops of their party, together with trustees from the counties and boroughs, elected as members of parliament, but disclaiming the title as an encroachment on the royal prerogative, met at Kilkenny, and appointed a supreme council to act as the executive government. Measures were taken for raising a revenue, commanders-in-chief appointed for the four provinces, and agents sent to request assistance from the Catholic courts of Europe. They professed undeviating loyalty to the king, and when the civil war in England had broken out, Charles early saw the importance of securing their alliance and aid. In 1643 he recalled the obnoxious justices, and soon afterwards appointed the Marquis of Ormond, the most powerful and popular nobleman in Ireland, to govern what remained of the kingdom as lord-lieutenant, with a commission to treat with the confederated Catholics.

The position of the marquis was singular. His predecessors had not avowedly thrown off their allegiance to the king, and

although as lieutenant-general under their administration he had preserved the loyalty of the greater part of the army, he was not as yet engaged in professed hostility to the parliament. The assembly of the Catholics swarmed with his friends and dependents, and the majority were eager to submit to his government. The Scotch settlers in the north, with an army from Scotland under Monroe, occupied the greater part of Ulster, and were known to adhere to the parliament. Lord Inchiquin commanded under the lord-lieutenant in Munster, where he held the principal towns. In the western part of Leinster, in a great part of Munster, and in nearly the whole of Connaught, except the towns of Loughrea and Portumna, the supreme council was sovereign; but the Earl of Clanricarde, the first Catholic nobleman in the kingdom, still held those towns for the king and his lieutenant, in defiance of the threats and censures of the clergy, and although the rank of commander-in-chief of the Catholic army of Connaught was at all times ready for his acceptance. His vast feudal power and personal weight had great influence in determining the council to agree with the lord-lieutenant on a cessation of arms preliminary to a peace which took place in 1643, and was at first rejected only by the Scotch of Ulster. On the failure, however, of an expedition of the confederate army to the north, coinciding in time with the advance of Leven's Scottish army into England, several of the English garrisons declined the cessation, and soon afterwards, in consequence of a slight imprudently offered him by the king, Inchiquin drove the Catholics out of the towns which he occupied, and declared against the royal cause, or, in the language of the time, in favour of the king and parliament. In the meantime the assembly advanced a considerable sum to Ormond, and enabled him to send 4000 men to the assistance of the king in England. The negotiations for a final peace, however, proceeded slowly. The Catholics demanded the abolition of the penal laws, and further securities for their religion, which Ormond did not think himself at liberty to concede; less, perhaps, from a doubt of the sufficiency of his power, than from a belief that when the civil war in England was at an end, the king would be unwilling or unable to abide by the agreements that might be made. Scarampi, by direction of the pope, opposed all concessions of religious claims, but all parties were unwilling to recommence the war: the cessation was renewed from time to time, and the general state of affairs was little altered from 1643 till the appointment of Rinuccini.

The nuncio was forbidden by his instructions to linger in France, or to engage in any negotiations there, except with the Queen of England. Yet he spent four busy months in Paris, and with Hen-

rietta Maria he never had an interview. By the end of August the patience of the Roman court appeared to be worn out; he was ordered to hasten instantly to Ireland, and sharply and repeatedly censured for his delay. Many writers have accused him of insolence in refusing to visit the queen, and Bellings asserts that, in violation of his duty, he was intriguing for the office of nuncio to the court of France. The despatches show that Mazarine expressed a similar suspicion, which, as Panfilio somewhat strangely reminds Rinuccini, he must know better than any one to be unfounded. In excusing himself, the nuncio dwells on the disappointments and delay which he experienced in obtaining a vessel for his passage, on the difficulty of obtaining audiences of Mazarine, and on other impediments, which, however real, would certainly not have detained him, if he had been earnest in the wish to prosecute his journey. We are, however, inclined to acquit him of neglect or disobedience. In his apologetic memoir, it is remarkable that he passes slightly over his residence in Paris as requiring no justification; and from his letters it is evident that he was directed to engage in more than one negotiation with the French court. His conduct may be justified on the very probable supposition, that he had secret directions in addition to the ostensible instructions now before us, which it might be necessary to communicate to a suspected colleague at Paris. The pope was, as we have stated, on unfriendly terms with Mazarine, who had recently succeeded to the power, and also to the policy, of Richelieu. He was also engaged in disputes with the family of his predecessor, the Barberini, and distrusted their adherent the Cardinal de' Bagni, who had been appointed by Urban nuncio to the court of France. Rinuccini was ordered to persuade Mazarine to send a minister to Rome, and it is probable that he may have been allowed to feel the ground towards the recall of Bagni, who was not only a Barberinian, or, as Bellings writes, a Barbarian, but devoted to Mazarine and France, as he afterwards proved by the important services he rendered them in the arrangement of the peace of Westphalia. When the French nuncio complained that Rinuccini had brought no letters for him from Rome, and when the cardinal of France intimated that no new appointment of a nuncio would be recognised, the papal secretary explained and apologised, and Rinuccini, like loyal diplomatists in general, was left to bear the censure, which could not decorously be applied to his court.

With respect to the Queen of England his justification is more complete. When he left Rome, Charles was at the head of an army and master of a third of the kingdom: in June the battle of

Naseby put an end to his prospects of victory. Henceforth it was hoped that instead of admitting the Catholics as allies, he might rely upon them as on his sole dependence. In his letters, also, to the queen, which the parliament seized and published, there were passages which showed a disposition to deceive the Irish. Rinuccini offered to visit the queen publicly as nuncio, knowing that she could not so receive him without a violation of English law, and an acknowledgment of the insurgent government to which he was accredited. He was expressly ordered by Panfilio to object to a private interview, on the ground that he could not uncover his head to a queen, while it seems to have been known that the queen could not receive him without that mark of respect. Their indirect negotiations could not lead to any result. The queen wanted aid for her husband, and wished to take refuge herself in Ireland. The nuncio would grant no assistance, except on terms offensive to the king's adherents in England, and he shared the determination of his court to avoid the embarrassment of the queen's presence on the scene of his mission. They took leave of each other by message with mutual politeness, and with permanent feelings of mutual hostility.

It was not till the middle of October, 1645, that Rinuccini at last set sail from Rochelle on board the *S. Pietro*, a frigate which he had bought at Nantes. He was accompanied by the Secretary Bellings, who, as the nuncio says, had been so much alarmed at his appointment that he could not speak for two days; he also brought with him, or sent a few days before him, arms and ammunition for 2000 or 3000 men, and from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* in money. His account of the voyage is highly edifying and entertaining. They had been three days at sea, when they saw a vessel in chase of them, which proved to be that of Plunket, an active partisan of the parliament. The pressure of the danger, he says, caused an incredible change in our vessel. The Irish, and especially Signor Bellings, took to their arms, and resolved to fight to the last—employing themselves meanwhile in clearing the decks, getting the guns loose, and putting the non-combatants out of the way in a corner. The archbishop himself was in bed hopelessly sick—the Italians of his suite engaged themselves (*'con molta edificazione'*) in prayer. After chasing them for 100 miles, Plunket gave up the pursuit—the proximate reason being a fire which broke out in his cook-room, the final cause a gilt image of St. Peter, which combined on board the ship which bore his name the functions of figure-head and tutelary deity. It had, indeed, already occurred to the considerate Italians that the circumstance of meeting with the *S. Pietro* in the Loire, 'was an augury that the Head of the church, on whom all missions depend, and who

inspired our lord his holiness to set on foot and arrange this of mine, had also willed to conduct it to an end, and to show, when occasion offered, how weak are the forces of Hell in comparison with the authority of the Keys.' It is painful to think that subsequently S. Pietro or his image, brought the nuncio into serious difficulties; for the ship having been employed by himself or his agents in a privateering or piratical speculation, and having brought a Spanish prize into Rochelle, the agent of Spain in Ireland seized upon the goods and money of the mission as a compensation, and it was only with great difficulty that Rinuccini secured the ship itself for his return to France. On the 21st of October, he landed on the coast of Kerry at the mouth of the river Kenmare, in the midst of marvellous coincidences and pious associations. On that very day, the church of Fermo was wont to celebrate the feast of St. Mabilia, whose scull was one of its treasures—the saint was one of the 11,000 virgins,* and 'we believe,' ('per alcune non leggere congettura') that she was an Irishwoman. Still more fortunately on the 22nd the same church celebrates the martyrdom of St. Philip, Bishop of Fermo, 'and, therefore, I am bound to believe that my great predecessor has thought fit to conduct me himself to the post appointed me by the vicar of God.' The Irish regretted the inconvenience of landing on a desert shore, instead of at Waterford; but the worthy prelate was pleased with the opportunity of first declaring his apostolic mission to shepherds, and of taking up his residence in a stable. A few days afterwards he arrived at Kilkenny, where he was received with every mark of respect by the supreme council, and the whole of the Catholic body.

The peace with Ormond was still unconcluded, but within a few months the state of the negotiations had been greatly affected by the arrival in Ireland of the Earl of Glamorgan, son of the Marquis of Worcester, and afterwards first Duke of Beaufort. The extraordinary powers in virtue of which he tendered to the Catholics concessions hitherto unprecedented, have been recorded and discussed by every writer on the history of the time. It is enough to say that he produced letters with the king's sign manual and under his private signet, by which Charles promised, on the word of a king and a Christian, to make good, to all intents and purposes, whatever he should perform; 'and although you exceed what law can warrant, or any powers of ours extend to, as not knowing what you have need of, yet it being for our service, we oblige ourself, not only to give you our pardon, but to maintain the same with all our might and power.' From subsequent events there can be no doubt that the king had privately agreed with Glamorgan, that he should be at liberty to disavow him, if necessary, and

* We presume, from the privilege of having a day to herself in the calendar, that St. Mabilia held high rank in this celebrated female army.

that the use of the private seal, and the irregularity of the entire transaction, were intended to leave a loophole to escape from any concessions inconvenient to fulfil which the agent might find it expedient to make. By virtue of his commission Glamorgan, who was himself a zealous Catholic, undertook to secure to the Catholics the abolition of the penal laws and the possession of all churches not actually occupied by Protestants. The confederates were to send 10,000 men under his command to the assistance of Charles in England, and Glamorgan was to bind himself by oath not to act with his army, till the king had actually secured the performance of the treaty. The engagements on both sides were to be secret, even from Ormond himself; and although no man could fail to see the insecurity of an arrangement, in which the agent and servant of one party was the only guarantee for the performance of the stipulations required by the other, the eagerness for peace, and the difficulty of concluding it, were so great, that the agreement had been made two months before Rinuccini's arrival, and a vote passed by the assembly, for levying the 10,000 men. To add to the complication and difficulty of the transaction, when the Archbishop of Tuam was killed at the siege of Sligo in the month of October, the Scotch found on his person an account of all that had passed, and shortly afterwards transmitted it to the English parliament.

The Catholics were now in the anomalous condition of an alliance with the king through his private agent, and of suspended hostility with him in the person of his lord-lieutenant. It seems impossible that the promoters of Glamorgan's treaty can have intended it to take effect before the conclusion of peace with Ormond; but the advocates of peace could now point to the secret conditions in favour of religion as a security for the claims which the viceroy refused to concede. Their opponents, who had with difficulty opposed a treaty which made no mention of religion, were in some measure disarmed, though not satisfied, by the apparent acceptance of their demands by the king: but the division of opinions lay deeper than the immediate occasion, and the minority had forces in reserve far more than proportionate to their strength in the assembly and the council.

The nuncio threw an additional weight into their scale. He had been made personally responsible for his opposition to the peace: but his instructions from Rome were clear and decided. He was ordered to obstruct a peace with Ormond, except on condition that the church should be secured in all its splendour, and that all future viceroys should be Catholic; and the want of sufficient security was represented to him as a sufficient reason for discountenancing Glamorgan's negotiation. In his original instructions he had been told always to associate the interests of religion with the maintenance of the king; but the royal cause was less than a secondary

consideration in the plans of the Vatican. His high dignity, and the supplies which he brought, had sufficient influence with the council to induce them to delay the conclusion of the treaty. In the meantime he employed himself in calculating his strength, and making himself acquainted with the condition of the different parties.

The assembly being formed on the model of a parliament, represented the rank and property of the kingdom, which were for the most part in the possession of the old English inhabitants. United as they were for the present with the old Irish, and connected with them by religion and by language, their wishes and objects were nevertheless wholly different. They had risen against intolerable oppression, and they had no choice but to fight to the last against the popular party in England, which included all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland in hatred so indiscriminate, that it had lately caused an act to be passed forbidding quarter to be given to any Irish papist. But their loyalty to the king had never been shaken, and as far as the laity were concerned, it is probable that no class in the three kingdoms was so free from bigotry and religious animosity. When the restoration of the ancient church was in agitation, the tolerant and moderate spirit of the old English gentry was strongly supported by their unwillingness to restore the impropriations of church property which their ancestors had not scrupled to receive from sacrilegious kings. It was in vain that the nuncio promised them fair compositions and easy confirmation of their titles—knowing that the rights of the church were immortal, while her agreements and promises were subject to contingencies, they were contented to abide by their wrongful possession, and by the security of English law.

The indigenous Irish had refused or had been unable to obtain any benefit from the secularised church property, their devotion to Catholicism was a more active principle, and they too had titles to enforce. Six entire counties had been confiscated by James I., on the plea of Tyrone's imputed rebellion, and victory alone could restore them to the owners, as neither king nor parliament would ever consent to dispossess the intruding colonists. Neither did they owe or feel attachment to the English crown. For four hundred years from the conquest they had borne to the English the relation which the Red Indians of the present day bear to the Anglo-Americans; and since they had ceased to be outlaws they had supported a long civil war, and suffered the penalties of a rebellion which possibly never took place. They had commenced the present war alone;* they formed the greater

* 'Of the whole hundred that were designed for seizing the castle of Dublin, there was not so much as one person of British blood, extraction, or name amongst them.'—*Earl of Castlehaven's Memoirs.*

part of the population and of the soldiery; and they saw with anger that their confederates directed their policy without sharing in their feelings or objects. Their interest and their habitual feelings of reverence alike led them to seek support against the government, and guidance for themselves, in the powerful body of the clergy.

The priesthood have sometimes been indiscriminately classed with the old Irish, as the determined opposers of peace: but Rinuccini's letters show sufficiently the difficulty which he found in uniting them in opposition to Ormond. His instructions and his disposition tended to changes within the church, as well as to external action for the restoration of its power. He had to establish the canonical jurisdiction of Rome; to procure the reception of the decrees of the Council of Trent; to reform and regulate the monastic orders; and, above all, to restore the splendour and publicity of the ecclesiastical ceremonies. In every point he came in collision with interests and habits, which confirmed a widely spread feeling of opposition to his more important political measures. The older bishops, he complains, 'accustomed to perform their few functions in secret and without inconvenience or interference, make small account of the splendour and magnificence of religion, foreseeing that it may involve them in great expenses, and always doubting whether they will be able to maintain it, either through new arrangements of the kingdom, or through the necessary diversion of their revenues to the necessities of war. Consequently they display almost a repugnance to submit themselves to the proper dresses and ceremonies, being almost all in the habit of celebrating the offices as ordinary priests, and of performing, for example, the sacrament of confirmation not only without mitre and vestments, but almost in a secular dress; and, therefore, they also would not be unwilling to satisfy themselves with the concession by the king and the marquis of the free exercise of their functions even in secret, so as to save as they believe the substance of the faith, and not to involve themselves in any difficulty.' The regular clergy were still less to be depended upon. As missionaries they were in possession of various ecclesiastical privileges, which were in danger from the immediate interference of Rome; and as through the operation of the penal laws they had been prevented for the most part from residing in their convents, and from observing the monastic dress and rules, many of them had lived as chaplains in the houses of the nobility and gentry, and had adopted the habits and opinions of men of the world: a large proportion retained the hereditary loyalty of the old English families to which they belonged, and the Jesuits, who were most strongly opposed to the nuncio, may perhaps have been influenced

by the preference of French to Spanish interests, which so long characterised their order. The regulars were still more unwilling than the older bishops to restore the splendour of the Catholic ceremonies; and it was long before the nuncio could introduce the custom of bringing the consecrated elements in procession from the churches to the beds of the sick; for even the common people preferred the ease and privacy of the spiritual consolations to which they were accustomed. The nation, he complains, is the idlest and most careless in Europe, partly from the coldness of the climate, and partly from its long subjection to England: 'whence it comes that being accustomed to content themselves with a mass celebrated in their cabins, and to live on what the soil produces without labour or exertion, they have imbibed a coldness of spirit, and accommodated themselves contentedly to the conditions of the time.' Nevertheless the great majority of the clergy were on the side of religion and war, and for the present the delegated majesty of Rome overawed the dissatisfied portion of their body.

One further source of dissension remained in the reciprocal jealousy of the four provinces, and the determination of each to serve only under its own independent commander. In Connaught Thomas Bourke had been appointed to act as lieutenant-general, in the hope that the head of his name, Clanricarde, would soon consent to assume the command. The earl had recently combined his forces with an expedition sent by Ormond to drive the Scotch out of the west, and although he still held himself apart from the confederates, he was virtually the head of the Catholic army of the province. In Munster the Earl of Castlehaven commanded for the council, but cultivated the most friendly relations with Ormond, whose brother, Richard Butler, a Catholic, and a member of the assembly, had married his sister. An experienced officer and a gallant soldier, he had done good service to the cause of the confederates, though the siege of Youghal* had lately miscarried from the jealousy which had arisen between himself and the general of Leinster, Thomas Preston, brother to Lord Gormanston, the most powerful of the nobility of the Pale. After thirty

* The Archbishop of Fermo may be pardoned for writing the name of this town *Jochel*, but in general he displays a true Roman contempt for tramontane orthography, which sometimes makes it difficult to understand him. *Minteros*, for instance, is his equivalent for *Montrose*, and *Plemusk* is substituted for *Plymouth*. The familiar patronymic of *Jones* appears in the disguise of *Gioun*, a name which suggests thoughts rather of a courtier of Haroun Al Raschid, than of an officer of Cromwell. The apology of his editor, who very properly abstains from correcting his errors, is amusingly untranslatable. 'Sapendo bene gli es-
perti, che nelle vecchie scritture anche di dottissimi uomini, è raro che non ti occorran storpiature nei nomi forestieri, dei quali anzi si compiacevano talvolta addokir l'asprezza italianizzandoli.'

years' service under the Spanish government, Preston had been invited to Ireland early in the war to assume the command, to which his experience and connexions so strongly recommended him. The result was not fortunate. In 1642 he had been defeated under circumstances little creditable to his skill by Ormond at Kilrush, and the loss of the battle of Trim at a later period than that of which we are speaking inflicted a heavy blow on the Catholic cause. He seems to have had an indecisive character, and he was alternately swayed by his inclination to Ormond, combined with the loyalty natural to an old family of the Pale, and by the reverence for the clergy and for Rome, which he had perhaps learned in the service of Spain. The motive which could most safely be calculated upon as influencing his actions was jealousy against his abler rival, the general of the Irish of Ulster.

The celebrated Owen O'Nial had, like Preston, learned the art of war in the service of Spain and Austria. On his arrival from Flanders, in 1642, he had easily superseded his kinsman, Sir Phelim O'Nial, in the command of the Irish of the north, and he was never afterwards shaken in his power. It was to him that the discontinuance of the more barbarous cruelties of the earlier insurrection was chiefly owing; but the nature of his forces made him a formidable and unwelcome guest, when he lay near Kilkenny to intimidate the opponents of the nuncio in the council, or when he sought to extend his quarters in Leinster, where he had influence through a marriage connexion with the family of Fitzgerald. His wild army of creaghts and wood-kerns had the strength and weakness of half-disciplined savages. They would serve without pay, and live on the most meagre food; but when opportunity offered they compensated themselves with plunder, and dispersed, like the Scotch Highlanders, after a victory to enjoy the spoils in their homes. Their commander, the most skilful officer then engaged in Ireland, had at the same time the art of securing the affection of his rude followers. He preferred attaining his object by manœuvres to fighting, and he is called by Rinnuccini the Fabius of Ireland: perhaps a modern writer might add that he possessed something of Souvaroff's genius for command. The general of Ulster was the right arm of the party of the clergy, but his own first object was the restitution of the forfeited lands in the north. Though not the lineal heir of Tyrone, his followers looked upon him as the true representative of the chief family of the O'Nials; nor was their enthusiasm ever raised to a higher pitch than when the sword of the banished Earl of Tyrone was sent to him from Rome with the blessing of the pope.

The nuncio had no hesitation as to the object which he was to pursue; he determined to prevent the peace or to break it by

every method of power or influence which he could derive from his temporal or spiritual resources. He saw, as he afterwards declared, that in the solemnity of his first entrance into Kilkenny, the applause of the old Irish was given to the minister of God, of the old English to the treasurer of a prince. He wished to give the whole of the supplies which he brought with him to the army of O'Nial, and when he was compelled by the general feeling of the council to allot a share to Preston, he was urgent that the commanders should unite their forces and proceed at once to the siege of Dublin. He argued that it would be easy, when the Protestants* were disposed of, to drive the Puritans out of Ireland with their concentrated forces, and that then, under a Catholic viceroy, the Irish might send supplies which would turn the scale of war in England and Scotland in favour of the king. With Glamorgan, who presented him with autograph letters from the king to himself and to the pope, which evidently were intended to lead to a hope of the royal conversion, the nuncio, justly appreciating their sincerity, used such arguments of spiritual persuasion, and offered such hopes of advantage of the cause of the king, that that feeble diplomatist was from this time but half in earnest in the advancement of the secret treaty. One of the main arguments used against the peace with Ormond, was a negotiation which Sir Kenelm Digby was carrying on at Rome on behalf of the Queen of England. The nuncio urged upon the council the necessity of waiting for the terms to which the pope himself should have consented, and the impropriety of concluding a treaty which might be found incompatible with the decision of the head of the church. The majority of the confederates however were well aware of the futility of negotiations conducted by a secret agent of a queen-consort, herself unauthorised to treat, and some of them even suspected that the very existence of the negotiation was a fiction invented by Rinuccini. The correspondence now published shows that on this, as well as on other occasions, the nuncio was unjustly suspected of disobedience, and that the court of Rome received credit for liberality, which it in no way deserved. The treaty was actually drawn up, and it is constantly spoken of in the despatches from Rome.

At the commencement of the year 1646, the arguments against the peace received an unexpected accession of strength. Lord Digby, or Digby Eretico, as Rinuccini politely calls him, in distinction from Digby Cattolico, the queen's agent at Rome, having become acquainted with Glamorgan's treaty in consequence of the

* The name of Protestants was then exclusively applied in Ireland to the members of the Anglican church.

acquisition by the parliament of the papers found on the Archbishop of Tuam, accused him, with real or ^{or}professed indignation, of high treason to the king, and persuaded Ormond to arrest him on occasion of a visit which he paid to Dublin. When it is considered that Charles about the same time found it necessary to disavow Glamorgan, that that nobleman was in possession of abundant powers in the handwriting of the king, and that he showed no alarm or embarrassment when arrested, it is impossible to doubt that the whole transaction was meant as a blind to the English Protestants. To complete the proof of collusion, Glamorgan was, a few days afterwards, liberated on bail, and allowed to return to the Catholic head-quarters at Kilkenny.* The leaders of the peace party were, no doubt, informed of the true circumstances of the case, and pursued their course with so little change of purpose, that on Lady-day a treaty with Ormond was signed, containing no provisions for the maintenance of the Catholic church; it being understood that Glamorgan's secret treaty supplied all the ecclesiastical securities which were necessary. As a concession to the nuncio, who still urged the disrespect which they were committing towards the apostolic see, it was agreed that the treaty with Ormond should not be published till the first of May, to allow additional time for the arrival of the promised treaty from Rome. The council was not aware that the nuncio had already, in February, induced a secret conclave of bishops to sign a protest against the treaty, which was to be kept in reserve, and afterwards used as occasion might require. It is unfairly urged against him by Clarendon, that he consented to the powers given to the Catholic commissioners to treat with Ormond; it seems, on the contrary, that he steadily opposed a peace, except on the terms that all the concessions he required, including the appointment of a Catholic viceroy, should be granted; or otherwise that Ormond should lay down his office, and make terms individually with the council, as a simple peer of the realm.

For the present the nuncio seems to have thought it useless to attempt more than a postponement of the publication of the treaty. He now turned his mind to the prosecution of the main war with the Parliament, and divided his money and arms between O'Nial, who undertook to act against the Scotch in the west of Ulster, while Ormond pressed them on the east, and Preston, who, in the absence of an enemy in his own province, consented to serve under Clanricarde in Connaught. Rinuccini himself joined the army under Lord Muskerry, the president of the council, a loyal sub-

* The whole account of Glamorgan's transactions will be found in Leland's History of Ireland, or, with the additional advantage of dates, in Lingard's History of England, vol. x.

ject and an adherent of Ormond's, though the head of an old Irish family, who was now besieging the castle of Burnatty on the Shannon, which had recently been given up to the Parliament by its owner, the Earl of Thomond, head of the O'Briens of Munster. The fortress was not taken till the middle of July, and the nuncio contrived further to delay the publication of the treaty till the 1st of August.

The present was the crisis of the cause of Ireland, and the conduct of Rinuccini determined its ruin. In the midst of the general satisfaction he retired from Kilkenny to Waterford, summoned a synod of the clergy, both secular and regular, and after a formal examination of the treaty clause by clause, declared with the consent of the bishops, and of every separate order except the Jesuits, who by their Provincial remained firm in their opposition, that the peace with Ormond was null, as containing no security for religion, and that all who had hitherto concurred in it, or should hereafter adhere to it, were *ipso facto* perjured and excommunicate. O'Nial hastened with his victorious army to Kilkenny to support the cause of religion; Preston, who had at first caused the peace to be proclaimed in his quarters with every demonstration of joy, allowed the influence of the nuncio and his own private enmity to Bellings to withdraw him from the cause of Ormond; the herald who proclaimed the peace in Waterford was insulted, his colleague at Limerick was slain; the lord-lieutenant himself, who came to Kilkenny by invitation of the council, was forced to fly with a scanty train to Dublin; and the Catholic congregation of the bishops assumed the government of Ireland under the presidency of the nuncio, and committed the members of the council who had chiefly promoted the peace to prison. In his memoir Rinuccini complains that they still defied his power, and when they received news of any disaster suffered by the congregation, drank to the losses of religion in great beakers of beer—*'facevano con bicchieri di birra brindisi infausti alle perdite della religione.'*

In his memoir to the pope, Rinuccini seems to insinuate that he was taken by surprise when the treaty was published, although it is clear that he had known for many months that it was signed, and notwithstanding that he confesses in a despatch written in June, that his schemes for delaying the peace are exhausted, and that he has not ingenuity to contrive means of opposing it any longer. An accurate examination of the despatches will afford some clue to his moderation during the spring, and his violent proceedings in August. After repeatedly promising the council to produce the treaty concluded at Rome by Kenelm Digby, and showing them the heads of a supposed protocol, on which he as-

serted that it was founded, he found that they were determined to treat it as non-existent, and that some further resource was necessary. By promising to Glamorgan the succession to the vice-royalty he had persuaded him to disavow his own powers to negotiate; and when O'Nial's great victory over the Scotch at Benburb on the 5th of June had secured him a preponderating military power, he seems to have been ready to act at once. On the 20th of June he writes to the Queen of England a letter of devotion to her cause: on the 3rd of July he suggests to Panfilio the establishment of a foreign protectorate over Ireland, to be undertaken by France or Spain, or, according to his own wish, by the pope himself. On the 17th of the same month he communicates private offers from Don Eugenio (Owen O'Nial), and from Preston, to march at once upon Dublin, and he acknowledges his inclination to accept them—('gran tentazione ho sentito in questo negozio.') But a difficulty had arisen in an unexpected quarter. The Queen of England and the French court were suspicious of the nuncio's proceedings, and the personal jealousy of Bagni, the French nuncio, led to the betrayal of some imprudent expressions in Rinuccini's despatches. Lord Digby went to Paris to enforce the opposition, and obtained a considerable sum from Mazarine for the joint use of Ormond and the confederated Catholics. It was even generally reported that the pope was about to recall his minister and disavow his proceedings, and in the uncertainty whether France would still further interfere, the nuncio thought it unsafe to add new cause of dissatisfaction to those which had so long existed between Paris and Rome. A few weeks of inaction removed his doubts, and determined him to adopt the course which he had so long meditated.

He instantly took measures for the siege of Dublin. O'Nial advanced with his victorious army through the north of Leinster; Preston marched from Connaught to join him, and they took up positions at Lexlip and Newcastle, about six miles from Dublin, while the nuncio pressed on their operations from his quarters in the neighbourhood, and baffled to the utmost all attempts at negotiation. By the advice of Castlehaven, who with Clanricarde had now joined the lord-lieutenant, Ormond had wasted the country for some miles round before he retired into Dublin; and consequently the Catholic armies were distressed for want of supplies, as well as impeded by the usual jealousies of the generals. Preston in particular was unwilling to serve against Clanricarde; and, to add to their difficulties, a parliamentary squadron appeared in the bay, and a premature report arose that Ormond had admitted the common enemy into his fortress. The effect produced on the generals is strikingly described in the memoir.

'One day while the council was urging an advance, and all were assembled to discuss it, some one tapped at the door of the room, and Preston suddenly rose to open it—having heard three or four words from the person without he returned gasping, and said that the English were already in Dublin. In a moment Don Eugenio and the others, as if a serpent had stung them, sprang up from their seats, and thinking each man of himself, departed from his companions. The generals signalled by cannon-fire that every man was to return to his post, and the councillors in the utmost alarm mounted the next morning for Kilkenny, and never drew bit till they came, like fugitives with an enemy at their heels, into our quarters.' The nuncio soon followed them, and Clanricarde, informing Preston of the falsehood of the report, commenced a negotiation with him on Ormond's behalf, which ended in the signature of a new treaty. It was agreed that Preston's army should unite itself on a given day with a detachment which Clanricarde led out of the gates to join it. But in the meantime the nuncio had prevailed over the general's unsteady mind, so that Clanricarde found a letter of excuses instead of an army of allies, and with loud indignation ('*prorotto in molte maledicenze contro di lui*') returned disappointed to Dublin. The despatches make no mention of a simultaneous negotiation between Ormond and O'Nial, in whose honour and firmness the marquis placed deserved confidence. The Ulster general sent his nephew to Kilkenny to persuade the congregation to an accommodation, but they had the audacity to detain the messenger in custody till the period allowed for the conclusion of peace was past. In the summer of 1647, Ormond, finding the impossibility of sustaining a double war, gave up the capital to the troops of the parliament, and retired for the time to England.

The nuncio's power had culminated when he retired to Waterford, and from this time it rapidly declined. All moderate men were offended with his presumptuous violence, and all loyal subjects united with the vast following of Ormond to destroy his alien and anti-national government. Even O'Nial's support discredited him, since the Ulster army were considered by themselves and others the troops of the pope, and the ravages of the wild creaghts were generally connected in the minds of men with the influence of the nuncio and his court. The government by the congregation of the clergy was in its nature provisional and temporary, and a new assembly which it was found necessary to summon showed early symptoms of alienation from the extreme Catholic party. Confirming the declaration of the nullity of Ormond's peace, they nevertheless acquitted the commissioners who had concluded it, and released the members of

the old council who had been imprisoned for supporting it. Glamorgan, now Marquis of Worcester, whom the nuncio had appointed to succeed Castlehaven in the command of the army of Munster, was irregularly superseded by Muskerry, and the change was ratified by the council. The general inclination for peace was stronger than ever, and it was proposed that the queen and the Prince of Wales should be sent for from France to unite all loyal subjects against the parliament. The nuncio had always feared the influence of Henrietta Maria, and he did not shrink from declaring that it was his duty to oppose the reception of a heretic prince: a strange doctrine to be announced by a minister accredited to the subjects of a heretic king that prince's father, whose throne he had the most direct and positive instructions to support. But we must again acquit Rinuccini of individual presumption. The severest censure he had received from Rome since his arrival in Ireland, had been addressed to him in consequence of a clause in the oath drawn up for the clergy, during the secession to Waterford, in which their allegiance to the king was reserved: '*paci nos non daturus esse consensum nisi pro religione, et pro rege, et pro patria.*' No nuncio, he was told, must ever consent to any declaration by which it appears, or by possibility may appear, that the apostolic see applauds or assents to a declaration of Catholic subjects in favour of the defence of the estate or person of a heretic king. The nuncio admitted his error, and contrived to suppress all the copies of the oath.

The party of the malecontents was strengthened by the bad success of the war. On the 8th of August, 1647, the Leinster army under Preston was defeated at Dungan Hill by Colonel Michael Jones, governor of Dublin, who was only prevented from afterwards marching on Kilkenny by the masterly tactics of O'Nial. In November, Lord Taaffe, who had succeeded Muskerry in Munster, was routed by Inchiquin at Knocknoness, and the second in command, the gallant Alaster Macdonnell, better known as Colkitto, or the left-handed, refusing quarter, was slain.* The confederates were every day reduced to depend more and more on the army of O'Nial, a contingency not unwelcome to the nuncio, till he found that their fear and dislike of the general of Ulster made them more than ever anxious to relieve themselves from the bur-

* There is some strange confusion as to the death of Colkitto. In a document headed '*Relazione della battaglia di Trim (Dungan Hill) fra l' esercito Cattolico ed Inglese,*' purporting to be enclosed in a letter to Cardinal Panziolo, dated 29th of August, 1647, the death of Alexander Macdonnell, who was then alive, and had not been engaged in the battle, is related. It is again described in nearly the same words in an account of the battle of Knocknoness, where he really fell, dated 26th of November. The former paper was probably written some time after the ostensible date, by a secretary or other attendant of the nuncio.

den of the war. Their prospects of success in negotiation were increased by the growing discontent of the Presbyterians and the moderate party in England and Scotland, with the rising dominion of the Independents founded on the support of the army. Ormond, the constant object of the nuncio's deepest hatred, arrived in Paris to support the royal cause; and early in 1648, Inchiquin himself, either from disinclination to extreme measures, or from resentment against Lord Lisle, the parliamentary lord-lieutenant, who had attempted without success to supersede him in his command, declared once more for the king, and at the same time protested against the continuance of the nuncio's power. Among the bishops, however, he had recently acquired an addition of strength. On his arrival in Ireland, he had found thirteen vacant sees, and had recommended candidates for appointment by the pope, who were selected for their support of the ultra-Catholic cause, and for their devoted obedience to Rome. At the end of 1647, the nominations arrived from Rome, for the most part in pursuance of his advice, although the Archbishopric of Tuam was given to de Burgh, a moderate prelate who was attached to the policy of Clanricarde, the chief of his name. The new bishops were admitted to vote in right of their sees, though Muskerry objected to the Bishop of Ross, the only candidate in whose favour the recommendation of the supreme council had not been obtained, that the pope of his own authority could confer no temporal barony in Ireland, and, therefore, no seat in the legislature. For the most part they supported the nuncio's measures, and they had a principal part in delaying the negotiations for peace.

But the resistance of the war party was now hopeless. We find Rinuccini still actively intriguing, but without rational hope or distinct plan. At one time the scrupulous prelate, who had doubted whether he could open a letter from the heretic king, or enter into negotiations with his heretic son, inclines to support a plan which O'Nial was meditating of a league with the bitter Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster. Somewhat later, however, he is of opinion that the alliance with heretics cannot be justified even by the object of hostility to Ormond. Again, we hear of constant negotiations with Winter Grant (Dr. Leybourne), the queen's agent in Ireland, whom he in vain solicits to procure the appointment of a Catholic viceroy; the scheme of a foreign protectorate is renewed, and money is eagerly and uselessly demanded from Rome. He loses by degrees all hopes from the assembly, and meditates recourse once more to the thunders of the church and to O'Nial.

The truce with Inchiquin, which soon followed, decided the nuncio's course. As in the case of the treaty of 1646, he summoned a

council of bishops, and procured from fourteen of them a condemnation of the truce, and a conditional power to excommunicate the favourers of it in conjunction with four specified bishops, or in default of their attendance with four to be selected by himself. About the 10th of May he left Kilkenny secretly, and joined O'Nial, who lay with a small army at Maryborough in fear of an attack from the combined forces of Preston and Inchiquin. His next halting-place was Athlone, where, on the refusal of the four authorised bishops to join him, he summoned four of his partisans in their room, and by their concurrence published a solemn excommunication against the author of the truce, and laid all parts of the kingdom, where it should be accepted, under an interdict. He then retired to Galway, where he remained for several months, observing the course of affairs. At first he thought that his measures had been successful—2000 zealous Catholics deserted from Preston to join the orthodox army of O'Nial; many cities and individuals applied submissively to be relieved from the interdict; and as he states, probably with some exaggeration, the great body of the clergy, and three-fourths of the population, still adhered to his cause. But all the strength lay with the minority, and there was a division among the bishops, which was fatal to his claim of wielding the whole authority of the church. The council forbade obedience to the excommunication, and they were supported in their resistance by eight bishops, by some of the monastic orders, and by the canon lawyers, who had been consulted in anticipation of the event. It was alleged that the excommunication and interdict were void, as founded on civil matters, as having been published without the consent of the delegated bishops, and as exceeding the powers of a nuncio, except by express authority from the pope, or by the additional commission of a *legate a latere*, to which Rinuccini could not pretend. An appeal to Rome was tendered to him, with a demand that he would suspend the sentence till a decision could be obtained: but the suspension was haughtily refused, and all friendly intercourse broken off. In the course of the discussion the Archbishop of Tuam demanded to see the terms of the bull from which the nuncio claimed his authority. 'Ego non ostendam,' was the answer; 'Et ego,' replied the archbishop, 'non obediam.' We cannot pretend to a confident opinion as to the question of ecclesiastical law. The bull by which Rinuccini was appointed is voluminous and apparently liberal in its powers, but much of the contents have the appearance of what lawyers call common forms, and we can find in it no authority to excommunicate or impose interdicts except in connexion with the exercise of ordinary jurisdiction over individuals or bodies *in salutem animarum*. There is, however, a clause which expressly

authorises the nuncio to act upon the mere recital of his powers without exhibiting the original, and which therefore seems to justify his refusal to produce them when required by the archbishop. The result of the appeal was a remittal of the sentence to the nuncio for reconsideration, a measure probably equivalent to a disapproval of the expediency of the measure, avoiding a decision on the question of law. The court of Rome might perhaps, among other motives for evading a reversal of the judgment, be influenced by an unwillingness to countenance even indirectly the objections to the sentence arising from the illegality of the whole proceeding by statute law, which in the minds of the lay nobility, and even with some of the clergy, had weighed more than any arguments against its canonical validity. From time to time the nuncio had from the first been irritated by the dislike of foreign jurisdiction and the reverence for English law, which he found rooted in the minds of Irish statesmen; and even though he succeeded in establishing a court for ecclesiastical purposes, he was often thwarted with doubts as to the sovereignty of the pope, and scruples as to an infringement of the deep-rooted loyalty to the king, opinions which he can only refer to as grievous and shocking, 'massime acerbe,' or 'cose orribili.'

In January the indignation produced by the trial and death of the king made all attempts to separate the new confederates hopeless. Ormond had resumed the government with the concurrence of almost every party, though O'Nial still held aloof, and soon afterwards joined the English in despair. Even the northern Scotch were converted to royalism, though it naturally appeared that they hated the papists and malignants more than they loved the king; and Sir Charles Coote, who commanded for the parliament in Connaught, declared his disapprobation of the execution of Charles. The intimation of the lord-lieutenant that the nuncio must leave the kingdom was soon followed by his departure. He sailed from Galway in the same vessel which had brought him to Ireland, and arrived safely in Normandy, where he found that France was in universal confusion from the commencing troubles of the war of the Fronde. His interviews with the disaffected chiefs, with Longueville in Normandy, and Condé at Dijon, seem to have roused the ancient suspicion of Mazarine, and Bagni again looked with an evil eye on the neighbourhood of a possible successor. On his arrival in Rome he was, according to some writers, ordered to confine himself to his diocese, though his present biographer asserts that he was offered a high post near the person of the pope, as the reward of his faithful services. Not long afterwards he retired to Fermo, where he died in 1653.

The events which followed his departure showed that he had

not been the sole cause of Irish dissension. Thwarted by the clergy, disobeyed by the factious cities, constantly suspected, insulted and calumniated, Ormond struggled in vain to uphold the cause of Ireland. It is gratifying to remember that he placed implicit trust in O'Nial, when that gallant chieftain joined him in consequence of the hostility he met with from his English allies; but his death, which soon followed, and that of his chief adviser, and successor in command, Ever Mac Mahon, Bishop of Clogher, who having been the ablest assistant of Rinuccini, became for the sake of his country the faithful ally of Ormond, broke up the army of Ulster, which had so long been the mainstay of the war. After the suicidal refusal of Limerick to admit a garrison from his army, embarrassed by the declarations against popery extorted from the young king in Scotland, and at last excommunicated by the clergy, the lord-lieutenant retired from Ireland, in the hope that his deputy, Clanricarde, might, as a Catholic, be better obeyed. But not even the progress of Cromwell and Ireton could bring the Irish to unity, nor was there now any hope of victory. Clanricarde, faithful to the last, kept the war alive in the west and the north, till, in pursuance of the king's express commands recalling him from a useless struggle, he made terms for himself, and the troops immediately under his command, and was allowed to retire to the continent. The subsequent treatment of Ireland by the conquerors does not belong to our present subject.

Notwithstanding his errors and ill fortune, there is much in Rinuccini's career which is not unworthy of respect. We see nothing to censure in the direction of his wishes to the absolute triumph of the Catholic cause untainted by heretic assistance, nor was he wrong in his judgment that the confederates had within themselves sufficient material resources to ensure an unaided victory. His error consisted in obstinate blindness to the community of feeling and interest between the Catholic and the Protestant aristocracy. The leaders of the confederacy, Muskerry, Mountgarret, Castlehaven, and Taaffe, were identified by a thousand points of connexion with Ormond, and in the presence of a common enemy were not likely to be kept apart by the single difference of religion. A prudent statesman would have discovered from the first the impossibility of entire success: a reasonable man would at least have acknowledged it after the breaking up of the siege of Dublin. But the nuncio was, in modern language, a statesman of principle, so firmly bent on an imaginary object, as to be incapable of falling back on a practicable alternative. It was in his power to cement a league, which for the time could have driven all invaders into the sea, which might possibly have changed the fate of England, and, at the worst, might have yielded

on favourable conditions. The Catholics, forming the bulk of its strength, would have been too formidable for neglect, and could have forcibly claimed the gratitude of their allies. But Protestants would have been allowed to ring church bells in Dublin, and private masses would have been said in houses, and monks might have walked beyond their cloisters unaccompanied and out of costume. The image of order and pomp in the nuncio's mind would have been disturbed, his conscience would have accused him of partaking in the unclean thing. He preferred to accomplish all at once without reference to expediency, and consequently without hope of durability. Because he had held ever aloof from heretics; because he had taught Waterford and Galway to imitate the splendour of Italian processions; because he had planted the tree of Catholicism in full leaf and flower as he loved to see it, he felt sorrow without remorse when it withered and died, when masses and processions were abolished, and priests and monks were hung like bandits—'liberaverat animam suam.' Such are statesmen of so called principle, and of religious principle in particular. Yet in comparison with his Protestant contemporaries of the same occupation the nuncio rises high in our respect and esteem. He had all the bigotry and intolerance of a priest, but he had also the activity and talents of an Italian: when we think of the Scotch divines who superintended the morals of Charles II., and promised victory to Leslie, and argued about Providence against the conclusive logic of Cromwell, we are inclined for the time to look upon Rinuccini as a wise man, a statesman, and a general.

In reading the narrative of the war for its intrinsic interest, most men would sympathise with the Catholic cause and regret its final defeat. An Englishman may pause before he wishes that Cromwell should have failed in subduing Ireland, recollecting the great power which would have accrued to the crown, and which might have afterwards enabled the Stuarts to crush in the bud the opening destinies of England. But there can be but one opinion, that if it could not be exclusively Protestant, it would have been better for Ireland itself to become Catholic, while Catholicism was still allied to loyalty. It is unpleasant to remember that two centuries have done little to increase the healthiness of her condition, new causes of dissension arising where old divisions have grown over with time. The old Irish and the old English have become nearly indistinguishable, but the fury of religious hatred has not abated, and the power of the priesthood has been strengthened. In the time of Charles I. the landed gentry and the great nobility were for the most part of the religion of the people, and sharing their feelings had it in their power to mitigate their virulence. The land is now in the hands of Pro-

testants, whose loyalty may be undoubted, but who can no longer secure the adherence of their dependents. It is not improbable that the people may still retain something of their old feeling of attachment to the crown; but under our modern constitution the crown has ceased to be a substantive power, though its share in the government is weighty. On the other hand, the feeling of England has become friendly to the people of Ireland, on whom the change may perhaps produce a beneficial effect, if it is ever suffered to penetrate to their knowledge. A more valuable security against the worst of evils for Ireland is the great increase of the relative strength of the imperial government. The thorough amalgamation of England and Scotland, and the great development in modern times of the available resources of civilised states, has made Ireland, notwithstanding the increase of its population, more incapable of open opposition than it was in the seventeenth century. With peace there is always hope, though proposed remedies for Irish evils have hitherto been generally based on unattainable conditions. When it is proposed to establish a strong Executive, to substitute the Catholic for the Protestant church, it would be as easy and as useless to propose at once the results which such measures are intended to accomplish. The government which should take the first step would array against it the majority in Ireland and a great party in England; and if it was found that the first step was intended as the foundation of the second, the indignation of the remaining population of both countries would swell the opposition to overflowing. We by no means here intimate that either measure is desirable. It is enough, with the example of Rinuccini before us, to advise men to attempt what is practicable.

ART. II.—*Was ich erlebte: aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben.* (Events of my Life.) Von HEINRICH STEFFENS. 7ter und 8ter Band. Breslau. 1843.

HENRY STEFFENS, by birth a Norwegian, now a professor in Berlin, is well known to the literary and scientific world as a natural philosopher, and a novel writer of no vulgar mark. In the present volumes he has given us personal memoirs of his share of the great European movement made by the Germans against Napoleon in the years 1813 and 1814; and the value of the contributions thus made to the history of that important period, cannot, we think, be better expressed than in the following words of the author himself.

“Generally speaking,” says he, “there is no literary undertaking more difficult than a genuine historical account of the wars of modern

times. Since the art of war has become a regular science, the narration of wars assumes a character only too like the exposition of a fixed system ; and as the battles themselves, whatever motives may influence them, are at bottom combats of military principles rather than of moral agents ; so the account of them is apt to reduce itself to a mere dry detail of marches and counter-marches, of advancing and retreating armies, of the quantity of ammunition taken, and the number (often not at all to be depended on) of killed, and wounded, and taken prisoners ; or it takes the shape of a regular scientific exposition, which annihilates all that is living and characteristic, and commands a sort of general interest only when something external and accidental interferes to modify the action of the scientific principle. In works of this kind, whatever is purely human appears as a disturbing element, and, where it cannot be altogether omitted, is only tolerated. The individual man, just because in his greatest moments he contains something mysterious and unfathomable, is rejected as incompatible with the ordered rigour of the system ; every irregular outburst of vital poetry is inadmissible. Even that which is purely accidental, and beyond the control of human measurement, and which, were it let alone, might assume a character of sublimity, is often forced to appear on the historical stage as the result of a plan that, in fact, did not exist till after the victory was gained. In the narrations of Herodotus and Thucydides again these opposing elements interpenetrate one another, and are essentially one. Men are placed before us in earnest struggle for all that makes human existence valuable and forces the heart of man to feel strongly for man ; and this living centre of interest, amid all the formal machinery of military circumstance, is never lost sight of. I have, accordingly, determined to relate my experience of German history, within my own narrow sphere, simply as I experienced it, with every personal feeling and relation as it arose within me or stood before me ; and this method of treatment is likely to be satisfactory even to the already well instructed reader, just in proportion to the disrespect shown to every thing merely personal by the modern historians. I have no inclination, of course, to detract from the high merits of those who have treated these matters systematically ; but the simple narration of a man of letters, who took part in the struggle, when already advanced in life, will not be without an interest of its own."

These remarks express a feeling to which not Coleridge only and Carlyle, among recent British spokesmen, have given strong utterance ; but which must have been felt, more or less, by almost every person of sentiment in these times who has read or attempted to read modern history. A good battle, well described, now and then may possess a pictorial and an artistic value, even when it wants a true human interest ; but a series of battles, minutely described, can have merely a scientific interest to those by whom they are minutely studied ; and are to the general reader (especially where plans are not supplied) wearisome, and, except as an

external result, valueless. Most cordially, therefore, do we agree with the professor as to the value of merely personal details as a supplement to the ponderous military and diplomatic records of modern history; and there is no English reader of Alison's ninth volume of 'European History'—not to speak of German—who will not willingly concede to Steffens the old man's privilege of talking copiously about himself, when himself is merely the introducer of such names as Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst, Marshal Blücher, and the Baron von Stein.

The two volumes which contain these patriotic reminiscences are the seventh and the eighth of a series, to which our readers have been already (No. lxi.) introduced. When noticing the first six volumes, we purposely eschewed all matter of a political nature, and confined ourselves, for the sake of unity, to a few gleanings of literary particulars, such as we thought might be interesting to the student of German literature. In the present supplementary notice we shall, for the same reason, reverse the procedure, and, excluding the literary and philosophical passages, confine ourselves to what is purely political and patriotic; *military* we can hardly say, for the professor, with an instinct of good sense which does him credit, in these pages systematically avoids giving any opinion on matters which his speculative genius never fitted him to understand. The purely military reader, therefore, will expect nothing from the 'Erlebtes;' to him Clausewitz, and other sources, are open; while, on the other hand, those who love from the side-glimpses and chance-aspects of war, which the formal historian ignores, to supplement their ideas, not of military science, but of human nature, will find in the warlike professor's reminiscences some food convenient for them. At the same time we are forced, as honest critics, to repeat here the general censure which we already passed on the previous volumes, 'Es ist breit! gar zu breit!' When will the Germans learn to select and to arrange their materials, and to bring them within the compass of an ordinary English reader's patience? There are some of Tintoretto's pictures at Venice, where whole walls are so figured over with the swift impressions of a quick fancy and a ready hand, that the spectator for very multitude of objects can literally see nothing. Thus Steffens wearies the ear with a continuous hum of small voices, till it becomes utterly unfit to receive a distinct notice of a truly strong and heroic articulation. This voluminosity, however, is a vice not so much of Steffens, as of Germany; and we must even bear with it on condition that those Germans who choose to indulge themselves in it will at the same time supply the truly German book-virtue, which is its antidote, an accurate and comprehensive index.

When we fix our eye on the war of 1813, in Germany, the first thing that strikes us is its singularly popular, and because popular, *personal* character. It is remarkable how much of the purely human and individual comes here gallantly and triumphantly into the foreground, casting not court and cabinet merely, but even diplomacy and tactics, strangely into the shade; inspiring them, at least, with a poetic soul that does not belong to them, and dressing them in a free and natural garb that seems borrowed rather from the pages of Homer than from the War-office of a modern ministry. As in the stout conflicts of the 'Iliad,' the 'strong Diomedes,' and the 'lusty-roaring (*βονα αἰαθός*) Menelaus,' the delicate Aphrodite, and the furious Ares, gods with mortals in one sublime fray struggle face to face and hand to hand, with all the freedom of a school-boy scuffle, unconscious of rank and file, and of all the perplexing detail of tactics and strategics; so the hot hussar, Marshal Blücher, the old man with the young heart; the glowing poet, Körner, with the sword in one hand, and the lyre in the other; Fichte, the philosopher of the iron will, and Jahn, the white-bearded prophet of gymnastics and Germanism, all come forward here, in the broad fullness and intense energy of their personal character, fighting as free men, not as professional soldiers—a group of most motley consistence, and most marked individuality, bound together for a season by the strength of one common feeling—the feeling of love to fatherland, and hatred of Napoleon. It is in vain, therefore, that a historian shall describe the liberation war in the same fashion that so many other wars of ancient and modern times may be described, by a detailed account of the campaign, and a skilful exhibition of the military movements. These form the principal matter in many wars, and, therefore, may justly claim the principal place in the historian's narration; but in the liberation war, the moral soul and popular character are the principal thing; and whoever has not known and valued this element, whoever has not brought it dramatically and prominently forward, has gilded the skeleton of the matter only, and brought forth a dead book. We make these remarks here to show more distinctly the proper value of such personal memoirs as those of Steffens, Arndt, Varnhagen, &c., in regard to a war of this kind, even when they furnish us with such merely incidental gleanings, and fragmentary personal notices, as those which we can gather from the present work. There is no author who furnishes us with fewer tangible and available independent facts of the war, than Henry Steffens; but there is none, if we except Arndt, in whom its inspiration glows more fervidly, who may be regarded as a fitter exponent of that moral power which

God raised up in Germany, to overthrow the physical force dynasty of Napoleon.

We may commence our extracts by a few remarks of the professor on this very point—the peculiarly popular and national, moral and human, character of the war.

“In this war the matter at issue was not the mere supremacy of this or the other ruler, but it was truly a mortal struggle for national existence; as little could it be called a war to maintain the balance of power. There was no balance of power to fight about: it had long ago vanished. It is not from the wars of the French revolution that we have to date the disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. So far as Germany was concerned, our true subjection dates from the peace of Westphalia: since then the predominance of France was decided: and the struggle that followed afterwards, if we except the wars of Frederick the Great, though here and there favourable, exercised no permanent influence in restoring Germany to its true position in Europe. The truth is that a nation, when morally conquered, can never pursue any external success to its legitimate consequences; political or military triumphs are mere delusions; and however humbling to France were the events that clouded the last days of Louis XIV., however weak that country appeared under Louis XV., the French still remained morally the masters of Europe. Germany, in particular, seemed altogether to have given up its right of thinking for itself: and in this unhappy country there was no higher honour than clumsily to imitate the French. At the courts of German princes the most worthless adventurer from Paris stood in the highest estimation; friseurs, ballet-dancers, and all sorts of cattle from the banks of the Seine, could make their fortunes among the higher circles of Germany, provided they only condescended to take office under the German barbarian. Nowhere in history had such an example of national self-abnegation been seen: of a voluntary subjection to foreign influence in a manner that could not but seem to signify to Europe a corresponding moral inferiority in the people thus forward to pass sentence upon itself. It was not till the victory of the encroaching enemy was complete, till decisive measures had been taken to choke every germ of national and independent spirit violently in the bud, that the original strength of the people began to show itself, and to start up with elastic impulse against the weight that oppressed it. The war was not of that kind, which, being engaged in at the mere external word of a master, is carried on by indifferent or unwilling combatants: it was a war that each individual honest mind in the country had determined on for itself, before a public declaration was made in the name of the community. As in the moral conflicts of the individual, the enemy makes one deceitful inroad after another, and argues his own case so plausibly, that the wavering soul is driven from one strong position to a weaker one; and now the invader seems to have obtained a firm footing in the stranger territory, when, at last, the decisive question

presents itself, whether a rescue of the moral man be yet possible, or an unconditional surrender must be made? then the intended victim suddenly recognises the enemy in all his hatefulness, and pierces with an eagle eye through every possible mask he can assume; so in the political existence of the German people a critical moment had arrived: the question was put to all, stern, clear, decided: it was felt by all that nothing but an answer equally stern and decided could suit the emergency. It is well known, indeed, that a great part of Germany was still in league with Napoleon, that (as in the unhappy times of the thirty years' war), reduced and controlled by France, Germans fought against Germans; but there was an element of German feeling now alive that was utterly unknown in the seventeenth century. The relations of the old German empire were too perplexed to allow any thing like a national German feeling to assert itself; now, however, circumstances had brought out this feeling in great potency: the contrast between France and Germany was no longer doubtful. Napoleon's historical significance is based mainly on this, that, not merely externally by his conquests, but internally in every German bosom, he dissipated those fair Gallic delusions that had been accumulating and deceiving us for centuries, and thereby compelled every German to put to himself the question, whether he was prepared to surrender all claims to a separate national existence, or would not rather make one strong determined effort for self-preservation? This political crisis, assisted by a general popular regeneration, restored Germany to its station among the nations, and delivered Europe from the otherwise unavoidable danger of French ascendancy."

Such were the grand moral elements of the war, a war containing on a vastly greater scale all that renders the memory of Marathon sacred to the Greeks, of Bannockburn to the Scots. It is quite characteristic, therefore, to find Germany, at this period, shaking itself free, as by some new Heaven-imparted instinct, from those numberless strings and trappings of merely official authority through which it is wont to manifest its political existence. Our patriotic professor goes about at Breslau so early as December, 1812, and fired at once with sympathy for his captive friends at Cassel, with prophetic glimpses of the fatal precipitation of Napoleon from Moscow, and with copious potations of champagne, spouts politics vehemently before 'high persons,' alias councillors and privy councillors, nothing fearing; nay, becomes preacher and prophet, and disturbs the serenity of the fashionable 'salons' by denunciations against the pettifogging mercantile spirit of the present age, and instituting insidious comparisons between modern Berlin and Breslau and the ancient Hanse-towns, between living Rothschilds and Goldschmidts, and the Fuggers and Pirkheimers of an age when the German *Kaiser* was, in Europe, what now the French *Empereur* only aspires to be.

This was significant enough of the things that were soon to be: but after the full amount of the Russian catastrophe became plain; after Napoleon had reseated himself on his steed of pride at Paris, and proclaimed to Europe in his vaunting phrase that he was nothing the worse of his fall, but rather the better; after Frederick William had left Berlin, as if at a safe distance from French observance, to brew wrath for the maturity of the long expected revenge at Breslau; after a proclamation had been issued to the Prussian youth, to prepare themselves *en masse* for a great struggle, and all was ready for the combat, only that the enemy was not yet publicly named; then in the face of native bureaucratic decency on the one hand, and French diplomatic propriety (in the person of St. Marsan who had followed the king to Breslau) on the other, Henry Steffens, professor of natural philosophy in a provincial university, able to contain his fire no longer, took upon himself to declare war from the *cathedra*, in his own name, and in the name of the brave Burschen, against Napoleon. 'Meine Herren'—with these words he concluded his morning lecture,—'Gentlemen, it was my intention to have addressed you again in continuation of my present subject at eleven o'clock; but a subject of greater importance has presented itself on which it will be my duty on that occasion to speak. The king has issued, or is on the point of issuing, a proclamation, calling on the Prussian youth to arm themselves for the defence of their country. On this proclamation I mean to address you. Let this be known to your friends. The ordinary lectures delivered at that hour may be neglected: but that is of no consequence. The more of you that can come the better.' The strangeness of this announcement, the delivering of a political harangue from the *cathedra* of a German university, would have been enough at any time to have secured a numerous audience; but on the present occasion, excited as the public mind was, a universal ferment was the consequence. Before the half of the announced interval was expired, the lecture-room was crowded. The walls were scaled, the windows were besieged, the doors stood agape; on the corridor, on the stairs, in the street, the eager crowds were swarming. The situation of the professor with his swift-racing pulse, and fierce—heaving billowy soul, during these two hours, was such as only such a German at such a time could understand.

"I felt myself stirred like a deep ocean in the inmost depths of my nature; now at length and under such circumstances was I to be disburdened of the mission that had lain on my conscience for five long years like lead. By God's grace I was to be the first that should publicly announce to my country, that now the day of rescue for Deutsch-

land, for Europe, was come: I was shaken in my inmost soul fearfully. In vain did I seek to bring order into my careering thoughts; I could mark out no definite plan for what I was to say: but spirits seemed to whisper to me, and promise me assistance; I longed for the end of this tormenting solitude. One only thought possessed me with the power of inspiration: 'How often hast thou lamented,' said I to myself, 'that thou hast been cast into this far corner of Germany; and this very extreme point has now become the centre of a great European movement that shall possess, that shall inspire, all; here, even in this little Breslau, is the starting point of a new epoch of history; and to the giant thoughts that are rolling in the bosoms of these thousands of thy countrymen, thou art now called to give voice.' Tears started from my eyes; I fell on my knees; and a prayer restored my composure. Thus prepared I made my way through the crowd, and mounted the *cathedra*. What I spoke I cannot now say; even at the end of the address, had I been asked to do so, I should in vain have endeavoured to recover the stream of thought and expression that had passed from me. It was the oppressive feeling of years passed in silent unhappiness that had here found an utterance; it was the warm feeling of the congregated throngs of fellow patriots that rested upon my tongue. What I spoke aloud was the silent word of all, and even because it was an echo of what was passing in the soul of every hearer, did it make a mighty impression. I concluded my address with a declaration that I had resolved myself to lead the way, and utter no words that were not to be followed by a deed; I had determined to join the volunteers. This said, I left the room, and was again in the solitude of my study. 'Das ist nun gethan,' said I to myself. 'This thing is *done* now,' and I breathed freely and was happy."

With such a vehement spirit of patriotic prophecy, Henry Steffens may well stand (after Fichte) as the European representative of the academic element—in Germany not the least noticeable—in the great struggle against Napoleon. The military element in the same struggle, so far as Germany is concerned, is expressed by Blücher and Scharnhorst; while the civil element finds its exponent in that strong wielder of the modern Agrarian axe, the Baron von Stein. Of these men we have already (in the notice of Arndt's reminiscences, No. lxi., p. 169) given some masterly sketches from the bold brush of Stein's secretary: of inferior value, but not, therefore, worthless to the historian are the following lines from Steffens:

"Blücher was in every view an incorrect phenomenon (eine incorrecte Erscheinung), but it was just in this incorrectness that his greatness consisted. He represented in his own character the altogether incommensurable nature of the present war; and for this very reason it is that, on a superficial consideration, it is as easy for his one-sided eulogists, by excessive praise of him, to cast all the other distinguished heroes of the war into the shade, as it is for his enemies to represent him

as a mere empty phantom. The severe moralist, indeed, will find much to blame in Blücher, but he was not the less in his own person the intensive moral centre of the war. As placed against a man like Napoleon, the bold handler of a new system of tactics, Blücher cannot be viewed as a great constructive genius in war; at the same time it cannot be denied, that in the capacity of a military leader he has gained himself immortal honour. In his discourse he seemed quite careless, and used every random word; his common talk was that of a rude, uncultivated officer of hussars, not of a great general; at the same time there were moments when, with the most perfect command of language, he broke out into strains of genuine military eloquence, such as no general of modern times has surpassed. He was, in fact, in every thing, in deed as in word, the man of the moment, but as such of unfathomable depth. The manner in which the moment seized him was quick and strong, and in this way he could suddenly fall into fits of despair, during which he considered every thing as lost; but this despair was with him a state of mind that vanished as quickly as it came, and seemed to serve only to give an additional spur to the great purpose of his life. This purpose was nothing less than the annihilation of Napoleon: the most decided hatred of this tyrant was united in his mind with the strong innate conviction that he was the man on whom this destined annihilation was laid, and feeling thus, he acted everywhere not so much on a well calculated plan as with the security of an instinct. In this respect he was as a soldier the exact antipodes of Napoleon. As this extraordinary man turned every phasis of the revolution to his own account, and from his earliest years knew how to command and to mould external circumstances, now in a narrower, and then in a more extended sphere, and with the utmost skill, out of the wild irregular deluge of the revolution, shaped the course of a regular and mighty river, which seemed in its wide-sweeping flow destined to annihilate all traces of distinct nationality among European men: so Blücher stood forth as his adversary, with a character exactly the reverse; no man of calculating ambition, but a character strong in natural instinct and healthy vigour, full of youthful enthusiasm beneath gray hairs, and in his seventieth year. He came forward on the great European stage as if commissioned by Heaven for this purpose, to teach men that the most far-reaching schemes of the scheming are vain, wherever God has stirred the hearts of the nations deeply to act the mightiest epos of which humanity is capable."

These remarks tally admirably with that passage in Arndt's reminiscences,* wherein he describes the physiognomy of Blücher as expressing two diverse and adverse characters, the upper region the character of a god, the lower region that of a mortal. As described by both what a fine Homeric strength and fire is there in that old hussar! not a modern slim gentlemanly hero at all, but a genuine old Greek, *λασιόισι στῆθεσσι*, with a shaggy bosom,

and raging with a wild warlike instinct, 'like to a flesh-devouring lion, or a wild boar whose strength is indomitable.'

Κυν ῥ' ἐπείσων, λειουσιν ἑοικότες ὀμοφαγούσιν
Ἡ σὺσι καπρίσιν τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδρὸν.

Or as the modern song has it:

"At Lützen impatient he headed the van,
Like a strong young lion, the old veteran;
There the Teut first taught the hot Frenchman to bleed,
By the altar of Freedom, the stone of the Swede."

How different, and yet how marked with every best German element is the character of Scharnhorst! a man with less of a healthy popular breadth, but more of meditative profoundness, more comprehensive slowly to scheme and to combine, but less effective suddenly to strike. Scharnhorst, as he is described in the following passage, and by Arndt, is a fine specimen of German manhood, full of silent thought, energy, and endurance; but in the external of manner careless and even awkward, in expression slow, and, it may be, somewhat formal.

"Scharnhorst in his exterior was any thing but a soldier, he looked rather like an academical man in uniform. When I sat beside him on the sofa, his calm style of talking reminded me of a certain famous professor. His attitude was then one of the greatest ease and carelessness—crouching forward often in that peculiar fashion which is so often observed in bookish men; and when he spoke, his expressions were those of one quite absorbed in the subject of his meditation. This was always a subject of importance; and though he spoke with the greatest slowness and deliberation, his discourse had an irresistible power of attraction, and gained, after a short time, not only the interest but the entire confidence of his auditors; nay, commanded them so completely, that even the most passionate person, although opposed to him in opinion, was forced to follow the flow of his discourse with silent attention. His opponents felt themselves compelled by sheer force of reason to yield up the shallowness of their own opinions to the thoroughness and comprehensiveness of his; and even when they could not prevail on themselves to adopt his views they had not the courage to give a free utterance to their opposition.

"We read of a papal legate who was sent from Rome to Paris to negotiate a matter with Napoleon at a time when the emperor was making demands on the pope, which his holiness had resolved absolutely to reject, and this negotiator, it is said, by the sheer obstinacy of his opposition, brought the emperor to perfect desperation. After a prolonged interview Napoleon suddenly left the chamber of audience in a rage, and ordered the legate to remain till he came back. He shut the door as he went out, and not returning again till the evening, thought that weariness and hunger would by this time have made the legate more

conciliatory; but when, after a short apology, the interview was resumed, the churchman, without taking any notice of the apology, recommenced the conversation at the very point where it had been interrupted, and continued to talk coolly on as if no break had taken place. Something after the same manner, though under infinitely more sublime circumstances, did Scharnhorst behave. Whatever, after ripe deliberation, he had resolved against Napoleon, this he never gave up; the calm obstinacy of his character commanded the whole struggle even when he seemed to yield; the victorious adversaries felt this and feared their enemy most when he seemed vanquished.

"In this constancy, indeed, of a great national feeling, the future destiny of Prussia, when overwhelmed by the greatest weight of external evils, seemed to rest secure and wait for the expected moment of a triumphant development; this was the last moral fortress that never yielded, of which the governor knew the perilous condition, and saw with ever-open eye the approaching dangers; but he saw, also, the strength of his position, and the unconquerable fidelity of those whom he set into activity, whose whole being he controlled and guided, whom his presence continually inspired, not with a consuming fire of passion, but with the calm, penetrating, and cherishing light of life. In this way the war against France had continued even under the aspect of the most complete subjection. The people armed themselves in all quarters, under the eyes of the enemy, and Scharnhorst, who represented the national conscience, was, of all men, most deeply shocked when he saw himself forced by circumstances into the position of siding, externally, with his sworn enemies. Thus conscience in good men always speaks the louder the deeper they sink: and the greatest fall produces the keenest remorse, but at the same time the most decided power of a renovated life.

"There were few who knew the full extent of what Scharnhorst did for Germany. His activity was greatest in secret; not, however, that there was any aspect of timidity about it, it was on the contrary strong, silent, and unconquerable. But it was only the great generals and soldiers of the highest cast who knew perfectly what he was, and looked to him constantly as to the living, unvarying, central point of the struggle. And thus even beyond the bounds of Prussia, in the mightiest states of Europe abroad, as well as among the traitorous friends of the enemy at home, his influence where it was not seen was felt, and known secretly where it was not publicly acknowledged."

Scharnhorst, it is well known, fell at the very commencement of the great struggle which he had been so long silently preparing, in the battle of Lützen, or Gross-Götschen as the Germans call it. Had it not been for this circumstance British gossip might have been as familiar with him as it is with the stout old hero of the Katzbach, and his moustaches. There is another name still to complete the triumvirate; a name that England knows less than it ought, but whom Prussia can never cease to look up to with even greater gratitude than to Blücher. It is the Baron von Stein,

the emancipator of the Brandenburg boors, the promulgator of an Agrarian law more bold than any that the Gracchi ever conceived, the most radical reformer and bloodless revolutionist that modern history has to name. The following extract exhibits, most characteristically, the remarkable German, who did more for fatherland than any of her most devoted patriots, and yet was never weary of flinging rudely in her face, as a matter of reproach, that faculty by the exercise of which she stands proudly pre-eminent above all other nations—the faculty of speculation. Stein was an Englishman in mental character more than a German; and thus far, certainly, he was right; the moment called aloud not for a thought but for a blow, not for a Schelling and a Görres, so much as for a Blücher and a Stein.

“Those who knew Stein, knew also that the only way to meet him was with a decided front, otherwise one was sure to be overwhelmed. He attacked me, too, on one of his favourite themes; but I was happily prepared to meet him, and the more stoutly I gave him battle to-day, the more did he seem inclined to renew the combat to-morrow. He, the mighty man of the direct deed (*‘der mächtige Mann der unmittelbaren That’*), who pierced through the moment there, as it lay before him, and commanded it, was, or at least was wont to express himself as, the enemy of all speculation, and attacked me with the most pitiless energy, as the representative of German metaphysics. I accepted the challenge. I was several times invited to dine with him at Dresden: I and Maurice Arndt were the only guests. ‘Your constructions *a priori*,’ said he, ‘are mere words, a pitiful school jargon, and made for no purpose so much as to cripple every deed that is worth the doing.’ ‘Your excellence,’ replied I, ‘will be pleased to observe, that though I were given to construct systems *a priori* (which qualification, however, I deny), I, at least, construct them in a practical direction; how otherwise would I be standing here now in this uniform before you? But the endeavour to bring one’s whole experience, both of inward emotions and outward facts, under the category of what may properly be called *knowledge*; the striving to give an intellectual unity to the complex phenomena of which the thing called our life is made up; this is not an arbitrary product of one mind or the other, but it is a national and truly German tendency; and if my friend Schelling, at the present moment, commands the public mind in Germany, he does so only because he commands the domain of speculation.’ ‘Yes, I know well enough,’ said Stein, ‘I know our German youth is incurably infected with this fever of empty speculation; the German has an unfortunate instinct that leads him to grope in abstract corners; and it is for this reason that he never understands the present moment, and has, accordingly, always fallen an easy prey to the cunning aggressor from without.’ ‘Tis quite true,’ retorted I, ‘that our students are given to speculation; but all the young men have not followed me to the war; and I should wish you to inquire, whether the greatest speculators are those who have staid at

home, or those who are here with me. I guess all the 'incurably infected' have come with me. Or what public men have come more boldly forward on the present occasion, than that Castor and Pollux of our philosophical world, the twin arch-speculators, Fichte and Schleiermacher?—Your excellency will forgive me for saying it, but it is possible that the tendency to useless abstract speculation may assist even where an outward war is carried on against it; and yourself, at this present moment, might certainly be judged a most impractical person to overlook in your estimate of the moral materials before you in Germany, a thing, which, whether you approve it or not, is and must be an essential element of the national mind.' This was plain enough, and the baron looked a little angry at first, but speedily recovering his composure, replied with a smile, 'After all, the fault is with myself, a practical man, and speculating by the ell here with a mere speculator about speculation.'"

In this direct-hitting, thoroughly practical Prussian baron we seem to recognise the type of a new phasis of the German mind, whose first appearance dates from this very era of the Liberation war. Before that era, whether in the artistical voluptuousness of Goethe, the vast intellectual mensuration of Kant, or the wild and brilliant careerings of Richter, we find every thing in German literature, only not what is directly practical and political. The year 1813, however, with its terrible severity of battle, and glorious but dearly earned laurels, gave a definite, practical, and political direction to the lawless bickerings and random undulations of the German soul; the cosmopolite became a patriot, the artist a historian, and the philosopher a politician. This change in the national caste of thought brought along with it naturally a change in the style and expression of the national literature; the formal and academic, the involved, unwieldy, and perplexed, yielded to the clear, the direct, the vigorous, and the flexible, in language. The Breslau 'Naturphilosoph,' when he doffed the gown and donned the cloak, indicated unconsciously to himself a change from the speculative to the practical, which the whole nation was destined to make; and if the new character be as yet only partially adopted, and imperfectly sustained by the general mass, this is but natural, and was prefigured also in the first martial experiments of the professor. 'Aller Anfang ist schwer,' says the proverb: 'a new trade is always difficult.' Of this, the following account of Steffens' doings at the battle of Lützen affords characteristic evidence.

"On the evening of the 1st of May I sat, anxious, and full of expectation, alone in a hut; although I felt a deep interest in the issue of the approaching contest, I was by no means in good spirits, and must, alas! confess that what disquieted me was something purely personal. I had been violently taken out of my former narrow sphere, and transplanted,

as it seemed, into a wider one ; but my present position, unfortunately, was one of which I was utterly ignorant. Yes, to that moment I had during my whole life been absolute master of my own occupation, now I had to submit to the thought of another as an instrument to carry it into execution ; but in the first place, I knew not what that thought was, nor what peculiar sphere of activity it would shape out for me ; and in the second place, even when set in motion, I knew not whether I might not prove more a hindrance than a help in a situation so strange to me. To act cheerfully as an instrument in the hands of others, the individual must, at least, know his relation to the whole of which he is a part ; but I felt myself suddenly, and in a moment the most critical for the cause I had espoused, transported into the midst of a bustling activity of which I knew neither the scope nor the detail ; every body was busy around me, I alone had nothing to do : no one spoke to me, for to me no one had any thing to say. There is something terribly humiliating in such a situation ; the accumulated patriotic longings of years had now worked themselves up to a climax, and nevertheless seemed destined, on the very verge of the perfect deed, to end in powerlessness. I paced restlessly up and down the little room, when a horse at full gallop stopped before my quarters. Its rider hastily entered, and delivered into my hands a letter from Scharnhorst ; I expected an order. Has he at length, thought I, succeeded in getting me some definite employment for this important day ? Between hope and fear I unsealed the letter.

“ ‘Lieber Steffens,’ said he, ‘I am sorry that I must ask back from you the horse which I lent you ; and I lament much that you will thereby be put out of condition for taking any share in the impending battle. It is the horse which I am accustomed to ride on critical occasions ; you must, therefore, be content to wait, in the rear of the army, the expected good issue of the battle.’ I delivered him the horse, and my situation was now more comfortless than ever. One thing was plain, I must appear upon the field of battle, otherwise I would have been perfectly affronted, and have felt myself incapable of showing my face with any honour in the future course of the war. I had heard the name of the village in which the Jäger battalion of the guard was quartered ; there was a full mile between me and it ; I lost no small time before I could find a guide, and when I arrived daylight was fast approaching. The commander of the battalion was asleep, but I caused him to be roused, and adjured him to put me in a condition to get a horse. He complied, and I was led to a boor, who, however, at first stoutly opposed the requisition. At length, however, he yielded, and produced the animal ! It was a sorry bay, an old, lean, broken-down cart-horse ; the haunch bones stood out like two steep rocky walls—the ribs could be counted. I swung myself into a miserable saddle that the boor drew out of a lumber-room, and bestrode the deep-hollowed backbone of the brute ; it required great exertion to set the stiff legs into motion ; hard and stubborn, it had long lost all feeling for bit and bridle. Never did Prussian knight appear more laughably and strangely mount-

ed. The valise which had hitherto been carried by the guide, was now strapped on behind me; but I had much ado before I could stimulate the unwieldy beast into a trot. In the meantime I was utterly ignorant in what direction the field of battle lay. The day began to dawn, and I discovered some troops in the distance; in my ignorance I could not tell whether they were the enemy's men or our own; but I rode up to them, and reached a wide field, sloping gradually upwards. Here I discovered Prussian infantry forming a long front. How it happened I cannot say; but before I knew, my horse was standing in front of the line, and directly in the way of the advancing troops. A noble-looking officer, who could not but be surprised at the sight of so strange a cavalier, came with an angry look towards me, and cried out, 'Was Teufel haben Sie hier zu thun?' (What the devil business have you here?) In Altenburg General York had been pointed out to me—and full of terror, I now recognised him; I was unable to answer a word; but I have a dim recollection of endeavouring, for some minutes, in extreme desperation, to make the stubborn brute move from the spot. How I at length got out of the way I don't know. When on a future occasion I made the personal acquaintance of this great general, I informed him under what circumstances I had first encountered him, and he was vastly delighted. After much riding about and interrogating, I found Scharnhorst. 'Keep close by me,' said he; and Lieutenant Greulich, one of his adjutants, had the goodness to give me the horse of one of his baggage-waggons. It was now about mid-day; the battle commenced, but I had no idea whatever of the position of our own or our enemy's troops. The roar of the cannon was heard in all directions; but the enemy, posted probably behind the village of Gross-Görschen, I could nowhere discover.

"I rode beside Gneisenau, among the officers who formed the escort of Marshal Blücher. The enemy stood in front of the village; a cavalry attack on our side took place, and I was all at once in the midst of a shower of balls. Prince Henry's horse was shot beneath him. The attack was repulsed. How I at first came into the attack—how I again got out of it, I never knew. Only one thing I remember—the impression which the grape shot of the enemy made on me. I felt as if the balls were coming from all directions towards me in thick masses—as if no one could possibly escape—as if I were in the midst of a violent shower of rain, and yet somehow or other was not wet. At the same time, I cannot say that I was in the least affected by fear; the whole affair seemed to me rather strange and curious than terrible. Gneisenau was quite in his element; almost merry. After the attack I received from him a commission to General Wittgenstein; what it was I don't exactly remember: but now began the dark side of that day for me. I rode on; I looked round about me; a heavy cannonade from the enemy was going on in all quarters. I did not know where I might find Wittgenstein. Every thing about me appeared in confusion, and covered as with a dark veil. I felt a mysterious quaking; a strange undulation shook my inmost frame, became more apparent; it was evi-

dent that I was under the influence of the cannon fever; however, I found Wittgenstein, executed my commission, and returned to Gneisenau. Here I found every thing in motion. Every man had his appointed employment, and knew his relative position, only I was without any definite occupation, and no one concerned himself about me; thus situated the feeling of my powerlessness overcame me, and I was conscious that I must appear in my present place as a supernumerary spectator. I heard that Scharnhorst had been carried away wounded from the field of battle. Gneisenau had disappeared; the others were strangers to me, and I quickly found myself alone, with the balls of the enemy whistling around me."

One is almost tempted, in reading this, to agree with Görres, who, when Steffens met him at Coblenz, after the battle of Leipzig, did not scruple to express his disapprobation of the professor's military recreations altogether; for, '*der Gelehrte*,' said he, '*ist verpflichtet sich für sein geistiges Werk zu erhalten*.' (It is the duty of the man of letters to spend and be spent only in the cause of letters.) And to the same purpose Schelling would frequently add a postscript to his letters to Steffens, '*Wozu und warum solten wir uns in die Verirrungen der Welt hineinstürzen? Ist doch unser Reich nicht von dieser Welt*.'—(Wherefore, and for what purpose, should we plunge ourselves into the perplexities of this world? Our kingdom is not of this world.) But the benefit which an academic man like Steffens conferred on his country, by taking part in the military movement of the times, consisted not so much in the amount of his individual services in the field, as in the moral influence of his presence and example. The presence of so many distinguished volunteers was, to the professional soldier, a continual living remembrancer, that in this war not a common point of international policy, or the mere military point of honour, but the dearest interests, the very existence of fatherland, was at stake; and when we bear in mind how gallantly the raw militia-men at Dennewitz carried the day over the experienced French soldiery, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to think that even the most unmilitary Professor Steffens, on his scraggy Rosinante, stumbling on before the front line of General York's advancing columns, was not there altogether without a purpose.

ART. III.—*La Peste di Milano del 1630; libri cinque dal Canonico della Scala, Giuseppe Ripamonti, Istoriografo Milanese; volgarizzati per la prima volta dal originale Latino.* (The Plague of Milan in the Year 1630. In five books, by Joseph Ripamonti, Canon of La Scala, Historiographer of Milan. Now translated for the first time from the original Latin.) Da FRANCESCO CUSANI: con Introduzione e Note. 4to. pp. 400. Milano. 1841.

It is surprising that this history of the tremendous pestilence, which almost depopulated Milan in 1630—just thirty-five years previous to the memorable plague-year of London—should have been suffered to remain till this time locked up in the barbarous and turgid Latin of the old canon of La Scala, its contemporary narrator. It is surprising, because this is one of those tales of terror and of marvel, which can never fail to excite the imagination, and, therefore, to command the interest of a very large body of readers. Combining the startling strangeness and the minuteness of detail by which fiction arrests our sympathies, with the absorbing interest inseparable from the constantly recurring consideration, that 'these things really were,' the story is eminently calculated to find popularity among those, who read merely for amusement. As long as the poet's '*mentem mortalia tangunt*,' remains true, the circumstantial historian of any of those great calamities that, from time to time, have desolated cities, and wiped out the distinctions and inequalities of ranks and classes by the overwhelming influence of one common terror, will not want an audience. But there were circumstances attending the pestilence, which ravaged Lombardy in the seventeenth century, which may be reasonably deemed to render its history well worthy of the attention of other readers, than such as seek merely for amusement. The ethical and the political inquirer may both find phenomena in the story of Milan during that fatal year suggestive of much speculation and thought.

It might have been supposed, therefore, that some one would have ere this undertaken the task which Signor Cusani has now accomplished. But in this case, as in so many others of late years, it has been the novelist who first directed the attention of the reading world to the neglected and forgotten treasures of history. For we cannot but suppose that had Manzoni never written his celebrated novel—'*I promessi Sposi*'—the old canon's striking history would have still remained shrouded in the repulsive garb in which it pleased him originally to clothe it.

In the vast, and indeed almost boundless continent of history,

there are large tracts forgotten, neglected, unexplored, unknown to the generality of the world, till some adventurous genius—some historical Columbus—pushes forward his discovering voyages into the unknown void, and lights up an entire new world of history by his genius. There have been heroes since, as well as before, the time of Agamemnon, who have perished, ‘*caruerunt quia vate sacro.*’ And in our days the ‘*vates sacer*’ who has rescued many from oblivion has been the novelist. That which Homer did for those who fought and fell around the walls of Troy, Virgil for his favourite pious Æneas, and Tasso for ‘*il gran Capitano*,’ Godfrey, and the other iron-cased worthies, who accompanied him to the Holy Land for the want of better amusement at home: Walter Scott has achieved for the Scottish covenanters—heroes of a far more genuine sort; ‘*sit obiter dictum*;’—and Manzoni for the world of Milan during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is the novelist only who has attempted to popularise history hitherto; while its own professed teachers have, for the most part, so written their lifeless accounts of kings and courts, and battles and soldiers, as to render them distasteful and unprofitable reading to the multitude. A dawn, indeed, of better things in this respect is beginning to appear. Historians are beginning to discover that Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Tailor, may be much interested by being told of the mode of life, habits, and condition of the Browns, and Smiths, and Jones’s and Tailors of past times. Nay, and the more sharp-sighted among them are even beginning to comprehend that it is far more important to us all—Howards, Tancarvilles, and Courtenays included—to know, could we but get at it, how these past Browns, Smiths, Jones’s, and Tailors lived, moved, and thought, than to have it accurately ascertained how many blockhead barons knocked their hard numbskulls against each other on any given occasion.

We think, then, that history manifests a tendency to improvement, and, like many other things, is moving on the way towards being more like what it ought to be. In the meantime those portions of history only have become essentially *popular*, which some historical novelist has lighted up by his genius. As soon as an era, or a detached episode, has been thus brought before the public eye, and the world of readers are beginning to have something like a definite idea of the shape and nature of the period or the incident in question, then comes the historian with his detail of facts, and, taking advantage of the interest which has been excited, offers his work as ‘*illustrative*’ of the narrative of the novelist. This, as it may perhaps seem, somewhat inverted arrangement of parts, has been observable not unfrequently of late years.

And it is thus that we consider ourselves and our readers in some degree indebted to Manzoni for the curious work before us.

Not that we would be understood by any means to undervalue Signor Cusani's labours, or to detract from the importance of his contribution to the history of his country. Old Ripamonti's history might, for the generality of the world, have as well not been in existence as have remained in its original lumbering Latin in a few copies mouldering on the shelves of public libraries. But Signor Cusani has not confined his good work to the mere translation of the canon's volume. In the shape of preface, notes, and appendices, he has collected from various contemporary writers all that could contribute to the formation of a complete picture of the epoch in question. And a very curious and extraordinary picture he has produced. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether Signor Cusani might not have done better had he made all the materials in his possession the groundwork of a new fabric of his own. A more agreeable book might, doubtless, have been thus produced. The materials might have been presented to the reader's mind in a more orderly arrangement, and more artistically grouped, and a stronger effect would have been produced. But there is one reason—whether or no it may have occurred as such to Signor Cusani himself, we know not—that reconciles us to the course he has adopted. And this is, that not the least interesting matter in the volume is the character of the old Milanese historiographer himself. It would have been a pity to lose this; and it is hardly likely that a new history of the plague, by Signor Cusani, would have enabled us to estimate it as satisfactorily as the republication of his own work.

In a word, then, it should seem that old Ripamonti was 'a liberal.' Now a liberal canon, living and writing books at Milan in the seventeenth century, under the dominion of Spain, must be allowed to be in some sort a curiosity.

If there were no men intellectually in advance of the age in which they live, it is clear that there could be no social progression; that it would be a stand-still world, instead of a world which at a slower or faster rate does undoubtedly constantly progress. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that there should ever be such men; as necessary as that there should be a forlorn hope to mount first the breach over which the main body of the army are to follow. Society, in its onward march, must thus have its forlorn hope of bold spirits, who will advance in the van of the mighty host, unscared by the darkness and uncertainty of the future across which they must find the way. It is in both cases—in the besieging army, and in the advancing society—the post of honour,

this forlorn hope. But it is equally in both cases the post of danger. It is ever a post of danger—at some periods of the world's march more than at others; but always dangerous. At the period, and in the country in which Ripamonti lived, it was especially so. And accordingly he paid the penalty of having outstripped his contemporaries sufficiently to have got rid of many of the prejudices and absurdities which still bound them. But Ripamonti was not made of the stuff from which martyrs are fashioned. Unlike 'the starry' Galileo, who persisted in his assertion, that 'the world goes round for all that,' the worthy canon would have renounced all heresies at the first sight of the rack, and have professed himself thoroughly convinced by that puissant argument of the justice of the opinions held by his good friends, 'the inquisitors;' while he contented himself with laughing in his sleeve at absurdities which it was imprudent to laugh at openly.

Signor Cusani has prefixed to his volume an account of the life and writings of Ripamonti, which gives the key to several sly expressions in the course of his book, of which the irony and covert satire might not otherwise be understood. For though he had tasted of the tender mercies of the Inquisition in the shape of a long imprisonment in early life, and though the general tenour of this work is carefully calculated to suit the temper of the people and the times for which it was intended, he cannot resist the temptation of suffering his real opinions of men and things to peep out here and there.

The 'Introduction' to the volume before us, in which Signor Cusani gives us those facts of his author's life to which we have alluded, and also sets before us the condition and position of Milan at the period of the history, is, we are told, extracted 'from an inedited treatise on the principal Historians and Chroniclers of Milan,' by himself. From the year 1537 to 1705, Lombardy lay in a lethargic state under the leaden dominion of Spain. 'An epoch,' exclaims Signor Cusani, himself living under another foreign rule not less oppressive or detestable—'an epoch fatal, and of bitter memory for Lombardy!' Unfortunate Italy! Thus much, at least, her change of rulers has availed her, that the tardy retribution of history, while the historian is compelled to bide his time respecting the present race of tyrants, may strike with its justice the dynasty which preceded them.

"Kings," continues Signor Cusani, "distant, and so much the more difficult of access, that to get to Madrid, it was necessary to pass through France, almost always at war with Spain, or to cross other Italian states to embark at some port of the Mediterranean. Governors, representatives of the sovereign, strangers to the laws, to the habits, and to the language of our people, eager to satiate their ambition and avarice, plundered

rather than governed the country delivered over to their power for three years. A senate composed in a great measure of Spaniards, which judged as irresponsibly as God himself; a privy council of state, a sanitary magistrate, sixty decurions, a captain of police, an ordinary and an extraordinary magistrate, all powers acting independently, each in its own sphere, frequently jostled and were in collision with each other in the exercise of their ill-defined powers. To the briskness and activity natural to the Lombards succeeded the sly gravity, the pride and indolence of the Spaniard. Hence the nobles abandoned commercial pursuits, considering them dishonourable to their family; manufactures declined, arts and studies were neglected, public works suffered to go to decay. In a word, our country languishing in a slow atrophy, from being flourishing and wealthy, became sterile and dead from the total cessation of agricultural and manufacturing industry, and the want of civil energy."

Thus writes Signor Cusani of the state of Milan under the Spanish rule. The picture is a striking one; and it represents accurately enough the condition of the country during that period. But having written thus far, the poor Italian author seems to have been struck with fear lest his lamentations over the misfortunes of his country under the tyranny of strangers in a former age should prove distasteful to the conscience-stricken jealousy of her present oppressors. He hastens, therefore, to add in the next paragraph:

"To attribute, however, the decadence and ruin of Lombardy exclusively to the dominion of the Spaniard, as many writers have done, appears to me a fault of exaggeration. And, truth to tell, those disorders were in good part the consequence of the confusion of ideas and passions, general among the nations of Europe, who having recently emerged from the middle ages, began to establish their governments on new principles."

What wretched trash is this! And what chance has history in the hands of writers, whose haunting dread of the jealous watchfulness of their masters is such that they must needs endeavour to take the sting out of plain and self-proclaiming truth by subjoining such senseless balderdash. Where was it ever seen yet throughout the wide field of human history, that decadence and death followed as the consequence of progress? Did the 'confusion of ideas and passions' produce such results in the other European nations at the time of their emerging from the medieval period? We have not the least doubt that Signor Cusani knows all this quite as well as we do; and we have pointed to the passage only to indicate the miserably fettered condition of the Italian who would attempt to write history.

The two principal events, which break the dead monotony of this period of a hundred and seventy years, are the pestilence of 1576, and the pestilence of 1630. Amid the death-like stillness,

which resulted from the crushing weight of a foreign despotism, beneath whose chains neither industry, arts, nor letters could move, pestilence can still walk abroad; and the absence of all healthy social movement, furnishes the historian with the sole vicissitudes on which his melancholy narrative can dwell. There are also two leading characters, which stand out in relief during this same period. They are two priests:—the Cardinal Archbishops Charles and Frederick Borromeo. The first since canonised, and to the present day the favourite saint of Milanese popular devotion, held the see of Milan during the first of these calamities; and Frederick, his cousin and successor, occupied the same position during that of 1630. Of the two visitations of pestilence the last was incomparably the most severe, and its ravages the most extensive. But of the two men, whose names and memories are respectively connected with the two events, the elder was the greater.

The Cardinal Archbishop Charles Borromeo was in truth a Christian priest, such as have been, it may be hoped, many priests; but such as have been, most unquestionably, but few cardinals. To the most enlarged philanthropy he added a spirit of genuine charity enlightened beyond the light of his age. He was truly the father of the fatherless, and the friend of the friendless; and his large patrimonial as well as ecclesiastical revenues were ever appropriated to the wants of his fellow-citizens. When after his death, Rome placed the name of Charles Borromeo in the list of her saints, she did but confirm that which the popular voice had already declared. And it may be safely asserted that had her canonisations been always based on grounds as respectable, the honours of her calendar would not stand where they do now in the estimation of mankind.

The consequence of the large space which the memory of this good man occupied in the minds of the people of Milan has been, that the pestilence of which he was the hero, and whose calamities he alleviated, is the only one that has lived in popular tradition, and in the memory of the people. The plague of 1576 has in the popular traditions swallowed up and united to itself that of 1630. The incidents and circumstances of the latter are uniformly referred by the people to the preceding calamity; and the historians of the populace, who transmit from generation to generation the tale of such events as seem to them most worthy of preservation, speak but of one plague of Milan, that one which is inseparably connected with the deeds and memory of their beloved Saint Charles.

The greater calamity has been forgotten, that the greater man may be remembered. It is a striking instance of popular gra-

titude, and may serve to show how profoundly veneration and love for the real benefactors of humanity strike their undying roots into the popular mind.

Not that Frederick Borromeo was, as it should seem, either a bad man, or a negligent pastor, or niggardly of his exertions or his money in the emergencies of the great catastrophe of 1630; but he does not appear to have possessed the art of conciliating the affection of the masses in the same degree as his greater cousin. And then he had the misfortune to follow and be compared with one, whom the love of the populace, as violent and unmeasured as its hate, had already surrounded with a magnifying halo of admiration and gratitude.

Although the memory of the great pestilence of 1630 seems to have perished from among the people of Milan, or rather to have been absorbed by the fame of that which preceded it in 1576, the memorials of it preserved by history are far from scanty. Besides the history by Ripamonti now before us, there exists in the Ambrosian library at Milan a MS. in the handwriting of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, entitled '*De Pestilentia quæ Mediolani anno 1630 magnam stragem edidit.*' The cardinal has set forth in this writing principally the facts of which he was himself a witness, the measures which he caused to be adopted, and his opinions on the progress of the calamity.

Alexander Tadino, one of the first physicians of his day, and first medical officer to the Board of Health at Milan during the plague, wrote, in Italian, '*An Account of the Origin and daily Events of the great contagious, poisonous, and baleful Plague, which arose in Milan and its Duchy, in the Years 1629 to 1631.*' It is a 4to. volume of 150 pages, printed in 1642; and contains, according to the testimony of Signor Cusani, a mass of historical, medical, and statistical particulars, which cannot be found elsewhere. He has availed himself to a considerable extent of Signor Tadino's work in his notes.

Pio della Croce, prior of the Cappuchins at Milan, also wrote a history of the plague, especially for the purpose of recording the services rendered by the Cappuchins during its ravages. He wrote fifty years after the event, and appears to have availed himself of a chronicle or contemporary journal kept in the monastery.

Finally the public archives at Milan, and the collections of many private families of the city abound, says Cusani, in edicts, accounts, letters, and documents of every kind respecting the plague, in such plenty, that the historian is only embarrassed by the necessity of selection.

It is well that there exists such abundance of testimony, that

every assertion almost of any of the writers on the subject can be corroborated by the evidence of more than one witness; for some of the facts recorded are of a nature to startle the credulity even of the least sceptical reader of history.

Ripamonti's first book—his history is divided into five—treats of the condition of the city previous to the commencement of the contagion, of the scarcity which preceded it, and of the first spread of the pestilence.

Milan, says Ripamonti, reckoned at one time 300,000 inhabitants, and it contained 200,000 immediately before the pestilence of 1630. Tadino says that the population of the city was then 250,000. Bonvicino calculates it, in the year 1288, at 200,000; and Morigia says that in 1590 there were 264,000 inhabitants. But all these assertions are to be received with much suspicion:—a remark which may equally be applied to all the statements of Italian chroniclers and historians, which have for their object the exaltation and glorification of their own native city. The narrow spirit of that spurious patriotism which limited its sympathies and its benevolence to the extent of the tiny territory of each independent city, was too powerful among the citizens of the rival republics of medieval Italy, to permit their historians to be very truthful expositors of the greatness and magnificence of their own cities. Nor did this rivalry by any means cease with the independent existence of the cities between which it arose. The old antipathies and prejudices were transmitted from generation to generation; and most unhappily continue to the present day to exist to a degree, which will yet, it is to be feared, form the greatest impediment to the progress of the country towards a renewed and regenerated national existence.

But we are touching here on a large and most important subject, which cannot be treated of in the limits of a digression. It is one which has begun to occupy the serious attention of the most elevated and enlightened among the numerous and increasing band of Italian patriots, and which demands the earnest consideration of all those who mourn the present degradation of fallen Italy, and look forward with hope to its resurrection. On some other occasion, therefore, we may perhaps endeavour to ascertain the real state of popular feeling in Italy in this respect at the present day, and the amount of progress which has been made towards a more healthy and hopeful sentiment of nationality. But we must now return to Milan and the seventeenth century.

We do not believe Messieurs Ripamonti and Tadino, when they assert that the population of Milan, previous to the pestilence of 1630 amounted to 250,000, or—as the more moderate of the two calculates—to 200,000 souls. 'And that'—as Signor Cu-

sani well remarks in a sort of 'excursus' which he has written on this especial point of the population of the city and the amount of the mortality—"and that when the Spanish dominion had for a century past ruined manufactures and commerce." Signor Cusani has taken a good deal of trouble in the investigation of this point. The record of the census of the population which Ripamonti states to have been taken during the period of scarcity which preceded the plague, has apparently perished; for the most persevering search among the various depositories of public archives in the city has failed to discover any such document. But our author's labour was rewarded by the discovery of a register of deaths kept regularly year by year and month by month from the year 1452, with important marginal annotations respecting the various epidemics and contagions that at different periods increased the number of deaths. From this register it appears that the number of deaths in the four years preceding the scarcity were as follows:

Years.	Deaths.
1625	4181
1626	3482
1627	3157
1628	3513

which gives an average in round numbers of 3600 as the yearly mortality. Now assuming, says Signor Cusani, the yearly deaths to be four per cent. on the population, and adding two per cent. for deaths in the hospitals and in the convents not registered, it would result that the population of the city at that period was from 140,000 to 150,000 souls; a result which other facts concur in pointing to as a tolerable approximation to the truth.

It is probable that some corresponding deductions should also be made from the magnificence of the worthy canon's glowing description of the riches and splendour of Milan and its citizens at that epoch.

"The dwellings and the attire of the citizens," says he, "were such as to evidence princely wealth. The great imitated regal splendour. The merchants and bankers had become so rich, that abandoning commerce, and careless of further gain, they began to be ambitious of power, and many aspired to deck their names with crested arms, things unthought of by their obscure ancestors. The middle classes were emboldened to occupy the stations deserted by their superiors; the lowest populace were no longer clothed in rags; and every husband thought little of his wife, unless she wore silk brocaded with gold. Clothes of simple silk were henceforward left to the beggars. The habit of wearing rings, gems, and ear-rings of great value began to be considered vulgar ostentation; and the noble matrons, to whom such ornaments

had become annoying, gratified their pride by dressing with the utmost simplicity, as if to distinguish themselves in this manner from the plebeian dames."

This last trait of Milanese manners in the seventeenth century is curious enough. Of a surety there is nothing new under the sun; and least of all is novelty to be expected in any of the various manifestations of the darling vice of that pride, which is ever urging its votaries to find out fresh means of demonstrating, that they 'are not as other men are.'

But mind was as flourishing as matter in those happy days at Milan, according to our chronicler. In literature, says he,

"The poor vied with the rich, stimulated, not as the latter were by the love of glory, and the desire of augmenting their ancestral nobility, but by the love of gain, and by the hope of reward in a city where literature obtained the pre-eminence with the powerful. In fact, the liberality of our princes towards literary men was ever such,"—(this is a sop thrown by the sly old canon to his own patrons,)—"that the children of the poor had as much opportunity of instruction as those of the rich; and the entire city appeared a temple consecrated by the muses."

Such, according to our author, was the prosperous condition of the city, when the desolating calamity which he is about to record burst upon it. After the close of the wars between Charles V. and Francis I., which had, among many other results, determined the fate of the duchy of Milan, Lombardy had the rare felicity of reposing in peace for near a hundred years. The blame of disturbing this peace is thrown by Ripamonti on Henry IV.; though his ambitious plans were all cut short, says the pious canon, 'by the hand of one single man, if, indeed, it were not the hand of God.' But the more immediate cause of the disasters, which fell on the Milanese, was the Duke of Savoy, who took it into his head to invade the territory of Mantua; thus, says Ripamonti, disturbing the peace of Italy, and giving the worst possible example to the other princes of the peninsula. The King of Spain forthwith interposed, and marched an army of German troops into Lombardy to protect the weaker party. It is once again, as ever, the old '*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*.'

The passage of these troops on their way southward through the duchy of Milan is described by our historian, as in itself a desolating calamity. Ill-disciplined under all circumstances, and totally unrestrained by any attempt on the part of their leaders to protect the unhappy inhabitants from their outrages, their march through the Milanese resembled rather that of a victorious army through a country avowedly given up to plunder, than that of friendly troops through the dominions of their own master. The line of their passage was marked by desolation. The helpless in-

habitants of the villages on their line of march fled from their dwellings at the approach of the advancing army, and left their all to be plundered, or consumed by the locust host on their passage,—a work of destruction so thoroughly accomplished by the plunderers, who marched at the head of the army, that those who followed, enraged at finding nothing left to satisfy their cupidity, gratified at least their anger and brutality by ill-treating the already ruined inhabitants.

The result of these miseries, increased by the unlucky coincidence of a deficient harvest, showed itself in a scarcity of corn, so great that the price of wheat shortly rose to a hundred lire (equivalent to about 5*l.* 8*s.* of our present money) a bushel. Rye was seventy lire a bushel, and millet sixty. These last particulars are recorded by the circumstantial and accurate Tadino, first physician to the Board of Health. The consequences of so tremendous a scarcity of the primary necessities of life soon made themselves felt and seen in a still more fearful form within the walls of the thickly-peopled city, than in the surrounding country. All commerce, all employment ceased; for every man applied what capital he had to the purchase of food for his own needs. The classes of the people whose daily bread was supplied by their daily labour, thus finding that supply cut off, filled the streets in gaunt and famine-stricken crowds; and were the first to perish by starvation. But the distress gradually, though with appalling rapidity, crept upwards in the social scale. Soon the shops were closed; and numbers of those, who had been used to all the comforts as well as the necessities of life, were compelled to join the wretched and squalid bands, who wandered through the streets in restless misery, imploring the morsel of bread necessary to prolong their miserable lives yet a few hours. The only difference, says Ripamonti, between the old beggars, and those thus added to their band, was that the latter suffered more from being less used to misery, and less inured to the humiliation and disappointment of repulse. The mass of suffering thus exposed to the public eye throughout the city, soon began to be increased by the influx of starving peasants from the surrounding country, who deluded, says Ripamonti, by the name of Milan, and their idea of its inexhaustible riches, fancied that famine could never dare to approach the metropolis, and thought that they should find there the food that their own fields no longer supplied.

And soon the streets of Milan the wealthy began to be encumbered with the corpses of the dead, and the skeleton-like bodies of the dying.

"I myself," says Ripamonti, "saw while walking with some companions along the military road which skirts the walls, a woman lying

dead with a bundle on her back and an infant slung at her breast. She had been induced, as it seemed, in the impossibility of finding aught to sustain life, to go out of the city, carrying with her her baby, and a few of her more valuable possessions. But death had overtaken her, and she fell, a few paces only from the city-gate. A handful of herbage half masticated, protruded from her mouth, and stained her lips and face with its green juice ;—a fearful proof of the extremity of her suffering. The child was wailing on the corpse of its mother."

And similar cases, adds the historian, were of daily occurrence.

It is almost inconceivable that it should have been possible to preserve any social order whatsoever among a starving multitude thus perishing within the walls of a thickly-inhabited city! Powerful, indeed, must be the coercion which can induce men to perish quietly of starvation with food before their eyes which is reserved for their wealthier fellow-citizens! Such is the almost incalculable force of the habits of social life. In truth, the populace seem to have been singularly enduring under the extreme pressure of their misfortunes. Once, indeed, a tumult broke forth, senseless as the risings of the people, who rise not till stung to madness, unhappily almost ever are. The popular indignation was directed against the bakers. It was imagined that the high price of bread was caused by their determination to secure enormous profits. On St. Martin's day, in the year 1628—the year in which the famine began—a multitude suddenly assembled, apparently without any preconceived plan, and marched to attack one of the principal baking establishments of the city. The bread intended for the consumption of the day was first seized on and instantly devoured by the half-starved multitude. Had the tumult ceased here, there would, at least, have been nothing astonishing in the act; and it is surprising, on the contrary, that bread could have been at all sold peaceably to the rich amid the famished poor. But as soon as the bread was in a few moments swallowed, the crowd rushed into the house and commenced a general destruction. The whole stock of flour and meal was carried off or destroyed. A large quantity was wasted. 'The streets,' says Ripamonti, 'by which the plunderers passed as they went and came, were as white with flour as if it had snowed;' and a wretched crowd too far gone towards the extremity of starvation to be capable of more active violence, endeavoured to scrape up the food that thus strewed the streets. The rioters heaped all the contents of the house into a huge pile, to which they set fire, 'As if,' says Ripamonti in his absurd way, 'it were a holocaust to Ceres, to the famine, and at the same time to the saint whose festival had witnessed the deed.' They threw the books of the baker, and every thing of a combustible nature that they could find, into the fire; and would have

also thrown in the baker and his men if they could have laid hands on them; but fortunately they had escaped.

As may be supposed, the violence of the rioters did not stop here. The most dangerous quality of mob violence is its natural and invariable tendency to grow, in extent and intensity, till like a conflagration it soon becomes impossible to quell it. The mob next rushed to the house of the 'Vicario di provisione,' one of the principal magistrates of the city, and began to attack it, in order to put its owner to death. A body of Spanish soldiers were marched down from the citadel to protect it, but were afraid to attack the people, who were in much larger numbers. However, the Grand-chancellor Ferrer, a venerable old man, and beloved by the people, went fearlessly in among them, and succeeded in quieting them for a time, or at least in diverting them from their immediate object. They returned to the attack on the bakers; and having sacked another of these establishments, were about setting fire to the house, to the great peril of the neighbouring buildings, and indeed possibly of the whole city. The manner in which this catastrophe was averted is curiously characteristic of the age and of the people. A worthy man of the neighbourhood, seeing the imminency of the danger, got as quickly as possible to the top of the house, and let down by a rope a crucifix, with some lighted candles attached to it, immediately in front of the door, and before the faces of the rioters who were about to fire it. A miraculous interposition in favour of the devoted house! No mistaking *now* God's will that the baker's house—at least that particular baker's house—should not be burned. Miracle! Miracle! The clergy take advantage of this sudden revulsion of feeling;—come forth in procession, with candles, crosses, and other such holy paraphernalia; and the progress of riot is stayed for a while.

The magistracy, however, have got a hint that the people have borne as much as can be borne quietly. Something must be done, and done quickly; while this lull in the popular tempest lasts. The frightened magistrates meet. Large sacrifices in the way of almsgiving have already been made; but it is evident that a portion of such food as there is in the city must be given to those who have not the means of purchasing it; for if not they will take it, and much else besides! So the council come to a hurried decision, and issue an edict by which bread is commanded to be sold at as cheap a rate as in times of the greatest plenty, and the city will bear the loss. Dr. Tadino assures us that the tariff thus fixed cost the city no less a sum than a hundred thousand crowns. The exultation of the populace at the news of this edict was exuberant. And notwithstanding their joy was turned into suspicious terror before long, by a report originating, no one knew how, that poison

was mixed with this cheap bread by order of the magistrates, yet not the less did the starving multitude rush to the bakers' shops, and devour the food, which, if it were poisoned, as they suspected, would but change the manner of their death from the slow process of inanition to one more rapid and less painful.

But the fearful condition of the city demanded other precautionary measures, than this one of alleviation, which must of necessity from its nature be but temporary. It was determined that the multitude who thronged the streets unprovided with any means of supporting themselves, should be received into the lazaretto, and maintained there at the expense of the city. This lazaretto was an immense building, which had been erected by Francesco Sforza when Duke of Milan. It formed a large hollow square; and contained, according to Ripamonti, 365 wards, each with accommodations for ten persons. Tadino, probably with greater accuracy, says that it consisted of 288 wards, of which 213 only were in a condition to be used, the remainder never having been finished. A portico, or kind of cloister, ran round the four sides of the interior square; and the space thus inclosed was filled with rows of temporarily erected straw-covered huts, to increase the amount of accommodation.

It may seem extraordinary, but it is well attested, that it was with the greatest difficulty the starving multitude could be brought into this asylum, where food and shelter were provided for them. So powerful is the love of unconstrained liberty to those who are accustomed to it! A few miserable wretches came in of their own accord; but by far the greater number were brought in by force. Two soldi were allowed by the magistrates to the constables for every person forcibly brought to the lazaretto.

Nothing in the municipal habits and customs of past centuries, and other nations, strikes us, accustomed as we are to the highly complicated mechanism of our own social polity, more strongly than the extreme and childlike simplicity of the means by which they endeavoured to accomplish their objects. Fancy filling a hospital or workhouse, destined to relieve the needs of a greater number than it could possibly accommodate, by the same process that country beadles in agricultural parishes adopt for the extermination of sparrows! So much a head for every one brought in! and brought in neck and crop! willy nilly!

The lazaretto was, as may be easily imagined, soon filled to overflowing. This building, capable of properly accommodating, according to the largest computation, 3650 persons, was within a few days crowded with between 13,000 and 14,000 starving wretches, who were to be fed at the expense of the city. The pecuniary sacrifices which were made by the municipality were certainly enor-

mous. The city treasury was before this calamity notoriously and proverbially rich. At its conclusion the municipal coffers were not only empty, but the city was very deeply in debt. Accordingly Ripamonti, the salaried historiographer of the city, loudly praises the munificence and provident activity of the magistracy. 'We are apt to admire times of old,' says he, 'and neglect that which is admirable in our own. But I think that no people or ages could show better institutions, than those which our magistrates adopted upon this occasion for the maintenance of a crowd of poor in a narrow space.' But unfortunately other accounts of the condition of the lazzeretto can hardly be considered to bear out the historiographer's assertion. It was discovered after a while that those who furnished the lazzeretto with provisions, adulterated the bread with injurious substances to increase their profits. The water provided for drinking became corrupt. The straw in the rooms became rotten, and was *never* changed! It was an unusually hot season, and no rain had fallen for three months. The result of this state of things may be easily anticipated. Contagious fevers were shortly generated in the lazzeretto: and this closely packed mass of human misery and squalid filth remained pent up within its walls, and fermenting beneath the hot southern sun, till the foul heap might have generated pestilence itself, and have inoculated with it the entire community. It is recorded that the stench in this fearful lazar-house was such that on one occasion the visiting magistrate fell in a dead swoon from the effects of it, and was obliged to suspend his visits. The magistracy became alarmed at the progressing contagion, the increase of deaths in the lazzeretto, and the disorder and despair of its wretched inmates. The physicians Tadino and Settala had from the first opposed this scheme of bringing together as to a focus this immense mass of filth and misery, and had predicted the result; but the 'practical men' had refused to listen to the warning voice of science. And now they found themselves compelled to come to the determination of undoing as quickly as might be what they had done. The gates of the lazzeretto were thrown open, and the miserable, yet now rejoicing, crowd burst forth, bearing with them into every corner of the city a hot stream of contagion and disease.

Is it possible to conceive a city better or more effectually prepared for the reception of the plague than was now unhappy Milan? The dread visitor was at hand. Fearful half-muttered rumours began to be heard of cases said to have occurred at villages on the route by which the German troops had passed. All communication between these places and Milan was forbidden. But the interdiction seems to have been very carelessly observed. For on the 22nd of October a certain soldier named Antonio Lo-

nato, coming from Chiavenna, entered the city, bringing with him, says Tadino, 'many clothes, bought or stolen, from the German troops.' He fell ill almost immediately on his arrival; was carried to the hospital, and at the end of four days died, with buboes on his breast and arms, a most decided case of malignant plague. Every inmate of the house in which he had lodged on entering the city died within a few days, and the fatal house was shut up.

There was now no longer possibility of doubt. 'The plague was in Milan. But for a little while there was an anxious, a dreadful, and almost breathless pause! Might it not be hoped that, all the cases hitherto having occurred in the same house, the contagion might not have spread beyond it? Vain hope! Very soon other cases happened here and there, unconnected, apparently, with each other. The panic was extreme. Then a week or so would pass without any new cases being heard of. And the people again began to hope, and flattered themselves that they had been unnecessarily alarmed. Then would come a fresh outbreak, and renewed terrors, and self-reproaches for not having been sufficiently careful. Then another lull. And thus for a while the insidious enemy made but a very gradual progress, and that by alternate fits of aggression and remission.

There is a curiously striking similarity between this part of Ripamonti's account and the corresponding portion of Defoe's well known narrative. The reader will remember his description of the alternate hopes and fears of the Londoners, as the alternating increase and decrease in the weekly mortality led them for some time to doubt whether the dreaded enemy had indeed made good his footing among them. The extreme reluctance of the people to believe the fearful truth, that pestilence was among them, was also, as at Milan, according to Ripamonti, so in London, according to Defoe, encouraged by a portion of the medical profession, who, against all evidence, persisted in denying the contagious nature of the disease, and the identity of its symptoms with those of plague. In Milan the popular feeling on this point rose to such a pitch, that the physicians, who were known to maintain the opinion that plague was in the city, among whom of course were all the most eminent men, were on several occasions hooted and outraged in the streets. And the celebrated Ludovico Settala, at that time considered one of the first physicians in Europe, while making his round of visits in the city, carried in a litter—for he was then eighty years old—was attacked by the mob and would have been killed had he not found opportune protection in a house at hand. And yet a long life of the most active benevolence, spent among

the poor as much as among the rich, had previously endeared him exceedingly to the people.

It soon, however, became impossible for the most obstinately incredulous any longer to shut their eyes to the fearful truth. The now steadily and incessantly increasing mortality alarmed the boldest, and startled the most careless. The magistracy issued the most stringent regulations to circumscribe, as much as possible, the spread of the contagion. The steps taken were in most respects similar to those adopted thirty-five years afterwards in London. As soon as ever a case was known to exist, not only the sick person, but every inmate of the house, was transported to the lazaretto, now once more opened for this purpose; or, if they preferred it, were confined to the house. The doors were fastened up, guards were placed to every house, and health officers were appointed to visit, at least once a day, every dwelling thus treated. 'The measures,' says Tadino, 'were admirable; but through the avarice of the subaltern officials, and through the overwhelming violence of the plague, they were badly executed. The most strict regulations were made for the interment of the dead in the speediest manner. Large trenches were dug, as deep as the water would permit; and on every stratum of bodies was thrown one of quick lime.'

All that could be done, however, seemed totally unavailing to stay or even to check the progress of the contagion, and the deaths, already alarmingly numerous, still regularly increased daily. Abandoning, therefore, all hope of aid from human means, the now thoroughly frightened people insisted that, as a last hope of staying the plague, the body of St. Charles should be carried in procession through the city. This St. Charles was the Cardinal Charles Borromeo, of whom we have spoken at the beginning of this article, and who, for his good deeds and admirable government of the city, especially during the former pestilence, was held in the highest reverence by the people. An excellent, and unfortunately unusual, title to saintship! but which caused the good cardinal to be almost as mischievous to the city as a saint as he was profitable to it as a living man. It is but just to the science of that day to record, that the medical men protested vehemently against this scheme of a procession, and predicted its probable results. There is reason to believe that the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo also was sufficiently enlightened to anticipate no good from carrying his cousin's bones through the streets. But of course his position forbade him to say so. So the wish of the people was acceded to, and a procession was ordered.

Our good canon, Ripamonti, had already once in his life un-

dergone an imprisonment of five years in the dungeons of the inquisition; charged with atheism and neglect of his religious duties. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he avoids, with a burned-child-like caution, saying any thing in his writings that could offend the popular prejudices of his day. He relates accordingly all the preparations for this procession with the utmost gravity and propriety. Yet all his caution has not sufficed to prevent two or three little gleams of covert irony from glancing through the grave decorum of his narrative, which sufficiently indicate, to a congenially-minded reader, that the writer is laughing in his sleeve at the absurdity of the thing. Thus he tells us, that 'The body of St. Charles, or rather all that remained of it from the voracity of time, *which destroys even the hardest metals*, was laid in a coffer covered with white silk, with little windows in the sides of it, through which was seen the consumed figure of the saint, all the more venerable to the eyes of the devout than if it had been untouched.'

The people of Milan were overjoyed at the prospect of the procession. They had the greatest hopes that it would be the means of stopping the plague and saving their lives. At all events it secured them one more festival, and one more spectacle before they died: so the preparations were made on the grandest scale. The time allowed for these was short, the fourth day from that on which the procession was determined on having been fixed for it. All Milan, therefore, was in a state of the most active bustle, night and day, during this time. Triumphant arches were raised, the streets were lined with tapestry and silk, and, in the words of the historian, 'emblems, verses, and hundreds upon hundreds of inscriptions in gilt letters a foot high,' were seen on all sides. Altars were raised at every corner, and balconies erected in front of the houses, in which bands of music and singers were placed. In short, Milan assumed the appearance of a city devoted to pleasure and festivity. The light and easily excited people seemed almost to forget the melancholy purpose of all these preparations in the bustle and activity attendant upon them. And it would be difficult to conceive a more shocking contrast than was presented during those days by the external appearance of the city decked for its fête, and the scenes passing in the interior of those gaily decorated houses. Corpses were shoved out of the way to make room for garlands, and the business of interring the dead was suspended, that all hands might be employed on the pious upholstery which was to win God's favour and interposition.

The day came. It was the 11th of June. The procession took place and lasted twelve hours. It was attended by almost the

whole city. Every human being that could crawl out of his bed helped to throng the closely packed streets; and, of course, the result was exactly what might have been expected. Ripamonti tells us that, 'The prayers turned out vain; and the pestilence, as if excited by the vociferations of the suppliants, increased the more and became more infuriate.' What else could have been anticipated from thus bringing together for twelve hours in one hot closely-jammed mass all the contagion lurking among the population of the entire city?

Redoubled consternation took possession of the people. Some said that the sins of Milan were not yet sufficiently chastised; and others maintained that it was evident from the failure of the procession that not even God had power to quell the pestilence. Eight days and nights the body of St. Charles remained exposed to the veneration of the public in the cathedral, which was during all that time crowded with votaries. And still the mortality kept increasing, as if, says Ripamonti, the only answer to their prayer was death. The deaths averaged, during July and August, 1700 a day. The lazaretto was horribly, loathsomely, crowded. Great numbers of houses were empty and whole quarters of the city appeared silent deserts. The dead could no longer be buried fast enough; and pestiferous corpses might be seen lying in the streets waiting the cart, which should carry them to the enormous, yet insufficient pits, which had been dug outside the city.

In the meantime the disorder and licence which prevailed in the city increased the public calamity. It might, perhaps, have been expected, viewing the matter *à priori*, that the hourly contemplation, and visible propinquity of death, would lead men to turn their minds the more to that life, which they profess to believe awaits them after death. Thus preachers, unwisely in our opinion, substituting a principle of terror for one of rational preference for good, endeavour to excite the devotion of their hearers by continually representing to them the uncertainty of life, and presenting unceasingly to their imagination the certain propinquity, and, perhaps, immediate vicinity of death. And it cannot be doubted that this kind of exhortation, though little calculated, as we think, to lead the mind to a deliberate decision of the will in favour of virtue, does yet produce in its hearers a tendency to recur with frightened faith to the prescriptions of their spiritual guides; just as the man, whose life has passed in the indulgence of unhealthy habits, runs to the physician at the visible approach of death. It is, therefore, curious that the actual and palpable presence of death among men, and its unmistakeable imminence over each individual, should not produce the same

effect. It is notorious that it brings about a diametrically opposite result. And this fact alone should 'give pause' to the operators of fear-born 'conversions,' as they are termed, and cause them to inquire a little further into the true nature of the effects they succeed in producing.

The imaginations of men will, of course, be variously affected according to the variety of their temperaments. Solomon Eagles has his prototype and pendants, as well as that company of reckless libertine carousers who held their meetings in the inn at Aldgate, so admirably described in Defoe's truthful fiction, doubtless well-remembered by our readers. The immortal pages in which Boccaccio describes the similar effects which followed from similar causes at Florence, will also be in the remembrance of many. At Milan the disorder and evils produced by the reckless libertinage of those, who were eager to put the confusion of society to profit, in order to pass what might remain to them of life in what they deemed enjoyment, were such as to reflect great discredit on the governors of the city, notwithstanding their historiographer's testimony in their favour.

Each of the carts appointed for carrying forth the dead was attended by two 'monatti,' as they were termed. The origin of the name is doubtful, some supposed it derived from '*μονος*' ('alone,' 'solitary'), because they were not permitted to associate with any one; and others assigning other etymologies. These monatti seem to have been entrusted with most imprudently large powers and authority. It was their duty not only to carry the dead to the pits outside the city, but also to convey the sick to the lazaretto. And for these purposes they appear to have been armed with authority to enter any house, for the purpose of finding the dead and the dying. Of course the hired performers of these dangerous, horrible, and loathsome duties, were necessarily chosen from the lowest class of the populace. And, of course, if they were not brutes when selected for this function, their office soon rendered them such. The most shocking accounts of the horrors perpetrated by these men in the houses into which they were thus empowered to intrude, are given by Ripamonti, and all the other historians of those dreadful days. Some of the atrocities recorded are such as it is impossible for us to transfer to these pages. But it is easy to imagine that such powers entrusted to such agents must have led to the most deplorable abuses. Robbery, and extortion on threat of being forthwith bound and transported in the midst of a heap of pestiferous wretches to the fearful lazaretto, were among the most venial of the crimes perpetrated by them. But the evil did not stop even here. The lawless licence thus put to such profit by these monatti served as a hint to others. And various

gangs of debauched and shameless young men adopted their costume,—fixed around their ankles the bells, which were the distinguishing mark of these dreaded officials, and which were intended to warn all the healthy to keep at a distance from them,—and wandered through the town, entering under the pretence of being ‘monatti’ whatever house they choose. Robbery to an immense extent, and many other most scandalous excesses, and outrages were perpetrated by these abandoned scoundrels.

Even in the execution of the duties to which they were appointed, the ‘monatti’ seem to have proceeded with the most reckless and unchecked cruelty and indecency. In the following passage Pio della Croce vividly describes the miserable condition of the city, and the horrible sights that daily afflicted the eyes of the continually diminishing number of survivors.

“A fearful spectacle,” says he, “to see, was in those days the once so proud but now wretched city of Milan! Houses were desolate, families extinct. The shops were shut; all traffic had ceased; the tribunals were closed; the churches abandoned; the streets empty. And none were to be seen in them, but the ministers of death, who conducted the wretched plague-stricken from their houses to the lazaretto. At every hour the huge dead-carts were creaking through the streets, the more horrible to see from their hideous load being heaped on them in a confused mass. The ‘monatti,’ who conducted them, hardened in heart and blunted in feeling by their horrible office, came forth from the lazaretto singing, with feathers in their caps; and with an audacity that seemed as if they thought themselves exempted from the dominion of death, they entered into the infected houses, which they treated more as if they were enemies come to plunder, than as friends to bring aid. These men would seize the pestiferous bodies of the dead by the head, by the legs, or however it might chance, and carry them out on their shoulders like a sack of grain, and load them on the cart, flinging them on the heap in utter carelessness of the heads, legs, and arms hanging over the sides.”

The shocking picture is fully confirmed by Ripamonti and others.

It might be thought that the unfortunate city needed no further aggravation of its miseries to fill its cup to overflowing. But in the excess of their superstitious ignorance the Milanese found the means of increasing the terror and misery of their condition. Many of our readers will have heard probably in the pages of Manzoni,—the only Italian novelist of our time, who may be said to have acquired a European reputation,—many will probably through him have heard of the ‘untori’ or ‘anointers,’ and of the ‘Colonna Infame,’ which was erected to perpetuate the memory of their crimes. It is a dark page of human history;—at the same

time a *most* curious one, and it ought to be an instructive one. Signor Cusani has taken great pains to throw light on that part of Ripamonti's narrative which relates to this extraordinary subject; and the result of his researches is contained in three appendices to the second book of his author's history, which unquestionably give a more intelligible account of this mysterious matter, than has before been accessible to the public. Perhaps the entire annals of history do not furnish another equally humiliating picture of the evil workings of superstition, ignorance, and prejudice.

Shortly after it had become certain to the most incredulous that the plague was in the city, and that the mortality was rapidly increasing, a report began to spread abroad among the people that the plague was purposely caused by the acts of certain evil-minded persons; and that this was effected by *anointing* the walls and other substances with certain secret poisons, which infected all that touched them. The idea was not then a new one. The plague had before and elsewhere been attributed to human agency. And perhaps it is natural to men in the helplessness of such a calamity to endeavour to affix the responsibility for their sufferings on some object which they can pursue with their vengeance, and on which they may wreak their resentment against the unseen power that afflicts them. Thus even in our own days the populace of Paris, when smitten with the cholera, turned on the medical men with an accusation of poisoning the people. But here, at least, the notion was transient, and confined to the lowest people; and though morally, it was not physically impossible. In Milan the belief that the plague was caused by 'anointers,' spread through the city with inconceivable rapidity, and soon became all but universal. The absurdity and monstrous impossibility of the thing did not prevent even the physicians and men of science from partaking in the general delusion. The magistrates from the first exerted themselves to the utmost to discover the persons guilty of disseminating the contagion by anointing persons and things. And the records of the legal proceedings which resulted from their perquisitions, are the principal documents which disclose the particulars of this very singular delusion.

It was on the morning of the 22nd of April that, some persons going into the streets, at daybreak, first observed certain stains along the walls, as if they had been anointed with some white and yellow unctuous matter. The increase of terror and dismay was shocking. And the minds of men, excited by the general panic to the highest pitch of nervous irritability, and augmenting reciprocally their fears by exchanging the most monstrous reports, suspicions, and assertions, were ready to receive with implicit credence the wildest impossibilities. It was said, and very generally

believed, that emissaries of the prince of darkness were employed in this truly devilish work of anointing the walls for the purpose of spreading the plague. Some asserted that the devil himself had established a sort of emporium in Milan for the preparation and dispensation of the poisonous matters used by the anointers. And a story was current, 'most satisfactorily attested,' of course, of a man who had been requested to get into a carriage which he had seen standing in the space in front of the cathedral, and who had then been driven to a certain house in the city, and made to enter, the interior of which he described, 'in a style equal,' says Ripamonti, 'to that of Homer's description of the cave of Circe in the *Odyssee*.' In this house he had an interview with the devil, who promised him enormous treasures if he would become 'an anointer.' But he refused, and in an instant found himself transported back again to the spot where he first had seen the devil's carriage. Ripamonti says that he had seen an engraving, executed in Germany, representing the devil sitting on the box of a carriage, with an inscription stating that he appeared thus to the Milanese.

Several proclamations are extant in the archives of Milan which were published by the magistrates in the hope of discovering the perpetrators of the crime. The first is dated on the 19th of May, 1630. And it is remarkable that in this it is stated that 'certain persons having anointed the walls with unctuous matters of white and yellow colour, *which have much alarmed the people, who suspect that this has been done to spread the plague,*' etc., etc., a reward of two hundred crowns is offered to whosoever shall give information leading to the detection of such persons, together with a free pardon, if such informer should be an accomplice. But in a subsequent proclamation of the 14th of July, in the same year, it is stated that persons 'have anointed the walls with poisonous ointments *with the diabolical intention of spreading the plague.*' And a reward of a thousand crowns is offered, together with a pardon, and the pardon of any three other criminals. The tendency of the most absurd belief to propagate itself from mind to mind, and to gain strength from the number of its asserters, each of whom believes *because* all the others do, is here curiously illustrated.

Very few minds seem to have been able to resist the current of the popular delusion. Among these few there seems reason to think that our historian was one. We have already said that he was in many respects in advance of his age; but after the lesson he had had in his younger days, he took very good care not to differ from the received popular credence too openly.

It was not long, as may be easily supposed, before the magistrates obtained the information for which they offered such high bribes. An unfortunate wretch, one Piazza, was arrested on the

information of some women, who declared that they saw him, from their windows, very early one morning, smearing the walls with ointment. This Piazza was a sort of visitor of infected houses, under the board of health, and apparently a kind of inspector of the 'monatti.' Having declared himself wholly ignorant of what was laid to his charge, he was subjected for four days to all the most horrible refinements of torture, which the practised ingenuity of the judicial tormentors could suggest. He was also promised a pardon if he would reveal the names of his accomplices. On the fourth day, his judges had, in the words of Ripamonti, 'After having in vain dislocated every limb, ordered him to be taken down from the rack from weariness, *as also from clemency*,' and he had been re-conducted to his cell, when he suddenly cried out that a barber had given him the ointment. He then proceeded to name one Giacomo Mora, whose shop stood on the spot where the 'Colonna Infame' was afterwards erected. The barber was forthwith arrested, and his premises strictly searched. Various crocks and pots and pans, containing substances such as barbers are in the habit of compounding for the purposes of their business, were found. They also found an ointment, whose component parts the barber told them, and which he had composed as a remedy against the plague. The story of Piazza was a tissue of absurdities, which it is almost incredible that the judges could have believed for an instant. Mora declared that he had never seen Piazza in his life. He was submitted to the torture, and confessed himself guilty; but instantly retracted his confession as soon as he was taken down. He was again placed on the rack with the same result; and this was repeated several times. Till at length in hopes of death, as the only mode of escape from his tormentors, he declared that his project was to exterminate the city, and that he had composed the ointment with which the walls were smeared.

During the proceedings in the case of Mora other anointers were arrested; and one Baruello voluntarily gave himself up on the same charge. This last declared that he and all the other 'anointers' worked under the direction and instigation of a great leader, who was the projector of the whole scheme. In giving this evidence he only fell in with the popular opinion, which had already conceived this idea. Yet it was not till the miserable man had been several times tortured, that he declared that this leader of the conspiracy was Don Giovanni Gaetano Padilla, son of the governor of the fortress of Milan. He was at that time with the army before Mantua; but was immediately arrested and brought to Milan. He succeeded in most clearly proving an alibi, showing that he was at Mantua during the whole period to which Baruello in his evidence referred the in-

interviews and other acts said to have been done by him in Milan. Yet it was not till after a very long and protracted examination and re-examination that he was at length set at liberty in 1632.

As for Baruello he escaped the gallows by dying of the plague: the others were executed. Several persons dying of the pestilence confessed in their last moments that they were 'anointers,' and the materials of their crime was in many instances, says Ripamonti, found concealed about their persons.

It is needless to detain our readers with the minute and prolix accounts which have been preserved of all the absurdities, which these wretched victims of their own, or other's fanaticism, declared in evidence to their judges both voluntarily and under the influence of torture. Many new victims were accused by them; and as this portion of their declarations was at least intelligible, every name which fell from their lips was eagerly caught, and its utterance was an unfailing sentence of torture and death. The utter nonsense and absurd puerilities which they uttered, and which were gravely received and recorded by the judges, remain as a permanent proof of the extremity of irrational folly to which the mind may be led by terror, and the force of an epidemic fanaticism. Some gave long histories of incantations and orgies, at which supernatural events had taken place, and devils had taken part. Many gave very various, and all equally monstrously absurd accounts of the substances used for anointing. Nothing was too gross, too monstrous, for the people, the judges, and even for the physicians, headed by the learned Tadino, to believe. The whole story furnishes one of the most curious and most humiliating cases of human infatuation on record.

But, perhaps, the most singular part of this very extraordinary page of history, is the fact, which seems incontrovertibly established, that stains, such as were described in the magisterial proclamations, did really exist and were repeatedly seen by many persons in various parts of the city. The question arises, whence came these stains, and for what purpose were they made? It is a very difficult question. Some modern writers have suggested that the anointments were the work of some ill-advised and thoughtless humorists, who raised a laugh for themselves at the expense of the public credulity. But Signor Cusani well observes, in his second appendix to Ripamonti's second book of his history, that even if we could suppose any one to have been sufficiently foolish, and indeed wicked, to have thus amused themselves with the terror and calamity of their fellow-citizens by playing off so bad a joke once or twice; yet that taking into consideration the very universal belief in the mortal nature of these ointments, and still more the fury of the populace, and the certain and dreadful death that awaited any one who should be detected in such an act,

it seems hardly credible that the extensive anointings, which history proves to have existed, can be attributed to such a cause. But Cusani does not destroy this first hypothesis without offering another, and, in our opinion, a far more probable one, in its place. The notion that the plague might be thus caused and spread, was not, as has been already said, a new one. And the idea having once taken possession of the popular mind, Signor Cusani suggests, and we think with great appearance of probability, that those who had an interest in the continuance of the plague might have adopted this means of prolonging their gainful trade, with the most perfect conviction of its efficacy. Piazza, the first arrested on the charge of 'anointing,' was, it will be remembered, an inspector of the infected. These men and the 'monatti' were very highly paid, and moreover made large profits by the opportunities of plunder which their position afforded them. The reader has already seen what sort of character these men generally bore and deserved. And it will be seen from the following passage of Tadino, both that they were deemed capable of such a deed, and that they were, in fact, suspected of wishing for their own purposes to prolong the pestilence.

"The 'monatti,' and attendants," says he, "perceiving the great licence they enjoyed, and the profit they made from their thefts, purposely let infected clothes fall from the dead-carts in the streets, during the night, in order that being picked up by the cupidity of the passers by they might thus be the means of disseminating the plague."

It is extraordinary that this idea having been once generated, it should not have guided the tribunals in their investigations on the subject, to a nearer approximation to the truth.

As to Baruello, who accused himself, and as to some other miserable wretches, who with their last breath declared that they had been guilty of anointing, it is probable that their minds had become partially unsettled on a subject, respecting which, indeed, the sanest of their fellow-citizens were possessed by such a singular monomania. The extraordinary effects of this nature, which may be produced on the minds of individuals by the prevalence of any epidemic popular delusion, is no new fact in the history of human nature. And the reader will, doubtless, remember the confessions, incontestibly sincere, and in many cases perfectly voluntary, of supposed witches during more than one period of access of the popular terrors of this sort.

Again it is possible that the promised pardon and reward may have, in some instances, operated to produce a lying confession and some of that farrago of absurdity which was given in evidence by the confessing witness. If so, such speculators on the good faith of the magistrates found that they had made a terrible mistake. For not one of those who came into their hands in this

matter of anointing escaped torture and execution, except such as slipped through them by the operation of that far more merciful executor, the plague. One of these unfortunates, at the place of execution, a few minutes before his death, said that he could reveal an excellent specific against the plague. Strange as it may seem, this man, who was about to be hung for composing ointments for the dissemination of the plague, was eagerly listened to, and his receipt was taken down at the gallows, and was afterwards extensively used, under the name of 'Hanged-man's Ointment.' The receipt has been preserved. It consists of sundry harmless ingredients, such as olive oil, rosemary, vinegar, etc.

The history, or at least the name, of the '*Colonna Infame*,' is probably familiar to our readers. It was raised on the site of the shop occupied by the unfortunate barber, Giacomo Mora, and remained there till the year 1778. It bore sundry long inscriptions declaring the facts which it was designed to commemorate, and was always regarded by the populace with abhorrence and execration. In one sense it most justly deserved its name; for it perpetuated from generation to generation the gross ignorance, puerile superstition and dreadful cruelty of the population of Milan and its rulers in the seventeenth century. At length, after it had existed 148 years, the authorities of Milan began to comprehend that this was its true signification; and it was contrived that its neighbours should present a petition for its removal, on the ground of its being in such a state of dilapidation as to render it unsafe. On this pretence it was taken down, after having for a century and a half, 'like a tall bully, lifted its head, and lied'—not more grossly than a certain other *colonna infame*, some half century its junior, which is still suffered to proclaim its lying tale, and perpetuate the 'infamous' bigotry and folly of its builders.

Ripamonti's third book is devoted to recording the sayings and doings of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, during the plague, and his opinions respecting it. The cardinal appears to have applied himself without shrinking to the duties which his position imposed upon him; and the observations and opinions, which the historian has handed down to us as his, are those of a sensible, and, for the period, well-informed man. Among various anecdotes which the cardinal has preserved in his manuscript account of the plague, and which Ripamonti has extracted in his third book, is one, which evidently suggested to Manzoni the incident of Renzo's seeking safety on one of the dead-carts. Speaking of the '*untori*,' and of their execution, the cardinal says:—

"One of them, caught in the fact of anointing, and about to be carried off at once to the gallows, happening to see a dead-cart passing, with the '*monatti*' standing on a heap of pestiferous corpses on it, ran, and with a spring threw himself into the midst of the pestilen-

tial mass of bodies, as if that were a secure asylum, where none dare to lay hands on him. But assailed by a shower of missiles he was killed by them, and carried off on the same cart forthwith to the burial trench."

The fourth book of his history is devoted by the historiographer to recording the measures taken by the board of health during the period of plague, both as regards the regulations adopted for the city in general, as well as the special government of the *lazzaretto*. Much good sense, and also much absurdity may be found in this record. Both are entertaining and instructive. The fifth book, with which the worthy canon closes his history, contains a parallel between the principal great contagious pestilences, which are recorded to have smitten various nations, and that which he has been relating. This is rather too superficially done. A more careful and detailed comparison of the recorded facts of the most noted of these calamities, might have made it a very interesting part of the work.

He begins with saying, "that the plague at Milan, and that recorded by Thucydides to have ravaged Athens, were as like one another 'as two eggs.' They supposed that an enemy had poisoned their wells. And we added to the horrors of our position, by the belief that the plague was spread by the arts of wicked men. They carried through their city the image of the false Isis. And we bore through our's the body of Saint Charles."

Does the reader agree with us in thinking, that here, among other passages, our good canon's heterodoxy peeps out a little? If we are not much mistaken, he attributed as much virtue to the Athenian specific as to that of the Milanese.

Towards the end of September, *when the heat had ceased*, the Dominican fathers announced to the city, that the bells of their convent had suddenly began ringing of themselves in the night, and that a superhuman voice had been heard to pronounce the words: 'I will have mercy on my people, O mother.' From that time the plague began gradually to diminish, and great riches flowed in to the treasury of the Dominican's Madonna, who had so evidently been the cause of the blessing. The corporation voted her a splendid silver lamp. By the beginning of 1631, the city was nearly free from contagion, and on the 2nd of February was officially announced entirely so.

The same basis of statistical calculations which led Signor Cusani to the conclusion we have mentioned regarding the population of Milan, has enabled him to fix the amount of mortality during the pestilence, with great apparent probability of accuracy, at 86,000. The survivors would then be about 64,000. An amount of mortality amply sufficient to prostrate for many a year the energies of the most vigorous and flourishing community.

ART. IV.—1. *De l'Origine et des Mœurs des Sicks*. Par M. BENET. Paris: 1841.

2. *Le Journal des Débats*, for 1844.

3. *Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshâwur, and from thence to Câbul, including Travels in the Punjâb*. By Lieut. WILLIAM BARR, Bengal Horse Artillery. London: 1844. Madden and Co.

4. *Delhi Gazette*, for 1843-4.

5. *Agra Ukhbar*, for 1843-4.

6. *Bombay Times*, for 1843-4.

7. *Bengal Hurkaru*, for 1843-4.

8. *Calcutta Star*, for 1843-4.

ONE of the most important questions connected with our Indian empire, which yet remain to be determined is, 'What is to be done with the Punjâb?' The inquiry will be prosecuted in a very different spirit by two classes of individuals both equally likely to engage in it: first, persons who have resided in an official capacity in India, and ought therefore while there to have rendered themselves familiar with its relations, internal and external; second, politicians and statesmen who, without having resided beyond the limits of the mother country, have applied themselves diligently to the understanding of its entire political system. These, for the most part, accustom themselves to take comprehensive views of Eastern affairs, as they are included within the general scheme of our policy, but without descending to that network of minor relations which constitutes, nevertheless, the principal characteristic of the subject; those, on the contrary, become immersed and entangled in these relations, and seldom rise to the level of general views. It sometimes happens, moreover, that persons whose business it is to follow out certain investigations, neglect to do so while the opportunity is within their reach; and afterwards when they come to be interrogated on the point, and compelled to supply evidence of their own neglect, grow confused and angry, and seek to set up a show of mystery to conceal the nakedness of their memories, and the barrenness of their understandings. This reflection will often be forced on those who endeavour to obtain clear views of what ought to be done or left undone in the present juncture, from men who should be masters of Indian politics.

Another element of difficulty in topics of this kind is introduced by party spirit. When Lord Palmerston was in the Foreign Office the principle which regulated all our external relations was simple and intelligible: it was the resolution neither to do nor to suffer injustice, to sacrifice no right of our own, and not to invade

unprovoked the rights of others. At present it is hard to say upon what principle we act. With moderation in our mouths, and repudiating the doctrine of conquest and aggrandisement, we grasp at every thing, but, for want of knowing how to take or hold, generally fail in our attempts. Meanwhile the theories set afloat by the expounders of ministerial wisdom are extremely odd. The object to be aimed at, they say, is peace, but in order to secure it we are to submit to all those insults and injuries which victors usually heap upon the vanquished. To us, therefore, under Tory domination, peace brings nothing but the fruits of an unsuccessful war. And this effect is produced equally in all parts of the world, in India from a demoralised and feeble enemy, no less than in Europe from a powerful and well-appointed one. The fallacy which lurks in this view of public affairs ought, however, to be obvious. There is an old adage amongst us which says: 'short reckonings make long friends;' and this is equally true in politics as in the economy of private life. Between nations as between individuals, if the object be to preserve peace, resentments ought not to be hoarded up, but upon the heels of every affront, of every aggression, of every the minutest offence, representations and complaints should immediately follow. In this way misunderstandings will be cleared up as soon as they occur, and petty grievances will not be suffered to accumulate, until by their number they become great. Again, your enemies or neighbours, for they mean the same thing, perceiving you to be always on your guard, and always ready to right yourself, will be the less inclined to take liberties with you; and thus your standing on punctilios, and showing what is termed a disposition to wrangle about the merest trifles, will operate beneficially upon your relations with foreigners, will preserve that peace which a yielding and conceding policy would speedily endanger. However, the question we have just now to consider, though lying within the precincts of the pacific category, is so peculiar a modification of it that it requires to be considered on special grounds. We must not regard the subject as a thesis on which it may be permitted to speculate ingeniously without much caring at what results we arrive. On the contrary, it is a matter to be treated conscientiously as one which touches nearly the happiness of many millions of men, and involves, more or less directly, the interests and glory of this great empire. The cutting of the Gordian knot rests not indeed with us, but it is our duty nevertheless to argue precisely as though it did, since to influence public opinion is to aid in creating that power which ultimately controls both governors and governments.

In arguing on the destinies of the Punjâb we are always met first by the remark that, whatever may be the vices or offences of

the Lahore state, it is not for our interest to enter upon a war which must end in its dissolution and annexation to our empire. But wherefore? The reason is pre-eminently Machiavellian: because it is politic to maintain within the natural limits of our own dominions a state necessarily inimical to us, whose existence may keep awake our vigilance and maintain, at the same time, the discipline and courage of our Sipahis. But this policy is too subtle and recondite for practice, and appears better suited to the closet than the cabinet. For, to come at once to the Sipahis, such a state would only afford them exercise by bringing its forces into contact with them. But in the case of any Indian state, now existing, to do that, would be at once to compass its own destruction, since none of them could survive a contest with us. In this point of view, therefore, they are perfectly useless. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that they who put forward this strange doctrine are among the most violent opponents of the conquest of Sind; and that too, as they pretend, on moral grounds. But if in politics there be any thing immoral, it is surely the maxim that we should systematically uphold on our frontiers, or even within the heart of our territories, small states apparently independent, upon which we may from time to time flesh our swords. No account can, in this system, be made of the inhabitants of such state, or, if regard be at all had to them, it must be to render them as demoralised and miserable as possible, since to do otherwise would be to endanger our own interests. In the affairs of Sind, for example, if we choose to contemplate the matter from a higher level than that afforded by party spirit, our Indian government had three questions to consider: first, whether we had a just cause of quarrel with the Amirs; second, whether it was for our interest, supposing the quarrel to be just, to pursue it to extremities; third, whether, in case of success, we could secure to the Sindians a better government than that of which we deprive them. These questions being answered in the affirmative, nothing remained but the mere consideration of temporary expediency into which it is not necessary that we should now enter.

The same position again reproduces itself in our relations with the Punjâb. If it be innocent towards us, nothing that can possibly take place within its own frontier would, perhaps, justify our interfering with its internal arrangements. But, if it have supplied us with a *casus belli*, our only remaining inquiry must be whether the independence of the Punjâb, or its annexation, be the more desirable to us. Now of what possible service to us can the Lahore government be, especially in its present temper and state of distraction? In war it could not furnish us assistance, or, if it did, the troops which it supplied, instead of an advantage would

prove an injury; their want of discipline, their insubordination, in one word, their demoralised and bandit-like character, rendering it impossible that they should co-operate with our forces without corrupting them. This was shown on all occasions in Afghanistan. Afraid to meet the Affghans themselves they incessantly laboured to extend their own terrors to our Hindustani soldiers, and, generally, succeeded so well that it was found necessary to compel them to encamp at a considerable distance from us and to expel them from our lines as though they had been so many enemies. And now, recently, in time of peace, they have been exhibiting a disposition to carry on the same game. They have passed the Sutledge under various pretences, insinuated themselves into our cantonments, and by a variety of arts, familiar to all officers who have commanded in India, have diffused the spirit of insolence, disaffection and mutiny through several regiments of the Bengal army. Hence repeated desertions of men in shoals, and hence that refusal to proceed to Sinde, made about the beginning of the present year, by more than one regiment, which excited at the time no small uneasiness in the public mind. Ample proofs of these facts are in the hands of government, and constitute, if any thing can, a ground of quarrel with Lahore. It is known that agents of Heera Singh, residing at Ferozepore, were supplied with immense sums of money for the purpose of corrupting our Sipahis, and either inducing them to desert into the Punjab, which many of them in consequence did, or of urging them by whole regiments into mutiny, in which also the acts of these agents were successful. The emissaries engaged in these transactions were completely detected. It was proved that they acted under the direction of the Sikh authorities. The surplus of the funds placed at their disposal, amounting to seventeen lakhs of rupees, was seized. Would any state save Great Britain hesitate for a moment to punish an ally that had been guilty of such perfidy? Nor is this the only occasion on which the Sikh rulers have suffered their hostile feelings to manifest themselves. They have been lavish in supplying proofs of their bad faith. When the British forces were advancing upon Gwalior, the Lahore government, ignorant of our vast resources, and still more ignorant of our character, obviously flattered itself with the hope that we were about to encounter fresh reverses of fortune. It came, therefore, secretly to an understanding with the Mahratta state that in case of need it would co-operate with it; but false equally to its clandestine and to its open ally, it dishonourably held back in order to take advantage of events. Had our army suffered the slightest check the Sikhs would, unquestionably, have assailed us in our moment of difficulty. Infantry, cavalry and artillery were pushed towards the frontier;

and thus our force, sent against the Gwalior rajah, was, without knowing it, placed between two fires, the one blazing openly above ground in the van, the other kindled treacherously by professing friends in concealed hollows on our rear.

One of the evils arising from the separate existence of the Sikh state was experienced during the expedition to Affghanistan. Had our territories then extended to the banks of the Indus, the prudence of the enterprise would have been more obvious, since the basis of our operations would have rested on our own frontier, and not on a shifting and uncertain ally, who might at any time refuse to support it, or even, in certain extremities of fortune, have assailed us as an enemy. Half the nervous excitement experienced by the Indian government had its source and origin in this peculiarity of our position. We felt that we were never sure of the Sikhs, and never could be, and that a single act of treachery, on their part, might have embarrassed, or rendered nugatory, the most judicious calculations and arrangements. We depended much on the influence of our reputation, on the magic of our name in Asia, and the event proved that our dependence was not altogether vain. But it was, nevertheless, an anomalous policy, a policy which could only have been conceived by extremely bold statesmen, who did not rest their reasonings on general principles, but on an exception to those principles which their own personal acuteness enabled them to discover. In one word, they relied on the character of Ranjit Singh, and so long as that extraordinary man lived, or, at least, retained the energy of his mind, the reliance reposed in him might not have been wholly misplaced. Nevertheless, in the course of 1839, circumstances occurred which strikingly illustrated the danger of confiding implicitly in his friendship. By treaty he had undertaken to grant our forces a free passage through his dominions, to supply us at the ghâts of the several rivers with boats, and to provide that no obstacle whatever should be opposed to our speedy passage. On the arrival, however, on the banks of the Sutledge, of a body of troops, destined to act against the Affghans in the Khyber Pass, not only was the use of the boats on the ferry refused at the outset, but the detachment was detained there several days, until messengers could bring from Lahore an order for their passage from the maharajah. Again, throughout the whole march across the Punjâb, numerous obstacles were thrown in their way as much as possible to obstruct their movements, so that double the necessary time was consumed in reaching the point of destination. At Attock, they were positively refused admission into the city, while the most galling insults were offered them by Peshora Singh, an illegitimate or adopted son of the maharajah. Now this might have happened at a

critical moment, when the fate of all the British beyond the Indus hung suspended on a single thread, when the loss of a single day might have proved fatal. Of this Ranjit Singh was by no means ignorant. His policy, therefore, notwithstanding any profession he may have made, was obviously at bottom hostile to us. He must have rejoiced in any calamity that should have befallen our arms, and would have been among the foremost to take advantage of it, could he have persuaded himself that our sway in India was drawing to a close. He co-operated with us through fear, and it is quite obvious, that had an invading army from the west made its appearance on the banks of the Indus, the least prospect of gain to himself would have purchased his co-operation against us. When discussing with the officers of our mission, in 1838, the probability of a Russian invasion, Ranjit professed the utmost readiness to lend us the aid of his troops to cut up the enemy, because his mind was running upon the immense amount of plunder which, as he supposed, must fall into the hands of the victors. When informed, however, that the Muscovites were poor, and would consequently have very little to lose, his ardour appeared at once to evaporate.

But though the justice of extending our sway over the Punjâb should be unreservedly granted, some, perhaps, will still argue against the expediency of the measure. They perceive no advantage in the spread of our power. Our Asiatic empire would not, they think, be consolidated by it, nor would our influence in Europe be augmented. And then look, say they, at the expense! What an increase would be required in our Indian army! What a vast prolongation of our frontiers! What a multiplication of new and untried relations! In the human body, any attempt to check the growth of an individual before he has reached the limits prescribed by nature to the development of his system, would be universally acknowledged to be attended with much danger. It is the same with the body politic. No artificial check to the increment of states can ever be put in operation without imminent peril, because more violence is required to obstruct the natural progress of things than to urge it forward to its legitimate goal. Now, up to this moment, our dominions in India lie far within the circle of their natural dimensions. They are scattered about in patches, discontinuous, with a boundary line deformed by unseemly indentations. And the political system resting on this geographical basis is necessarily imperfect also. In other directions our eyes need not at present turn, but the Punjâb, lying between us and the Indus, is felt on all hands, and acknowledged where men are free to divulge their sentiments, to be a thorn in our side occasioning a fretting sore,

which under certain circumstances may, as we have seen, prove dangerous. Besides, many positive advantages would arise from the possession of the Punjâb. Fewer troops than now occupy, and that too necessarily, the left bank of the Sutledge, would suffice to guard the line of the Indus, and keep the whole region of the Five Rivers in tranquillity. But if a more imposing force were required, the revenues of the Punjâb, nearly four millions sterling, would amply suffice to maintain it. With regard to the principal Hill Chiefs, including those whose territories project far into Central Asia, it is a well known fact that for the last twenty-five years they have felt and expressed their desire to live under British protection. Our sole enemies in the kingdom of Lahore and its dependencies would be the Sikh army, and those few civil functionaries who cluster about the minister. The people themselves have experienced quite enough of the evils of anarchy and military rule to sigh for our mild and equitable sway. They have no interest in the quarterly revolutions that desolate their country, no partiality for the confusion that fills up the intervals. What they want is exemption from civil war, with protection for life and property, and permission peacefully to pursue their avocations, whether manufacturing or agricultural. In traversing the Sutledge, therefore, we should not, as appears to be commonly supposed, have to do with a hostile population. The Mohammedans, now liable to be hanged for dining on beef, would hail us as their deliverers; the Hindûs, now scarcely less fiercely persecuted, would recognise our supremacy with equal joy. No overwhelming force would, therefore, be necessary to reduce or occupy the Punjâb, the annexation of which would carry us once more to the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and enable us to exercise a powerful influence over Affghanistân, and in the very heart of Central Asia. We should then once more be in possession of a point whercon to place our lever for moving all those wild and turbulent populations which occupy the interspace between the Chinese and Russian empires, and are obviously destined, at no distant day, to receive law from some civilised power. Other occasions, however, will occur for prosecuting these inquiries: we now return to the subject more immediately before us.

We have above alluded to the condition of the Punjâb under Ranjit Singh. At present the whole circumstances of the case are greatly changed. For who now rules in the country, and what is the nature of the policy pursued there? To understand this it is necessary to look back over the series of events which, crowding tumultuously upon each other, have precipitated the kingdom of Lahore from an extraordinary height of grandeur to a state of disorganisation and poverty hard to be conceived or credited.

When Ranjit Singh died, in the month of July, 1839, the Sikh army was seventy thousand strong, and there were, it is said, forty millions sterling in the public treasury. Of the forces a large proportion was organised and disciplined after the European fashion, though it be exceedingly erroneous to suppose that it ever approached to an equality with the Company's infantry. The irregular horse was numerous, well-appointed, and possessed by a spirit of audacious self-confidence. The park of artillery was large and formidable. For the creation of much of this force Ranjit was indebted to certain French officers, who, having quitted Europe on the death of Napoleon and from time to time afterwards, wandered eastward through Persia and Turkestan until they at length found themselves in the Punjâb. Two of these at least are said to have travelled at the Emperor of Russia's expense, and always kept up, it is probable, an intercourse with the court of St. Petersburg. But by whatever motives they might have been actuated, or in whose service soever they were politically engaged, they faithfully discharged their military duties to Ranjit Singh, and brought his army to a state of efficiency that might, in some respects, be compared to that of the Mahrattas under another set of French adventurers. Most persons foresaw that numerous alterations would take place in the Punjâb on the death of Ranjit Singh, because it was scarcely to be expected that he should be succeeded by a prince equally capable of swaying the power which he had called into existence. His successor was an idiot. This unhappy individual, Kurruk Singh, being wholly incapable of managing any thing, of necessity abandoned the lead in public affairs to the minister bequeathed to him by his father. But, however harmless or unimportant he might be, he still occupied the Guddee, and prevented others from sitting on it. A fever, therefore, came opportunely to deliver the ambitious and impatient spirits in the state from this impediment to their projects, and his son Nao Nehal Singh did not outlive the ceremonies of his father's funeral. An ingenious piece of mechanism was contrived. He was placed in a howdah on the back of an elephant, with a son of the minister Dhyani Singh by his side. The royal beast moved forward through the multitude, and arrived at a street where there existed a gateway. The exit was narrow. There was a pressure. The elephant, thrusting its huge bulk against the sides of the gateway, loosened the superincumbent beam, which came down with all its weight exactly upon the head of the unfortunate prince, striking also the son of Dhyani Singh in its fall, and occasioning the death of both. In the East, when a crime has been committed, you must wait to observe who steps forward to pluck the fruits of it, before you can form any conjecture respecting its affiliation. Even then a cloud of mystery

will sometimes continue to darken the transaction. In the present instance, the person most level to the aim of suspicion was Shere Singh, and if he really compassed the tragedy at the gateway, we may discover the grounds of that otherwise unaccountable hatred with which his powerful minister, Dhyan Singh, ever continued to regard him. It may not be worth while to dwell on the difficulties which beset Shere Singh at the outset. He had to contend against the friends of a Ranee, who was, or pretended, to be with child. These obstacles were ultimately removed and Shere Singh was acknowledged the undisputed sovereign of Lahore. Any one reasoning theoretically on human nature would undoubtedly conclude that a man who, like Shere Singh, had exhibited an insatiable appetite for power, would afterwards, when in possession, delight in its exercise. But Oriental despots are rarely skilled in the art of wielding authority. Once possessed of it, therefore, they hasten to delegate it to another, while they, its nominal possessors, devote themselves to the enjoyment of amusement and pleasure, which they might have tasted with the additional zest of innocence, could they have been content to forego the vanity of being called sovereigns. Shere Singh once on the throne suffered all the offices of royalty to devolve on Dhyan Singh, and betook himself to the bottle and the chase. Ranjit Singh himself could drink when it suited his purpose, but his revelry was rather politic than otherwise, because it seems generally to have been undertaken for the purpose of discovering the inclinations of his guests. In this way he seems to have made Sir Alexander Burnes transparent, together with many other individuals, whom it is unnecessary to enumerate here. But Shere Singh was a genuine unsophisticated sot, who drank for drinking sake. His minister has generally obtained credit for very great if not transcendent abilities. We doubt the justice of his claims. That he was shrewd and clever may be admitted; but it is impossible to acknowledge him to have been a great statesman with the facts before us that he embarrassed the finances of the country, neglected the army, over which his son, Heera, held the chief command, and at the same time omitted to provide against the ill-effects of its resentment by distributing it over distant points of the empire.

A law by this time appeared to have established itself in the affairs of the Punjâb, according to which the excitement of a periodical revolution seemed necessary to the health of the state and the comfort of those who managed it. There had now been a somewhat too long cessation from intestine troubles. The rule of Shere Singh was becoming antiquated; for he had been nearly three years on the throne. A plot was consequently formed for delivering the country from the perils of stagnation. At its head

were the minister, Dhyan, and a discontented prince commanding a portion of the army named Ajeet Singh. These formed part of a school of politicians not extinct perhaps in Europe, but most widely prevalent in the East, where they act with an ingenuous frankness truly wonderful. Several of these statesmen have acquired what is denominated an European reputation, and it may not therefore be a work of supererogation to present the public with a sketch of their characters.

No doubt the fame in store for them will, at any rate, be short lived ; but if we can impart temporary vitality to the imperfect records we possess of their acts and idiosyncrasies, it will suffice for political purposes. It should be remarked at the outset, that the court of Lahore, and all who frequented it, received from Ranjit Singh much of the peculiar impress which they exhibited. He modified their principles and opinions, and exercised a powerful influence over their tastes and manners. His spirit, therefore, may still be said to survive in the Punjâb, operating variously for good or for evil, according to the quality of the mental channels through which it flows.

Two only of the Sirdars who rose to distinction under the old Lion of Lahore, could be said, in the European sense of the word, to possess any education. Of those the first was Lena Singh Sandanwallah, a man of considerable natural abilities, who understood a great deal of mechanics, and had applied himself to the study of astronomy, according to the Ptolemaic system. He was master of the ordnance, and an adept in the casting of shrapnell shells, a store of which Ranjit Singh had been always anxious to possess since his interview with Lord William Bentinck at Rupar, in 1831, when he first became acquainted with the use of them. Lena likewise understood the practice of gunnery, and exhibited great skill in the adapting of carriages to howitzers, fitting them for vertical fire. His conversation often turned on abstract subjects; he would, for instance, strenuously resist the doctrine of the earth's motion, and bring instances to prove his argument, saying: ' If the earth move, and you are moving on its surface in a ship, the stick you throw into the water should move parallel with you, but it remains behind, therefore,' and so on. This chief was distinguished among the Sikhs for his gentlemanly appearance and manners. He was dignified and quiet in his demeanour, expressed himself clearly and concisely, and undoubtedly stood highest among the Sirdars, in the estimation of Ranjit, after the minister. He was not, however, much employed out of his own departments save in complimentary missions. There was a jealousy between the minister and him, which accounts for his siding with Ajeet Singh.

Ajeet Singh, who has not without reason been denominated the

arch-murderer, was a man so remarkable for beauty of countenance that he appeared to be modelled after a Greek statue. His large dark eyes were full of intelligence, his forehead was spacious and lofty, and over his round handsome chin curled a black beard, imparting to his countenance an air of peculiar manliness. But there was in his expression a ferocity indicating itself chiefly through the form of the mouth, which often startled those who beheld him. He had read some of the Goolistan, and on occasions, when the sayer of fine sayings, Fakir Aziz-ud-din, had talked himself hoarse or dry, this chief used in a clumsy way 'to make the rose of friendship bloom in the garden of esteem, and connect the hearts of inclination with the chain of fidelity.' He was the nephew of Uttur Singh, an old and influential chieftain, remarkable for being a violent anti-English partisan, and expressing his sentiments on the subject with bluntness and energy, even in public durbar. Ajeet Singh possessed, as has been observed, some literary accomplishments, and being a favourite with the maharajah, and of his own blood, with prepossessing exterior and tolerable address, he was on several occasions put at the head of political missions wherein the real agent was Fakir Aziz-ud-din. He always appeared to have an infinite opinion of himself, and the small amount of knowledge he possessed, however useless it may have been, conferred on him some consequence among his ignorant countrymen. This perhaps inspired him with the belief that his talents were adapted to the management of public business, more especially for that of diplomacy. His residence at Calcutta, after the death of Ranjit, as agent for the Ranee Chund Koor, is still remembered. His diplomatic talents on that occasion were, however, employed to no purpose; he therefore re-ingratiated himself with the durbar, and his bold, busy turn of mind soon connected him intimately with those who sought to compass the downfall of Shere Singh. They who counted on him as a passive instrument discovered their mistake when too late. He cut off his enemies and rivals with ruthless imperturbability, sparing neither age nor youth, nor even the infant at the breast. Caught at length in his own sanguinary toils he perished in the confusion which he had himself created.

Rajah Dhyani Singh has, on all hands, been regarded as a remarkable man, for the country in which he lived. He was the second brother of the three chiefs of Jumboo, and served Ranjit Singh in the capacity of first minister. He always stood very high in his master's favour, and, in some respects, deserved the rank he held. He was active, able, and intelligent, possessed unbounded influence over the Sikh people; and, but for his impatience, might, in all probability, have been ultimately sovereign of Lahore. He was devotedly attached to his master, Ranjit, whom

he treated with a degree of respect that was singular and even affecting. While his son, Heera Singh, occupied a silver chair near the maharajah, Dhyān Singh either stood or sat on the ground somewhat behind Ranjit, with his shield at his back, and his sword across his knee, like a soldier as he was. He was never seen without them. The shield was an ordinary one of rhinoceros' hide, the sword a plain close-handled talwar. His dress was plain and manly, consisting of a green silk quilted chupkun, except on state occasions, when he dressed very splendidly in armour, the present of Louis Philippe of France. His features were highly intellectual and expressive of a thoughtful cast of mind, but bearing a look of strong determination. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was sadly. He spoke little, but it was always well and to the purpose. As may be supposed, he was shy and reserved with Europeans; but no one could be long in his company without perceiving his superiority to most about him. He was considerably above the middle height, well made, save in the singular deformity of a double thumb on both hands from above the second joint. In his habits of business he was indefatigable. Orders were given to wake him at all hours of the night, in the event of important despatches arriving. He rose altogether above the excesses common at the court of Lahore.

Gholāb Singh, the elder brother of the minister, is a man of unprepossessing appearance, heavy and sinister looking. His character, however, has been misrepresented, or misunderstood, by most of those who have spoken of him. If he does not possess that perfect acquaintance with business for which his brother, Dhyān was remarkable, he can scarcely be said to be his inferior in natural abilities. He has always kept aloof from the durbār, and lived much among his own subjects in the hills; first, because he has been greatly dreaded at Lahore; and, secondly, because he has been himself apprehensive of treachery. He has been accused of extreme cruelty; and, it has been said, that a British officer, travelling through his territories in 1839, arrived at a village where a hundred of the inhabitants had recently been flayed alive for non-payment of all demands of revenue. Cruelty such as this is perfectly in keeping with the character of Asiatic princes, who seem often to excel in it in proportion to the greatness of their genius. Timour and Jenghis Khan were prodigies of cruelty, yet their mental energy was so great, that it enabled them to shake the whole of Asia; and Gholāb Singh, though neither a Jenghis nor a Timour, has yet displayed, in the midst of difficulties and dangers, a degree of foresight, circumspection, and intrepidity, by no means common in any part of the world.

Heera Singh was, in his early youth, more like a Delhi beau than

a Sikh. He looked as unlike as well could be his father's son, in manners, dress, and style; but there was a strong family likeness of feature between them. He was undoubtedly of superior intelligence. Under the cloak of petulance and frivolity, he concealed considerable shrewdness, and his confident manners and licence of tongue enabled him to say much that had sense or meaning in a tone of careless indifference. His father, no doubt, depended greatly upon him, and he was early schooled under the most able masters of the East in that science which among them passes for the science of government. He has been thrown, at the age of barely three-and-twenty, into a position of singular difficulty. Whether he will prove equal to its exigencies, remains for time to show, though every fresh mail which arrives from India supplies fresh proofs of his ability and successful policy. An anecdote is related illustrating the extraordinary influence which, even in early youth, he exercised over the mind of Ranjit Singh. On one occasion, when the annual tribute had arrived from Kashmêr, consisting of shawls, arms, jewels, &c., to the value of upwards of thirty thousand pounds, and was, according to custom, spread upon the floor for the inspection of the maharajah, the youthful favourite addressing the prince, observed petulantly, 'Your highness cannot need all these things; give them to me.' To which Ranjit, with equal coolness replied, 'You may take them.'

Such, at the period of which we are now speaking, were the political leaders of the Punjâb, all ambitious, all intensely selfish, but capable some of them of occasional acts of self-devotion, and a generous disregard of personal interest. Shere Singh had apparently alienated from himself the minds of most of these men, partly, perhaps, by insults, but more by the mere fact of standing in their way. In himself, he was not entirely destitute of good qualities. He could bear and forbear. When Dhyân Singh reproached him, in open durbar, with his neglect of business, drunkenness, and other excesses; instead of giving way to the impulse of revenge, by which most princes, perhaps, would have been actuated, he honestly confessed his faults, and promised amendment. But the minister, conscious of the intemperateness of his own proceeding, and arguing like Calchas, that they who possess superior power will be sure, in the long run, to discover some means of avenging themselves, readily entered upon machinations for extirpating the seeds of such vengeance. It was, in one word, agreed between Ajeet and Dhyân Singh, that the maharajah should be cut off, after which they might settle between them the plan upon which public affairs were to be conducted. There are five versions of the history of this conspiracy, but that which appears to be best authenticated is this: the maharajah was invited to witness a

review of the troops upon a large open space, near the centre of which stood a summer-house. In the window of this the prince took his station, while the troops developed themselves and went through their evolutions. Some discontent, it is said, was expressed at the manner in which, whether purposely or not, the soldiers of Ajeet Singh performed their duty. Their commander, nevertheless, approached the summer-house for the purpose of offering the customary present. The maharajah stood at an open window about seven feet from the ground. Ajeet Singh galloped up and held forward a double-barrelled rifle as if for his master's inspection, turning, seemingly by accident, the muzzle towards him. Shere Singh held forth his hand to receive the present, but the conspirator, at that moment pulling the trigger, lodged the contents in his forehead. The maharajah fell back and expired. The news of the assassination spread rapidly : there was some desultory firing between the troops and his immediate followers ; but the assassin having previously secured the army by boundless promises, there was no apprehension of a mutiny. The maharajah, however, had left one son, Purtáb Singh, who, though extremely young, was married and had one child. This youth met the assassin of his father as he was returning to the city, and by him was immediately put to death. Ajeet Singh then proceeded to the Zenana, and with an infant not twenty-four hours old extinguished the house of Shere Singh.

It now remained to come to a settlement with the minister, and the scene which ensued, as it is described by one who was in Lahore at the time, is worthy of the most sanguinary days of the French Revolution. The two conspirators leaped into a carriage to discuss, as they drove along, the partition of the government and the reward which each of them was to reap from his guilt. They were both ambitious, both grasping, both passionate and impetuous. They argued the matter; each put forward his own claims in their fullest extent; they grew warm; they quarrelled; they menaced each other; and Ajeet Singh, to cut the matter short, at length, drew out a pistol and blew out his companion's brains, the carriage still driving on at its usual pace through the streets of Lahore.

Ajeet Singh was now master of the field. He had despatched his rivals one after another with more than dramatic rapidity. There are many, however, capable of committing daring crimes; but the number is small of those who even in appearance and for a season can derive advantage from them. Ajeet retired to the palace to ruminate possibly on his own grandeur, and also to reflect on the means of maintaining it. In the camp, outside the city, he knew there were those who would envy him his position and

would probably attempt to dispute it with him, among whom were the brother and son of Dhyān, Suchet and Heera Singh. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that the temporary master of the palace and city of Lahore lay on a bed of roses. He had yet to make good his pretensions against formidable rivals, and, as he was remarkable for nothing but villany, as soon as the troops advanced against him he fell. Then began another system of manoeuvres. There were still several great political leaders in the Punjab: Heera Singh, son of the late minister, Suchet and Gholāb Singh, his uncles, and Lena Singh Majiteeah, a man of respectable abilities and much integrity of character. Who then among all these was to be maharajah? They determined to set up a puppet, under whose name they might between them govern the country, and command the necessary leisure and opportunity for plotting against each other. The individual they selected to play the prince was Dhulip Singh, a child six years old, said, but without any appearance of truth, to be the son of Ranjit. Heera, through the influence he possessed over the army, and in virtue of the wisdom which he might be supposed to inherit from the late minister, was suffered to seize the reins of government, while Lena and Suchet remained nursing their discontent in the capital, and Gholāb held aloof at Jumboo, doubtful, it would seem, whether to support or overthrow his nephew.

The position of the new minister was beset with difficulties. He had worked himself up to the summit of power by an admixture of boldness and intrigue, but as he was not supposed to possess commanding talents his immediate downfall was predicted on all sides, and it required, indeed, great skill to balance himself steadily on that 'bad eminence.' According to one account, which, however, must be grossly exaggerated, there were about the capital, immediately before the assassination of Shere Singh, 100,000 troops. Most of these, and especially the Sikhs themselves, were discontented and mutinous on account of the long arrears of pay due to them. On the removal of the sovereign they felt that they were the real masters of the country, and, like the Prætorian guards of Rome, conceived the project of paying themselves; not, indeed, from the coffers of the state, but from the property of private citizens. They dispersed themselves, therefore, through the capital, and casting aside all the restraints of discipline, betook themselves to plunder and the perpetration of every species of excess, so that Lahore, during eighteen hours, resembled a city stormed by the enemy. The same thing, or worse, happened at Amritsir, for here the fanatical Akalees, resembling in manner and temper the assassins of Persia, resolved to enjoy one intoxicating draught of mischief, and carried terror

and confusion into every family. Throughout the whole Punjáb the same scenes were here and there enacted on a smaller scale. The soldiers, deserting their ranks in gangs, became freebooters, and subsisted by the plunder of travellers, villages, and hamlets. Society appeared to be resolving itself into its original elements. At the same time rumours were circulated that the English were concentrating their forces and advancing towards the frontier. This intelligence in the actual posture of affairs was advantageous to Heera Singh, since it aided him considerably in recalling the troops to a sense of duty and ridding himself of the presence of a part of them who were pushed forward to the Sutledge, ostensibly to protect their country from invasion. It may, nevertheless, be much doubted whether the minister himself gave implicit credit to the report. He had duly notified to the governor-general the accession of Dhulip Singh, and probably felt secure that so long as his own unruly countrymen should abstain from committing acts of aggression on our territory there would be nothing to fear from us. In other quarters the sources of uneasiness were multiplying. Sawun Mull, it was said, not altogether, perhaps, without probability, was plotting against the Khalsa. The Afrees were putting on a threatening aspect; Dheria Khan distinctly stated his intentions to Tej Singh, Sikh governor west of the Indus, to plunder the merchants if a sort of tribute were not paid him, while news was received that Mahommed Akbar, with an army of Affghans, was advancing upon Peshawer. Nor was this all. Gholáb Singh had not yet explained his intentions, and was expected daily to descend from the hills with a veteran army of twenty or twenty-five thousand men, to claim his share in the direction of public affairs. The situation of the minister was eminently critical. Surrounded on all sides by the most threatening elements of disorder and danger, he had little on which he could place reliance, but his own genius and powers of intrigue, assisted by the experienced courtier and conspirator, Pundit Jelah Ram. The ability which Heera Singh exhibited in these difficult circumstances has never been fairly acknowledged. He had, however, extraordinary obstacles to surmount, formidable enemies to contend with, an incessantly renewing web of intrigue to unravel, endless conspiracies to crush, and above all, a licentious and discontented army to pacify and wheedle into co-operation with him. Up to the present moment, however, he has succeeded in effecting all this, and whatever may have been the means he employed, however profound his treachery or hypocrisy, or however unscrupulous his villany, still the fact remains undisputed, that Heera Singh has been able to keep his head above water in one of the most troubled seas in which a statesman ever floated towards

power. Let this much be granted to him, though he be our enemy.

Among the embarrassments of the minister, not the least delicate, perhaps, was the illness which seized the youthful maharajah, almost immediately after his accession. Every body knows with what lavish liberality, that which Father Paul denominates 'Italian physis,' is distributed in Oriental durbars. As soon as Dhulip Singh fell sick, therefore, his mother, the Princess Chundkoor, obviously suspected that poison had been administered to him, or would be administered in the guise of medicine. She watched, accordingly, with trembling anxiety over her son, and though to all appearance the progress of the disease could not otherwise be arrested, refused, on his behalf, all the potions prescribed for him by his physicians. To her maternal fears poison seemed to lurk in every cup. All the great Sirdars of the state reasoned with her in vain. She expected the first draught the maharajah should swallow would be his last, so that Heera Singh was compelled to take upon himself the highly invidious and dangerous task of forcibly administering the prescribed medicines to his prince, fully conscious that if death ensued he should be universally regarded as a poisoner. From this peril, however, he did not shrink. He seized the boy in his arms, and in the presence of the whole council and despite the protestation of the pale and trembling mother, forced the potion down his throat. Chundkoor's exhibition of maternal tenderness on this occasion may excite in the reader's mind a desire to know something of her history. She is the daughter of Moona Singh, a Zemindar of the Jatoogul tribe of Gujranwallah and an officer in the Goorchera corps, raised by the father of Ranjit Singh. This prince, then a youth, contracted a friendship with Moona Singh; and, afterwards, when firmly seated on the throne of the Punjáb, beholding accidentally the beauty of his friend's daughter, or learning it from report, became, though somewhat advanced in years, a suitor for her hand. Contrary to custom, he himself broke the matter to her father, who, having a due respect for forms, reproved him for speaking on the subject 'with his own mouth.' Upon this Ranjit employed a confidential person to communicate his wishes. He succeeded in his object, and the attachment of the maharajah to his new wife, for the first six months after their marriage, was the topic of general observation. In due course it was announced to the maharajah that the ranee was *accinte*, the news being accompanied by a request that some separate habitation might be allotted to her. This was duly complied with, and an order issued to Rajah Dhyan Singh to supply the ranee with every thing she might require. On the birth of Dhulip Singh the rajah received further instructions to take both the

mother and son to the hills, and to spare nothing in making them comfortable in every respect. The boy remained from that time under the care of Dhyān Singh, until brought to Lahore to serve the ends of that wily chief.

Suspicion, when once thoroughly roused, generally exaggerates the villany of the persons suspected. It was so in this case. It was not poison but wholesome medicine that Heera Singh administered to the maharajah, whose health was, accordingly, in due time, restored. Not so the health of the state. That proceeded every day from bad to worse, though the minister, in the midst of enemies and conspirators, held on his way triumphantly. His uncle Gholāb had not yet paid his threatened visit to the capital, but the other uncle, Suchet, who was present, became daily more closely invested by a host of poignant apprehensions. He well knew the minister to be his enemy because he felt conscious of cherishing unmitigated hostility towards him. There could be no mistake on that point. He went seldom to the durbar, and when he did, was always attended by a host of followers, and armed to the teeth. It may here be worth while to describe the appearance of this handsome chief, called Malek Adhel by the ladies of Sir Henry Fane's camp, when he repaired on great occasions to court. His age at the beginning of the troubles did not exceed thirty-four. His dress was magnificent:—a helmet, or skull cap, of bright polished steel, inlaid with gold, and a deep fringe of chain mail, of the same material, reaching to his shoulders; three plumes of black heron's feathers waving on his crest, and three shawls of lilac, white, and scarlet, twisted very round and tight, interlaced with one another and gathered round the edge of the helmet; on his forehead he wore a chelenk of rubies and diamonds. His back, breastplate, and gauntlets were of steel, richly embossed with gold and precious stones, and worn over a rich, thick-quilted jacket of bright yellow silk. With magnificent armlets of rubies and diamonds on each arm; a shield of the polished hide of the rhinoceros, embossed and ornamented with gold, a jewelled sabre and match-lock, and his long and glossy black beard and moustaches, he looked the very *beau idéal* of a Sikh chief.

Another enemy of the same class soon discovered himself. This was Lena Singh Majiteeah, who, reasoning with himself, that if the minister's own uncle did not consider it safe to proceed unarmed to the durbar, much less would it be safe for him, against whom Heera had equal causes of enmity, with less powerful checks to his malignity; he always appeared at court armed *cap-à-pie*, and attended by a formidable retinue. When the minister remonstrated, observing that this was setting a bad example to the Sirdars in general, Lena Singh, after appearing once more in

armour by way of defiance, absented himself altogether, and either separately or in conjunction with Suchet began to meditate new plots. The soldiers, meanwhile, were becoming so much the enemies of the peaceful population, that the general wish among the industrious classes was to behold the British make their appearance to put down their military tyrants. The minister also lived in constant dread of the army, to diminish and disperse which was the main object that occupied his thoughts day and night. It behoved him, however, not to suffer his secret to transpire. He therefore appeared to be in much need of the troops, filled them with promises, and took many active steps for the purpose of creating the impression that they were soon to be engaged in active service. The powder manufactories were put in operation, balls were cast, large quantities of arms were collected on various points, and the minister appeared frequently among the troops, addressing to them speeches, soothing in part, and in part calculated to excite apprehensions of an enemy whom it was not thought prudent to name. While these measures were taken to amuse the troops, the jewels of the crown, together with as much as possible of its other moveable treasures, were little by little despatched secretly to the hills, where they were placed under the care of that able and astute politician, Gholâb of Jumboo. The character of this chief is understood but very imperfectly yet. At the critical moment to which events have now brought us, he had some weighty reasons which deterred him from immediately making his appearance at the capital. He took a strange way to justify his absence. Instead of saying he was detained by weighty business, or preserving silence, and allowing the world to conjecture his motives, he pretended to be mad, and raved with much dramatic effect for some time. Meanwhile the administration of Heera Singh presented a singular aspect at Lahore. He took little or no pains to conciliate public opinion. Shere Singh, when assassinated, left behind him a widow, in possession of a valuable jaghire or estate, besides a large amount of personal property. Of the latter she was immediately deprived by a creature of the minister, who shortly afterwards confiscated the jaghire, leaving her altogether without the means of subsistence. And when persons represented to him the condition of this unhappy princess, he paid no attention to them. His thoughts apparently were absorbed in providing for his own personal safety. He dreaded and detested the Sikh soldiery, and imprudently suffered it to appear that he placed more reliance on the Hindostani troops, and even publicly announced his intention of forming an Affghan body-guard of five hundred men. The conduct of the Sikh army justified his dislike and his apprehensions; for the soldiers threw off en-

tirely the restraints of discipline, left their quarters as often as they pleased without leave to visit their friends, or go whithersoever else their inclinations prompted them, and when the minister remonstrated with their officers, he was informed that the men were entirely beyond their control. Towards the industrious classes of their countrymen they behaved as towards an enemy, plundering the shopkeepers and the merchants, and boasting while they did so that they could place whomsoever they pleased on the Guddee. Occasionally Heera Singh took some steps which he thought calculated to mitigate their aversion for him by adroitly endeavouring to direct it against another. He caused it to be reported in the camp that the Maharajah Shere Singh, a short time before his death, had placed nine lakhs of rupees in the hands of Suchet Singh for the purpose of discharging the arrears of the army; and added, that by assailing that chief with violent menaces they might succeed in extorting the money from him. Partial success attended this manœuvre. For if the minister failed to diminish his own embarrassments, he at least contrived to render his uncle the associate of his difficulties.

From time to time, while these affairs were in progress, news reached Lahore that the powerful hill chief, Gholâb Singh, was on his march. A thousand surmises respecting his intentions were circulated. Some believed he meant to overthrow the minister and assume the reins of government himself; others, that at the head of his hardy mountaineers, it was his design to attack the Sikh troops and cut them to pieces; while others framed and circulated other conjectures equally calculated to fill the public mind with alarm. Day after day messengers preceded his advance, deepening the excitement by the intelligence they brought. If Rajah Heera Singh entertained any particular fears, he kept them to himself. The other chiefs were obviously under the influence of strong terror. Gholâb, aware probably of the real state of things, did not hurry his movements in the least. His designs were altogether inscrutable. As he approached the capital at the head of his troops, all the principal Sirdars went forth filled with uncertainty to meet him. Nothing seems to have been discoverable from the manner in which he received them. He entered the city, and desiring the chiefs to meet him next day on the grand parade, withdrew for the night. In what state of mind the several competitors for power passed the interval, may, without much difficulty, be conceived. Suchet, though the great hill chief was his brother, did not on that account experience the less uneasiness. Nor did Heera Singh look forward to the morrow without dread. What tended considerably to augment their apprehensions was the threatening aspect of the hill troops, who,

sullen, haughty, and overbearing, seemed in conjunction with their chief to be meditating some desperate exploit. They seized on every opportunity to evince their dislike and contempt for the Sikhs, perpetrating the most provoking and insolent acts, and in the excess of their wantonness cutting down the trees in the neighbourhood of Lahore, which, considering the scorching heat of summer in that vicinity, was almost to render it uninhabitable. When the rajahs and the other leaders were at the hour appointed assembled on the parade, Gholâb addressed them in these words: 'Sirdars, I have served the Maharajah Ranjit Singh since I was sixteen, and from that day to this I have endeavoured to discharge the duties imposed upon me with honesty and fidelity. It is my desire that the name of that ruler shall be maintained in this kingdom, and to effect this purpose it is necessary that we should all, notwithstanding the late disturbances, unite together and faithfully discharge our duty to the present maharajah. Should you think proper to follow my advice, no change shall be effected in the positions of any of you; but those who may refuse to accede to my proposal, will yet live to beg their bread from door to door.'

This sententious and significant harangue produced a powerful effect both on the commanders and on the troops. All professed the most unlimited obedience to the rajah, and the whole aspect of public affairs appeared for the moment completely unruffled. Still the minister's secret projects developed themselves without intermission. According to his views there were too many chiefs in the Punjab. But as he could not openly proceed to diminish their number he had recourse to the Venetian method recommended by Father Paul, who observes that it is much better to take off a troublesome adversary by poison or secret assassination, than to encounter the noise and scandal of a public execution. The Sirdar considered most obnoxious was Lena Singh, and the method adopted for his removal was extremely curious and characteristic. Let it not be imagined, however, that hatred was the only motive to this enterprise. There was another. Lena Singh possessed great wealth, and vast and productive jaghires, some of them lying in the rich plains between Multân and Lahore; and these, the minister believed, in the actual posture of affairs, might prove highly useful to himself. Under this impression he hired four assassins, with whom he entered into a written engagement to pay them large sums of money as soon as his enemy should be put out of the way. It happened, however, that intelligence of this plot reached Lena Singh, who immediately strengthened his body-guard, and took such other precautions as he judged necessary to protect his life. His servants and dependents received strict orders to admit no one into his presence,

without first ascertaining that he was unarmed. This somewhat disconcerted the wily minister, but by no means induced him to desist from his undertaking. He invited to a secret conference the youthful brother-in-law of his intended victim, and by promises of rich jaghires and other advantages, subverted his easy integrity, and prevailed on him to undertake the murder of Lena Singh. It may here be observed that there is nothing which a native of Hindustan covets with such passionate eagerness as the possession of land. Rank, honours, jewels, money, sometimes fail to purchase his co-operation in crime, but he seldom resists the prospect of a jaghire. He would, in fact, to secure it, consent to do business with Mephistophiles. At least, this was the case with the youth whom Heera Singh desired to employ as his instrument on the present occasion. The contract was drawn up, signed, sealed, and delivered to the assassin, who, concealing it together with a pair of pistols about his person, proceeded towards the palace of his brother-in-law, reckoning confidently upon being admitted unsearched. The honest lad reckoned however without his host. Lena's servants having received strict orders, resolved to make no exceptions, and accordingly on examining the person of the young Sirdar, discovered the pistols. He was immediately disarmed, and dragged before his brother-in-law, who not only reproached him angrily, but also administered a sound beating; upon which, the young man, bursting into tears, confessed the whole truth, and in proof of what he had stated, produced the written contract with Heera Singh. It may perhaps be argued that the existence of such a contract is extremely improbable, and so no doubt it is. But as the most artful and jesuitical politicians have sometimes perpetrated the most unaccountable blunders, it is within the limits of probability that Heera Singh may have thus committed himself.

It will be recollected that the Maharajah Dhulip Singh was a child of six years old. His habits, manners and amusements were suitable to his age. He was paraded about, indeed, as a state puppet, surrounded by scheming and profligate politicians, and liable at any moment to be made away with to further any temporary interest of theirs. From several circumstances which have transpired he would seem to be in himself an interesting child. One day he observed, in durbar, that the elephant on which he rode was growing thin and that he desired to have something to fatten him; upon which the munificent minister ordered that a rupee's worth of sweetmeats should be given to the animal! The little fellow was often fond of being charitable, and occasionally distributed five or six hundred rupees among the poor, scattering silver and copper coins by handfuls. Sometimes, however, the urchin's amusements were not quite so innocent; for elephants, excited by

rage, were made to fight in his presence, on beholding which he expressed himself much gratified. He has a body-guard composed of children of about his own age, who, when he proceeds to view the troops or take the air, accompany him, scampering hither and thither, now before, now behind, and indulging in all those frolics which are natural to children. The little maharajah, on one occasion, was so highly delighted with these infant troops that he earnestly requested the minister to make them some present, upon which a number of the confiscated horses of the Sindanwallahs, Ajeet and Uttur Singh, with other branches of their family, whose jaghires lay near the holy city of Amritsir, were given them. But Chundkoor, the mother of the prince, has never been lulled into a fatal security by these smiling appearances. Filled with anxiety and suspicion, she watches incessantly over her child. Nor is affection the only quality for which she is distinguished. She obviously possesses a superior understanding and extreme firmness of character. From the beginning of the troubles it appears to have been her desire to escape, with the youthful maharajah, from Lahore, and to take refuge with him in the Company's territories. As a preliminary step to this movement, affecting to be under the influence of a superstitious presentiment, she endeavoured to obtain the consent of the ruling Sirdars to remove her son to Amritsir, observing that destiny seemed to have decreed that no Sikh prince should reign at Lahore. Both Gholâb and Suchet endeavoured by argument and ridicule to quiet these fears, but without success. On one occasion, when the former, quitting the council, came to the dwelling of the maharajah alone, Chundkoor obviously apprehended that he was come to bring the tragedy to a conclusion; or, at least, for the purpose of perpetrating some act which might be fatal to the interests both of herself and her son. Gholâb expressed his desire to have an interview with the maharajah, at first without explaining for what purpose, but afterwards, when informed that he was asleep and could not be waked, he observed that it was absolutely necessary, because his signature (seal) was required to an instrument constituting Heera Singh minister of the Khalsa. The mother's first objection to this arrangement was admirable. She said, if roused from his sleep he would begin crying and that it would be difficult to pacify him. Being further urged, she expressed her mind freely, and remarked that her son was not of an age to sign such instruments, but that when time should have ripened his understanding he might choose his own minister. This resolution of hers no representations of the hill chief could shake; so that, annoyed and baffled, he returned to the council, which, when it broke up, the minister quitted in great dudgeon.

It seemed to most persons that some unusual project was now in agitation. The Ranee felt that she and her son were surrounded by enemies, and stood in fact on the edge of a precipice, down which the slightest accident might precipitate them. Under these circumstances she seems to have come to a secret understanding with her brother Jowahir Singh, though ostensibly they were not to act in concert. Their scheme was desperate and full of danger. Jowahir Singh came to the palace of the maharajah, and feigning an anxiety to amuse him, contrived, apparently against the wish of the Ranee, to take him out somewhat late in the evening. Traversing the city rapidly he passed the gates and proceeded across the plain towards the camp. He went first to the quarters of a regiment under General Avitabile, where the Sipahis on guard expressed their astonishment at his highness's visiting the lines at so late an hour. To this Jowahir replied that the minister having laid a plot for murdering the maharajah, he had managed to prevent the execution of such a deed, and had now brought him to be placed under the care of the army. The officers of the regiment were summoned forthwith, and having themselves questioned Jowahir Singh, he, in addition to his former statement, informed them that Heera was anxious to make way for another son of Ranjit Singh, and implored them to take the young prince under their protection. He terminated his disclosures by saying that whatever was resolved on must be done quickly, for if time were allowed the Sirdars in the city to deliberate, the hopes of the troops would be frustrated. The officers requested the maharajah to descend from the elephant, led him into a tent, and having no confidence in the assertion of Jowahir Singh, sent a message secretly to the minister to apprise him of what had happened. Meanwhile the uncle was not permitted to remain in the tent with his nephew, but was confined in another place, where a guard was stationed over him. Rajah Heera was not a little astonished at the message he received, and sent back the bearer thereof to the officers, denouncing Jowahir Singh as a rogue and a liar, and desiring them to keep him safe and send him in a prisoner; also to escort the maharajah to his palace with due honour. He then posted troops in every part of the city, and ordered the gates to be closed, and on no account opened without an order from himself. He placed two pieces of cannon in front of his own house, apprehensive of an attack on his person. The whole town was alive during the night. The officers had no sooner received Heera Singh's answer than they sent off Jowahir Singh under a guard, but kept the maharajah in the large dome injured by lightning, surrounded by Avitabile's troops, not knowing exactly how far they might trust Heera Singh. The maharajah had not been long alone before he

desired to see his uncle, and on hearing that he was not there began to cry. On Jowahir Singh appearing before the angry and vindictive minister he ordered him to be heavily ironed, together with his brother and the officers of his palace; and on learning the maharajah's anxiety to see his uncle, sent some of the female attendants to wait on him. Next morning, accompanied by his friends and an escort of hill suwars, he proceeded to the cantonments, and having placed the maharajah on the elephant beside himself, returned to the city by the Delhi gate.

The picture of these extraordinary movements, all of them of a revolutionary character, can be only rendered interesting by minute touches. We are describing a very peculiar state of society, every change in which is fraught with instruction, but derives its chief importance from its bearing upon our own position in India. Every step taken by the rulers of the Punjab postpones or hastens the period of our interference, and therefore cannot be viewed by us with indifference. We should otherwise be far from indulging in these elaborate details, which can only in particular circumstances have a political signification. It has already been seen that Chundkoor, the mother of the maharajah, is a woman of no ordinary abilities. At an interview which took place between her and Gholâb Singh, on the evening of the following day, 9th of September, she exerted those abilities to obtain the liberation of her brother, and combated so adroitly the arguments and objections of the hill chief, that, backed by the remonstrances of some of the sirdars, she at length succeeded. Suchet Singh seized upon this occasion for giving vent to his hatred of the minister. Instead of employing argument or entreaty he seemed determined to refer the whole to force, and in open durbar threatened to cut him down if he refused to liberate his prisoner. Gholâb, throughout these transactions, played the part of a peace-maker. Now he soothed the irritated feelings of his brother, and now he sought to appease his nephew's resentment. With both his eloquence had much weight, his character more, and at length, after numerous attempts, he succeeded in persuading Suchet Singh to withdraw his troops from the capital, and retire towards Ramnuggur. The speculations to which these movements gave birth were extremely wild on both sides of the Sutledge, the prevalent opinion being that the three great rajahs were dealing hypocritically with the Khalsa, with the design of robbing the state of all its treasures, and afterwards of abandoning Lahore, to set up a rival government in the hills. These suspicions were invested with some degree of probability by the fact, that the Jumboo family did not belong to the Sikh sect, but were of the Brahminical persuasion, together with a majority of their subjects. There was, therefore, between them and the army

and people of the Khalsa a strong sectarian hatred, which rendered each party extremely well disposed to malign and misrepresent the other. As was to be expected, society became daily more and more disorganised. In one part of the country the soldiers were depressed by ill omens, and therefore disaffected towards the government. Elsewhere they based their discontent on the irregularity with which their pay was dealt out to them, and in the capital a hundred causes concurred to enrage them against the minister. On one occasion they proceeded with lighted matches towards his house, and were only by accident prevented from accomplishing their plan of vengeance. The feeling of dislike was propagated rapidly throughout the whole Sikh population, who received joyfully every rumour that made against Heera Singh. At an obscure village, some distance from the capital, a strange character made his appearance, affecting to be devoutly inspired, and urging in proof of it a miracle which he pretended to have wrought. Out of his forehead sprang an ear of wheat which grew and ripened on that strange soil, and he had besides a purse, which, like that of Fortunatus, was unceasingly supplied with gold. A rabble of Sikhs soon gathered round him, and his appearance was understood to bode no good to the government. The orders which Heera Singh gave respecting this equivocal personage, when a knowledge of his acts had been forced upon him, were those of an able statesman. Should he prove to be a divinely-inspired person, he directed him to be treated with all due respect; but if an impostor, he was to be seized and brought before him.

These elements of discord and confusion multiplying on all sides, inspired the peaceable and industrious classes with dismay. They could discover no end to the troubles of the state, respecting which they might at length have become indifferent had they not been sufferers by every vicissitude. Earnestly, therefore, did they look for British interference, and if that boon were denied them they were even prepared to hail the invasion of the country by Dost Mohammed Khan, being ready to submit to any prince or any government for the sake of enjoying internal tranquillity and something like security to life and property. But their cup was not yet full. Other revolutions were in store for them, and probably still are, for the state of the Punjab must go on from bad to worse till the Company finds itself compelled to interfere in order to prevent the relapsing of all that part of the country into utter barbarism.

Immediately upon the occurrence of the events above related, the Sikh troops, by threats and tumults, compelled the public enthronement of the maharajah, shortly after which two new com-

petitors for the supreme power appeared in the persons of Kashmeera and Peshora, illegitimate sons, it was said, of Ranjit Singh. The latter of these chiefs, while governor of Attock in 1839, displayed extremely hostile feelings towards the British, and Kashmeera Singh likewise in past years cherished similar feelings. Now, however, their enmity was concentrated against Heera Singh, through whose machinations it was reported their jaghires had been confiscated. An attempt also, it is thought, was made to seize their persons, but they escaped to Sialkote, a large town towards the foot of the hills, the fort of which they garrisoned with their friends, while efforts were made in their favour throughout the Punjab. Even the troops in the capital, obviously in their affections, sided with them, and at length made, on their behalf, propositions to Heera Singh which he could not accept without descending to a far lower level than he had been accustomed to occupy. Probably, indeed, he would have found it difficult to preserve his life. Be this as it may, he parried with infinite skill the blow aimed at his authority, distributed large donations of money, with still more lavish promises, and made whatever preparations were in his power to meet the gathering storm. One of his uncles, Suchet Singh, secretly supported, he could not doubt, the cause of the insurgent princes, whose forces rapidly increased. Sialkote is a large town, or rather city, about eighty miles north-east of Lahore. The pettah, or town, though extensive and populous, is not defended by walls, but there is a citadel, apparently of considerable antiquity, which overlooks and commands the whole. Shortly after the occupation of this fortress the two princes were assisted in their design by one of those events which rarely occur save in romance: they discovered a large hidden treasure, collected, perhaps, for a different purpose by some of the ancient rajahs of the place. The coins appear to have been silver, equal in weight to three rupees and a half. But the princes, through generosity or carelessness, issued them to the troops as three rupees, which had the effect of rapidly multiplying their forces, though the principal gain is said to have accrued to the bankers. Soldiers flocked from all parts to Sialkote. Among these were the Ramgol battalion, which, having mutinied for lack of pay at Peshawer, had marched through the whole Punjab to Lahore, none daring to attack them; and, after filling the capital with dismay, proceeded to join the insurgent princes in the north. These took up their quarters in the town. We have already observed that Suchet Singh secretly supported the cause of Kashmeera and Peshora, while his brother Gholab, on the other hand, adhered to the minister, and despatched a considerable force to lay siege to Sialkote. The struggle that ensued was diversified

by numerous incidents, among which the most remarkable, perhaps, was the arrival of two thousand Nagas proceeding on pilgrimage to Haridwara, who observed that the act of aiding the sons of Ranjit Singh was equal in virtue to bathing in the sacred river. A fakir, too, remarkable for his sanctity, made his appearance at the fort to encourage the besieged by his predictions. Supernatural events were, likewise, believed to have occurred, all prognosticating success to the sons of Ranjit Singh; a warrior, mounted on a green horse, was beheld by the garrison, riding to and fro for hours together on the ramparts, and a singularly brilliant meteor, resembling the false dawn of the Persians, was beheld during the night in the east, and mistaken for the rising sun. Encouraged by these omens, the army of the besieged swelled rapidly, while the hill chief and the minister continually poured fresh forces into their camp. The whole Punjab was big with expectation, and along the entire line of our own frontier, every body looked with anxiety towards Sialkote. At Lahore, circumstances became every day more and more menacing to the minister. The soldiers, exasperated and alienated by his policy, uttered perpetual threats of revenge, observing that, sooner or later, they would inevitably punish him; and that, should he endeavour to escape their hands by drowning himself, they would drag him from the river to inflict a more lingering death! At other times, the troops gave out, that as soon as the affairs of Sialkote had been settled, they must proceed to inquire what had become of the Koh-i-nûr, or mountain of light, the valuable bracelets, the fifteen chairs of state, each worth fifty thousand rupees, the many hundred gold and silver saddles, hundreds of pearl necklaces, the lakhs of gold mohurs, and the immense number of shawls, with other valuables, which Rajah Heera Singh had presumed to remove from the Toshekhana and taken to Jumboo. Nor did they confine themselves to threats. A secret negotiation was opened between the principal officers of the army and Rajah Suchet Singh, who was assured that if he would descend from the hills, and suddenly make his appearance at the capital, the troops would all rise in his favour, and procure for him the post of Wezeer, which, by a written engagement, signed by the mother of the young maharajah, had been promised him after the death of Shere Singh. This circumstance, which only transpired accidentally, explains the unappeasable hostility between the uncle and nephew. Suchet, confiding in the promises of the army, left his mountain hold, attended by a small body of followers, not exceeding, according to some reports, five hundred men. This affair, however, was not conducted so clandestinely as to escape Heera Singh's knowledge. He immediately applied himself to counterplot his uncle, and distributed

immense sums of money through the camp, conjuring both officers and men to stand by him, and promising, should they prove faithful at this perilous moment, to grant them whatever gifts or favours they should ask. Professions of loyalty were, of course, not wanting on the part of both officers and men. But the minister placed so little reliance on their fidelity, that he was filled with alarm and apprehension, and remained awake all night, conferring with his friends, or making preparations to repel any attack that might be made on him. Meanwhile, Suchet Singh arrived at the cantonment, and had an interview with the officers of several battalions. These informed him that he had come two days too late, that the soldiers had taken an oath to the minister, and that there was now no moving them from their purpose. They counselled him, therefore, to return with all speed to the hills to escape the vengeance of his nephew, who would, doubtless, pursue him with the most relentless fury.

Finding all representation and entreaties useless, Suchet Singh observed that, although they had deluded and betrayed him, he would still fight the Sikhs with those few among his followers who might remain faithful. Even to these, however, he gave the option to go or remain as they pleased, upon which, it is said, one half of his small band at once deserted their chief. With the remainder he retreated slowly towards the old gardens of the Shalimar. Heera Singh, well informed of what had taken place, now went forth in pursuit of his uncle with an army of twenty thousand men, and a large park of artillery. Suchet, had he been so disposed, might certainly have effected his escape, but perpetual disappointment appears to have rendered him weary of life. He threw himself, therefore, into an old mosque, upon the crumbling walls of which Heera's artillery immediately began to play. The balls fell like hail upon the dome and minarets. The cannonading continued for upwards of an hour, and was heard distinctly in the capital, where the utmost anxiety necessarily prevailed. Suchet, observing, probably, that the building was about to fall in and bury them in its ruins, rushed out, sword in hand, surrounded by his followers, and endeavoured to cut his way through the Sikh ranks. He killed numbers with his own hand, and his minister, an athletic and powerful man, did still more execution; but, at length, overpowered by numbers both fell. Most of their followers also shared their fate, and Heera Singh was left master of the field.

Having thus rid himself of a powerful rival, it next behoved him, as far as possible, to conciliate public opinion. He, therefore, affected to be deeply grieved by what had taken place, and when the body of his uncle was brought before him, he actually

shed tears, how genuine let those judge who know how perseveringly he had hunted him down while living. A large quantity of sandal wood was then sent for from Lahore, and the body of the rajah and his wezeer were burned with due solemnity, according to the Hindù rites. On the character of Suchet Singh it is unnecessary to make many remarks. He was a very brave, handsome, and gallant soldier, of the Bhraminical faith, and of Rajpoot origin. Throughout life he appears to have cherished a strong hatred of the British, and it was chiefly through his agency, it was said, that the dangerous mutiny of last spring, in the Bengal army, was excited at Ferozepore. An immense sum, amounting, according to report, to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling, remained in the hands of his creatures at that city, after the Sipahis of several regiments had been already corrupted. This fact, however, cannot blind us to the many brilliant qualities of the rajah, who seems, in many respects to have been one of the most estimable chiefs in the Punjâb. One only now remained of those three celebrated brothers whom Ranjit Singh had raised almost from nothing to so great a height of power that he himself lived in constant dread of them. To deliver himself from this fear he had, for some time, been watching his opportunity to cut them all off, but would not dare to attempt the enterprise in detail lest the survivors should get up a rebellion which it might be beyond his power to quell. He, therefore, sought every possible opportunity to bring the three brothers together that he might despatch them at once. But they, suspecting his intentions, were careful never to appear in his presence all at a time. They out-manceuvred and out-lived him, and amply revenged themselves by exterminating his whole race; for the present Maharajah Dhulip Singh has no real pretensions to be called the son of Ranjit.

The genius or good fortune of Heera Singh now appeared to be steadily removing the sources of danger and confusion from around his power. No sooner had he quelled the rising of Suchet than news arrived of the fall of Sialkote, the entire dispersion of the rebel forces, and the disappearance of the princes, who, having placed their wives and families in safety in a hill fortress, had departed no one knew whither. His serenity, however, was for a moment disturbed by the receipt of letters from Gholâb Singh, who, as yet ignorant of the fate of his brother, strongly recommended the minister to regard whatever he might do as a frolic, and on no account to proceed seriously against him. When news of the catastrophe reached the hills, the indignation of Suchet's family and dependents knew no bounds. Ninety-five women immolated themselves, while the principal wife abstained from the rite of suttee for the express purpose, as she affirmed, of taking ven

geance on the murderers of her husband, that she might be accompanied by crowds of their female relatives to the other world. The Sipahis of the chief likewise took an oath never to eat with their right hand till they had avenged his death. Gholâb, a man extraordinary in all his proceedings, appeared rather sorrowful than angry, and wrote to his nephew not to hasten the sending of Suchet's ashes to the Ganges, since his own life was probably drawing to a close and then he could forward the ashes of both together. It was at this time generally believed that most of the crimes of Heera Singh were perpetrated by the advice of the Pundit Misr Jelâh, for which reason the anger of Gholâb was directed chiefly against this man, whom he vowed to put to death, with every member of his family, after which he would not leave one stone of their dwellings on another. These menaces being faithfully reported to Heera Singh, disturbed him considerably, for he knew well that if the pundit had counselled, it was he himself that had perpetrated the mischief. A request made at this time by the maharanee augmented his perplexity. She desired permission to proceed, with her son, to bathe during the festival of the Baisaki at Amritsir according to the invariable custom of her illustrious husband, Ranjit Singh. The minister consulted his counsellor the Pundit Misr Jelâh, who, having apparently obtained intelligence of what was going on, replied, that as the Gooroo Wyar Singh, together with the Princes Kashmeera and Peshora would, doubtless, be at the holy city during the festival, it would be highly impolitic to allow the maharajah to join them. In reply, therefore, Heera told the maharanee that important business of state would not permit him to quit the capital, and that it would be impossible for the sovereign to go unattended by his minister.

Events were now hastening towards a new catastrophe, more terrible and sanguinary than any that had preceded. It will probably have been remarked that Lena Singh Majiteeah, one of the most respectable and powerful chiefs in the Punjab, performed no part in any of the late troubles. Profoundly disaffected towards the government, he had proceeded on pilgrimage to Haridwara, and openly expressed his intention of not returning to the capital. Understanding what this declaration meant, numbers of unemployed Sipahis flocked around him, so that he was shortly at the head of five thousand men. Another chief who had been lost sight of for some time now also made his appearance. This was Ittur Singh Sindanwallah, the principal representative of a distinguished family, of which Ajeet Singh had formerly been the head. But upon his fall, after the murder of Shere Singh, its male members had all been massacred, with the exception of two or three who accidentally escaped. Hatred of the minister, common

to both, now brought together Lena and Ittur Singh, the former descending from the hills to visit the latter at the holy city of Thanesas near Kernál.

French politicians, who bestow some little attention on the affairs of the East, believe, or affect to believe, that Ittur Singh gradually collected a force in the British territories with the connivance of the governor-general. As it was Lord Ellenborough who then held that office, we can very readily believe that had it appeared likely to further any of his views, he would have perpetrated this or any other act of perfidy. But even against his lordship, little as we love him, we are not disposed to prefer unfounded accusations; and it must be acknowledged that the French agent of M. Guizot has nothing to support him but his own positive assertions, which, as it happens, are inconsistent with the facts of the case. The force with which Ittur Singh crossed the Sutledge, consisted of seven hundred horse, a detachment from the retinue of Lena Singh, not one man of which was probably raised in British India. With this small body, Ittur Singh, once in the Punjáb, moved rapidly northwards for the purpose of effecting a junction with other forces then preparing, under different chiefs to attack the minister.

The great bathing ceremony at Amritsir has been already alluded to. During its continuance the Sikhs from all parts of the kingdom repair to the holy city, some through devotion, but more for purposes of political intrigue. Among the visitors who thronged thither on the present occasion, was the Gooroo Wyar Singh, who for reasons unknown, was inimical to the minister, and immediately began to surround himself with multitudes of disaffected persons. His sacred character it was supposed would protect, not only himself, but all those who took shelter under his sanctity from danger. Among these were Kashmeera and Peshora Singh. After the festival was concluded, the Gooroo marched forth from the holy city with his followers, and took up a position on the banks of the Beeah, a large tributary of the Sutledge, where he was joined by Ittur Singh with his seven hundred horse, after which their united forces amounted to about six thousand men.

On this occasion Heera Singh displayed his wonted ability. Calling together the principal Sirdars and officers of the army (May 3), he gave them a brief exposition of the whole state of affairs, artfully feigning to believe that Ittur Singh had crossed the Sutledge under the order of the British, and that he had entered into a secret contract to share with them the revenues of the Punjáb. To create the belief that he spoke upon exact information, he described the very terms of the agreement. The English, he said, were to receive for their share six annas in the

rupee. He then inquired how, under such circumstances, the army was to be paid, and what would be the condition of the brave officers whom he now addressed. At their own request he gave them a night to deliberate on what was to be done, and on the morning of the 5th, found little difficulty in despatching a powerful army against the insurgents, who were now regarded by the Sikhs in the light of foreign invaders. There was still indeed one obstacle to be overcome. The Sikhs regard their Gooroos, or spiritual guides, with extreme reverence, and experience the greatest possible reluctance to shed their blood. Heera, however, with ready ingenuity, inquired of them whether, if the most sacred of all animals, the cow, were to become furious and attempt to gore them, they would not without hesitation put it to death, 'and if so,' said he, 'will you exhibit more reluctance to kill a Gooroo when he has grown mad and consents to invade your country at the instigation of a foreign state?' The soldiers saw at once the force of the argument, and marched cheerfully against the insurgents, under the command of Laba Singh. On the afternoon of the following day they came up with the army of the princes near the village of Nûrungabad, and endeavoured at once to bring on an action. There was a very great disproportion, however, in the two armies, that of Ittur Singh and the princes not much exceeding six thousand men, while that of the minister cannot have fallen short of forty thousand, with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon. The insurgents, not wishing to come to an engagement, retreated and took up a strong position for the night. Doubt and distrust already began to appear among them. The chiefs had been led to expect that immediately on their appearance in the country numbers of regiments would come over to them. But no signs of disaffection now appeared, and it seemed obvious that they would have to rely solely on their own strength. Peshora Singh, according to some accounts, reviewing dispassionately the state of affairs, or more probably yielding to the weakness of his own character, deserted his brother and his friends, and escaping secretly to Lahore, threw himself at the minister's feet. He was received with smiles and apparent welcome, and had a valuable jaghire bestowed on him. Meanwhile the armies remained each in its position, anxiously looking forward to the morrow. With the dawn the cannonading re-commenced. The numerous, heavy, well-served artillery of Laba Singh swept the field in all directions, and caused prodigious havoc among the enemy. It was presently reported that the Gooroo had been dangerously wounded by a cannon-ball; and the intelligence, notwithstanding the recent exhortations of Heera Singh, produced a considerable effect on the minds of the Sikhs. An officer of rank,

under protection of a flag of truce, was deputed to make inquiries respecting the holy man. He advanced into the centre of the rebel army where the Gooroo lay bleeding on the ground. Disputes and altercations immediately took place, and Ittur Singh fearing that if negotiations were entered on, his own safety would be compromised, drew a pistol and shot the officer. His own death immediately followed. He was cut down by the Sikhs, and the carnage recommenced with great fury. As Kashmeera Singh himself, however, soon fell, leaving the insurgents altogether without a leader, they dispersed and fled. Many were cut to pieces in the rout, and others lost their lives in attempting to cross the Beeah. The heads of Ittur and Kashmeera Singh having been cut off were sent to Lahore, where they arrived, together with intelligence of the victory, about eleven o'clock at night. An extremely curious and characteristic anecdote is related of the dying Gooroo Bhaee Wyar Singh. When he perceived that his end was at hand, he gave some of his attendants orders to go to his house, and taking the letters of the Sikh Sirdars to strew them on the plain, that all, high and low, might see the faithlessness of the Sikhs. 'Lo!' said the Gooroo, 'thus do the chiefs of this fickle and perjured race treat those whom they pretend to honour; in this way did they invite Suchet Singh, and for filthy lucre sacrifice him to the blood-thirsty tyrant; and now they have, in a similar manner, invited Ittur Singh and the princes of the house of Ranjit, as well as myself, and behold they have also sacrificed us. Let me,' he continued, 'be thrown into the river that my body may be borne by its stream far from this polluted land.' According to his orders, his body was cast into the river, and the bag of letters conveyed to Laba Singh.

By this victory the position of Heera Singh was strengthened considerably. The officers of the army, finding that all attempts to overthrow him proved ineffectual, began to cultivate sentiments of subordination, and to look more narrowly to their own interests. Few competitors for power now remained to contest the first place with Heera. His uncle, Gholâb held and still holds himself aloof; so likewise does Lena Singh Majiteeah, and if the widow of Suchet Singh be collecting troops and preparing to avenge her husband, it is probable that she will wait for some turn of affairs that may seem to favour her designs. The youthful maharajah, Dhulip Singh, has since had his life put in jeopardy by the small-pox, and the danger in which he was placed imparted a fresh impulse to speculation in India. His complete recovery, however, leaves things precisely as they were. The Indian correspondents of our journals at home, though greatly prone to indulge

in conjecture, evidently find themselves at fault in the case of the Punjâb. Unwilling to give Heera Singh credit for the superior abilities which he has unquestionably displayed, they account for the success which has attended his measures by the riches of his treasury, and persuade themselves that when those fail, his rule will be at an end, forgetting that Lahore has revenues, and that if money be paid away with one hand, it is received with the other. On the subject of our own relations with the Punjâb, they incline sometimes to one opinion, sometimes to another, though all appear to be possessed by the conviction that the country must eventually be ours. Meanwhile, no very fixed notion prevails among them, as to what does or does not constitute a *casus belli*. In our opinion, as we have already observed, amply sufficient grounds of war exist, notwithstanding which, circumstances may render it prudent to wait until we are absolutely precipitated into the struggle by imperious necessity. It should, however, be borne in mind that the Punjâb is worth conquering, that it produces an ample revenue, that all the agricultural population earnestly longs for our interference, that the possession of it will restore to us, in great part at least, our lost influence in Central Asia, and that in India itself it will produce a salutary effect upon the minds of all native rulers.

ART. V.—*Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomac to the Frontier of Mexico; with Sketches of Popular Manners and Geological Notices.* By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2 vols. John Murray.

IT is a common complaint amongst Americans that the books published by Englishmen concerning them are hasty, shallow, and exaggerated. This complaint cannot be maintained against the work before us. Mr. Featherstonhaugh has resided thirty years in America. He at least must be allowed to know something of the country.

The excursion described in these volumes takes a very interesting range, from Washington across the Alleghanies—through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas, to the Red River, on the borders of Texas, returning (after a peep into a Prairie) by way of New Orleans and South Carolina into Virginia. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's principal object appears to have had reference to the geology of the districts through which he passed; but he did not limit himself to scientific investigations. He made ample notes of the social and domestic life of the people—their character, habits

and institutions. To this portion of the publication we propose to confine ourselves; not because the geological details are deficient in value or importance, but because the actual condition of the people in the country south of the Potomac is, comparatively, so little known as to render our author's close view of it a matter of some novelty to the English reader—especially curious at a moment when the question of slavery occupies so large a space in public attention.

But before we enter on the work itself, a word to the Americans on their national tenderness, which shrinks so sensitively from the approach of criticism.

It seems that all English travellers who visit the United States fall, somehow, into an awkward and ungrateful habit of villifying the people. There is not a single exception to this universal practice. And men of all parties, who differ from each other upon every other imaginable subject, exhibit a most marvellous agreement upon this. The unanimity of whigs, tories and radicals upon the one topic of American society is a thing to wonder at and reflect upon. What is the source of this surprising unity of sentiment amongst people otherwise opposed? What is there in the soil of America to make men shake hands over it, who are ready to clench their fists at each other at home?

We take it for granted that any one, but an American, would acknowledge that different men who, seeing an object in a great variety of aspects, and from every possible point of sight, agree in their representations of it, must, upon the whole, be tolerably correct. Now, the American asserts that they are all false. He traces the English opinion of American life to every cause but the right one: prejudice, jealousy, revenge, fear, hope, ignorance, everything except—American life itself. He can discern nothing in American life but subjects for eternal panegyric. His happy vanity embalms even the vices of the model democracy, and raises slavery into a sort of beatitude. It would be perfectly absurd to attempt to reason with the Americans about America. We do not contemplate any thing so hopeless. But we think it right, nevertheless, to show them that there are two sides to the question.

The American press teems with abuse of England, and English politicians and men of letters. There are no terms too foul for the gentlemen who conduct the American periodicals, when they touch upon Great Britain. They exhaust Billingsgate in the animated vigour of their vituperation, and transcend the slang of Rag Fair in the oriental variety of their nicknames. Are they not quits with us? If we write of them with the scrupulous and offended tastes of gentlemen, surely they take their revenge upon us in the unlimited latitude of the opposite character.

"These causes," says a writer in a recent number of the '*Democratic Review*,' speaking of the American struggle for independence and the war of 1812,—“these causes are unquestionably sufficient to account for the string of atrocious libels, the torrent of filthy abuse, poured out against us by the British press and '*London Quarterly Review*,' without the assumption that there is one word of truth in them, or that they furnish any justification whatever for such a tissue of gross indiscriminate charges against the character of the people of the United States.” The reader will naturally suppose that the writer is referring to some particular statements of the English press, and that the “string of atrocious libels,” the “torrent of filthy abuse,” the “tissue of gross indiscriminate charges,” must possess some tangible application. No such thing. These “strings,” and “torrents,” and “tissues,” are pure abstractions, conjured up to give the writer an opportunity of saying that Englishmen abuse America out of spite and vengeance, because she threw off their yoke upwards of sixty years ago! He might as well say that we abuse her because she grows tobacco. Why, if the man had a grain of sense in his head he ought to have known, that the only thing for which England really applauds America is the noble stand she made for liberty—and that the thing for which England condemns her is the base use to which she has degraded it. But let us see how this writer—a very mild and feeble specimen of his class—can get up little atrocities on his own account.

After inflicting a swinging tirade upon Mr. Charles Dickens, he proceeds to make the following extraordinary statement respecting that gentleman.

“He is probably soured by disappointment, since the honour of being read and admired by a large portion of the people of the United States, cannot, as his own lamentable experience is now teaching him, keep an author out of jail! * * * Poor Dickens! he is now, it is said, in the King's Bench Prison, after having contributed so much to the amusement of his fellow-creatures; and one might make this circumstance a theme for declaiming on the ingratitude of mankind, as well as the hard fate of genius, were it not a solemn truth that neither money nor patronage can ward off the inflexible destiny of imprudence and extravagance!”

This is a very small illustration of the way in which American writers pander to the national taste. Sometimes they go considerably beyond this trifling touch of malignant scandal. To say that Mr. Dickens was in the King's Bench (there is no such ‘jail’ by the way) at a time when he was really on his road to Italy, is not much, compared with the thunder which they sometimes roll over the Atlantic at the wits of the mother country.

Since then they have so little compunction in fabricating charges against us, they must try to endure, with what philosophy they may, the plain statements we put on record concerning them. It is useless to fall into a passion and rail at us. The question is, are our statements true? The 'Democratic Review' falls foul of the 'Quarterly,' because it accuses the Americans of "gouging, spitting, ranting, roaring, cheating, lynching." It would be more to the purpose to prove that the accusation is unfounded. Can the 'Democratic' deny that these practices prevail almost universally in America? If it cannot—as of course it cannot, except under shelter of the same conscience which enabled it to consign Mr. Dickens to the King's Bench—would it not be wise in the 'Democratic' to suffer the accusation with prudent silence? Mouthing will do nothing for Uncle Sam. It will neither vindicate his character, nor pay his debts.

With this preliminary hint, we return to Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

Passing through Maryland, *en route* to the Alleghany ridges, the traveller finds whole colonies of Germans, ignorant but industrious people, who accumulate a great deal of money, and exercise, consequently, paramount influence in their immediate localities. These Germans entertain a wise distrust of bank paper, and hoard their profits in hard money; a course of proceeding which enables them to control the elections in the neighbouring state of Pennsylvania, where they are very numerous, and where they frequently place the government in the hands of their own party. It is only justice to the native Americans to give them the benefit of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's opinion, that it is to these Germans the dishonourable conduct of the state of Pennsylvania, in relation to the non-payment of its debts, is fairly attributable. But, if it be so, what becomes of the integrity of the rest of the population who have acquiesced in the fraud? or of other repudiating states, where there are no Germans?

At a place in the Mountains called the Warm Springs, our traveller fell in with a perfect specimen of a Virginian landlord. This worthy personage was one *Colonel Fry*, who kept the best hotel in the place. The first appearance of the hotel is striking—a tolerably large building with a portico. The moment the travellers arrive, their luggage is carried off to make sure of them, and then they are left to shift for themselves.

"A fiddle was screaming in one of the rooms; and we found ourselves on the portico, in the midst of a number of queer-looking ladies, with and without tournures, corseted up in all sorts of ways, and their hair dressed in every possible form. The gentlemen, in greater numbers, were chewing, spitting, and smoking, with an ease that evinced their superiority, and all staring at us in the most determined manner. No-

thing was more certain than that we were out of the woods, and had got into fashionable society."

Colonel Fry and his son had an inveterate passion for dancing. This would little concern us, if they did not inflict it on their guests, and if this infliction did not accord with the usages of the country. In the evening—after a horrible dinner—there was a ball, an exhibition of the most comical kind. Here the father and son are in their glory.

"No sooner is the business of eating over for the day, than they transform themselves into masters of the ceremonies; every lady as she enters the ball-room is whipped up by one of them and dragged to one of the benches, a proceeding which is somewhat amusing the first evening of a lady's arrival, when she does not know who they are, or what they are going to do with her. As soon as enough are assembled to make a quadrille, the Fry firm pounce upon two of the last comers, refuse to take 'No' for an answer, and literally haul their partners to the dance!"

The whole landlord class is singularly impudent, and, what is worse, privileged in its impudence. At another place the landlord used to tuck up his sleeves and slash away at the meat on a side table during dinner, and then, flourishing the reeking carver aloft in his hand, offer his arm to the ladies as they were leaving the room. There is no end to their audacity. At a dirty tavern, where the stage-coach stopped to dine, but where everything was so filthy as to be perfectly revolting, the landlord, a noisy, ill-dressed, officious fellow, was perpetually coming into the room, with his mouth full of tobacco, while the travellers were endeavouring to make up their stomachs to a little bread and milk.

"This worthy was a perfect representative of that class of lazy, frowsy, tobacco-chewing country landlords who think nothing is right unless there is a good deal of dirt mixed up with it. Seated upon a chair, with his legs sprawling upon two others, his great delight was to bask in the sun at the door of his tavern, and watch the approach of the stage-coach, or any other vehicle or person that was upon the road."

This fellow had an extraordinary talent for ejecting tobacco juice with a force rarely applied to that branch of projectiles, and with unrivalled precision of aim. These trifles are highly characteristic. Transplant one of these brutes to England, imagine the effect he would produce upon the ordinary guests of an hotel, and estimate from thence the civilisation of the country which tolerates him as a recognised public character. This worthy, who had such a knack of expectoration, to the great horror of the ducklings upon whom he used to practise for amusement, was also a justice of the peace!

But whoever would see American society developed in its most

fashionable aspect and exclusive forms, must visit the celebrated White Sulphur Springs. To this place in the season the *élite* of all circles gather in crowds, and from the reports which have been sent abroad about its beauty and its exquisite accommodations, the stranger is led to expect at least some degree of comfort and ease, if not of elegance and repose. Let Mr. Featherstonhaugh describe the place.

"The establishment of the White Sulphur Springs consists of a pack of unpromising-looking huts, or cabins, as they are called, surrounding an oblong square, with a foot-walk in the centre, railed off from a grassy plot on each side of it. At the entrance into the establishment—which has very much the air of a permanent methodist camp-meeting—you have on the left a miserable-looking sort of barrack, badly constructed of wood, with a dilapidated portico. Nothing can exceed the frowsy appearance of this building, which contains the grand dining saloon, where daily between three and four hundred persons assemble to a kind of scramble for breakfast, dinner and supper."

Some of the cabins had a comfortable appearance—but they were private property. The rest were for the most part untenable. In the day-time, under a colonnade, the sickly and emaciated people might be seen sitting or walking, constantly smoking; and, not far off, a reservoir of water, from which the negroes and the horses are indiscriminately supplied. In this place, so ill provided with the most ordinary means of accommodation, the grasping and fraudulent spirit flourishes in perfection. The orders of the superintendent are to *take every body in*; an instruction which he appears to fulfil to the letter. One of the consequences of thus permitting the demand to rise so enormously above the means of supply, is the inextricable confusion and stunning clamour that ensue upon breakfast and dinner. The bell rings, and three hundred people rush out of their cabins to struggle for places in a room capable of accommodating scarcely two hundred. "But who," exclaims Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "can describe the noise incidental to a grand bolting operation conducted by three hundred American performers, and a hundred and fifty black slaves to help them?"

"It seemed to me that almost every man at table considered himself at job-work against time, stuffing sausages and whatever else he could cram into his throat. But the dinner scene presented a spectacle still more extraordinary than the breakfast. And first, as to the cookery, which was after this mode. Bacon, venison, beef, and mutton, were all boiled together in the same vessel; then those pieces that were to represent roast meat were taken out and put into an oven for a while; after which, a sort of dirty gravy was poured from a huge pitcher indiscriminately upon roast and boiled. What with this strange banquet, and the

clinking of knives and forks, the rattling of plates, the confused running about of troops of dirty slaves, the numerous cries for this, that, and the other, the exclamations of the new comers, 'Oh! my gracious! I reckon I never did see sich a dirty table-cloth,' the nasty appearance of the incomprehensible dishes, the badness of the water brought from the creek where the clothes were washed, and the universal feculence of every thing around, the scene was perfectly astounding. Twice I tried to dine there, but it was impossible."

The 'bolters' at these awful dinners are generally gaunt, fallow, cadaverous looking men, who seem as if they had stalked out of the churchyards to come to the unsightly feast. There was one of these spectral feeders who had been timed—a meagre yellow man, with black hair and white whiskers and beard—and it was found that he had bolted the most extraordinary quantity of angular pieces of bacon, beef, and mutton, in the incredible period of two minutes and a half! In fact, these ghouls finish their dinners before an European can fairly arrange his napkin.

And such are the famous White Sulphur Springs of America, to which the poet inscribes sonnets, to which the novelist sends his accomplished and delicate heroine, by way of enhancing the interest of her fine-breeding, and which are referred to by the whole newspaper press of the Union as a satisfactory refutation of all charges of coarseness and vulgarity. We believe it would be impossible to pack into the same compass in any other country within the pale of civilization so much absolute grossness of language and demeanour as may be found condensed into this establishment and its sweep of 'cabins.' Every variety of offensive trait embraced within the wide range of the States is represented at the springs; the cant of the field methodist, the low infidel jargon of the border bully, the gasconade of the Kentuckian, the slang of the Virginian, all the endless diversities of dialect, swagger, bombast, and pretension, by which the natives of that country are variously distinguished. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, and he is certainly a competent authority, declares that 'language cannot do justice to the scenes he witnessed and had to pass through at the springs;' and he finally dismisses the fashionable American *brünnen* as the most filthy, disorderly place in the United States, with less method and cleanliness about it than belong to the common jails of the country!

Connected in some measure with the false pretensions of the sulphur springs are the false pretensions of the crowds of people who frequent them. Here the stranger, very much to his surprise, encounters colonels, majors, generals, and honourables, without end. Every man has a title of some kind. The way in which these titles are acquired is as curious as the fact that they are borne

by people who affect the greatest possible contempt for titles. Election into the state legislature, in some places, confers the title of honourable; generals are made by the score out of militia appointments, and in Virginia every tavern-keeper is a colonel, or, at least, a major by virtue of the same authority. Captains are rare, for the rank is not genteel enough for the gentry, and is never acknowledged except by such people as the drivers of stage-coaches, who are not ashamed to confess that they hold so humble a commission. Lieutenants are wholly out of the question. Nobody ever saw a live lieutenant in America. The rage for title is such that individuals who assert no claim to them, and who even repudiate them, are ticketed wherever they move with all manner of titles, greatly to their own discomfort and annoyance. A gentleman crossing the Potomac with his horse in a ferry-boat, was addressed by the ferryman, with 'Major, I wish you'd lead your horse forward.' The gentleman observed that he was not a major. 'Well, kurnel, then,' rejoined the man. 'My good friend,' said the gentleman, 'I am neither a colonel nor a major, —I have no title, and don't like them. How much have I to pay you?' The ferryman's dignity was horribly put out: "Well! you are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing!"

Mr. Featherstonhaugh came in for his share of this popular passion for impromptu brevets. Sometimes he was called doctor, sometimes colonel, and was at last promoted to a judgeship! Do the Americans, who grumble so sourly at the ridicule heaped upon them by travellers, see nothing ridiculous in this? This playing at titles in a land of democrats is not merely puerile in itself, but a grovelling and slavish falsification of the principles of American republicanism.

Yet base as all this is, it is not so monstrous as the way in which the functions really attached to the titles in some instances are discharged. Judges, generals, and colonels, are constantly appointed to their several offices without being in the slightest degree qualified by education or experience, but solely from the fact of being out-and-out party-men. Faction is the best recommendation to advancement in the United States. The man of the most accommodating principles and ruffianly demeanour stands the best chance of the most lucrative place when his party gets into power. There would be no real objection to such appointments in such a promiscuous population if they were limited to the army or the militia; but when we find the bench of justice occupied by men utterly ignorant of law and incapable of comprehending the plainest legal statement, we cease to be surprised at the contempt with which the tribunals are invariably treated, or at that astounding

and fearful interposition of popular fury between the sentence and its execution, which so frequently transfers to the hands of the mob the duties of the executive.

There was a fair average of a judge in the state of Missouri, of whom Mr. Featherstonhaugh relates a characteristic anecdote. This fellow was 'raised' on the frontier of Kentucky, and migrated to Missouri, where he was elevated to the bench for some election services, which, we may venture to suspect, were not of the purest kind. The fitness of the man for the office will be best exhibited in a scene between him and an 'attorney,' on an occasion where the judge insisted on admitting a man who had committed a murder to bail, while the 'attorney' contended that bail in such a case was actually contrary to law.

"Authorities were quoted, statutes were produced, and the bench was emphatically told that he 'could not by law admit him to bail, and that no man that was the very beginning of a lawyer would say he could.' To all this his honour replied: 'The court knows very well what it's abaywt; it ain't a-going to do no sich thing as read all them there law books, by no manner of means, and its no use to worry on so, for the court decides all the pynts agin you.' Having delivered the opinion of the bench with great firmness, his honour now took to a remarkable personal peculiarity he had, which was, to gather his lips together when he had made a speech, and suck the air in with great vehemence. No sooner, therefore, was the opinion promulgated, than the lawyer sarcastically observed: 'Some folks get their law from books, and some folks, I calculate, must suck it in.' This sally having produced a universal titter, his honour immediately arose to vindicate the dignity of the bench, and addressed the following eloquent rebuke to the offending barrister: 'Suck or no suck, I swear I ain't a-going to be bully-ragged by no sich talking janiusses as you—a sniggering varmint, that's the non compos mentus of all human abhorrence, and that's partly intosticated with his own imperance—that's the court's candid opinion—if it ain't, I wish the court may be eternally ——.'"

Who can wonder that justice should be trampled under foot, in a country where its courts and temples are disgraced by such scenes as these? The instinct which makes upright and dispassionate minds loath these demoralising exhibitions, inclines them also to believe, that judges who are so grossly unqualified, must also be flagrantly corrupt; and that the men who are willing to degrade the tribunals, by occupying them so unworthily, must also be ready to sell them to the highest bidder. That dispenser of the law cannot be very nice about the honesty of his award, who is confessedly incapable of understanding the merits of the case, right or wrong, and who is openly guided, in the majority of instances, by passion, prejudice, or favouritism. The suspicion that the courts of justice are corrupt in their administration, de-

rives considerable weight from the besetting national sin of avarice. Money-getting appears to be the exclusive object of an American's life, for which he is ready to sacrifice every thing else. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's ample experience of this people, must be allowed to be conclusive on this point.

"Wherever I go, with the fewest exceptions, this is the all-prevailing passion. The word 'money' seems to stand as the representative of the word 'happiness' of other countries. In other lands we see rank, distinction in society, scientific and literary acquirements, with the other elevating objects that embellish and dignify human life, pursued by great numbers with constancy and ardour; but here all other avenues to advancement, except the golden one, seem nearly untrod—the shortest cut, *coute qui coute*, to that which leads to ready money being the favourite one. Where this sordid passion stifles the generous ones, a rapacious selfishness is sure to establish itself; men cease to act for the general welfare, and society at length resolves itself into a community, the great object of every individual of which is to grasp as much as will last as long as himself."

From this general censure he exempts the officers of the army. Happily there is one class belonging to an honourable profession, who understand the value of their position, and who, luckily for their country and themselves, are kept so far out of the way of temptation, as to be enabled to maintain their personal honour unsullied.

The distrust of law and law-courts prevalent through many parts of the Union, shows that if the tribunals be not influenced by this base love of gain, at any cost of integrity or righteousness, they are influenced by other motives quite as base and criminal. Lawyers are everywhere looked upon with aversion. A squatter on the confines in Missouri congratulated Mr. Featherstonhaugh on the fact that he was not a lawyer, adding significantly, that they were 'the most cursedest varmint that's about.' 'But,' observes Mr. Featherstonhaugh, 'you have no lawyers in this part of the country?'—which inquiry draws out a story, with a moral to it.

"'Stranger,' replied the squatter, 'I once lived ajyning to the Gasconade, what runs into the Missouri, and so they set off Franklin caywnty, ajyning to it; and wherever they set up a caywnty, you see, there the lawyers is sure to come. And so a farmer what I owed fourteen deer-skins to, sent a constable and tuk me, and wanted to haul me into the caywnty; and so the more he wanted me to go, the more I wouldn't go, and I gave him a most almighty whipping. Soon arter, three fellows comed from Franklin and tuk me, and hauled me to what they called the court-house, where there was a lawyer they called Judge Monson, and he fined me ten gallons for whipping the constable. 'Why,' said I, 'you don't mean to say you'll make me pay ten gallons for whipping that ar fellow?' 'Yes I do,' says he, 'and that you shall

see!' 'Then,' says I, 'I calculate I'll whip you like ——— the first time I catch you in the woods, if I have to pull all the bees and all the bars in Missouri out of their holes.' And so the crittur had me locked up, till one of the settlers, that wanted me to do a job for him, said he would pay the ten gallons; but I didn't like them practyees; I seed the country warn't a going to be worth living in, and so I left the Gasconade caywnty and comed here; for you'll mind that wherever the lawyers and the court-houses come, the other varmint, bars and sich like, are sure to quit.'"

The worthy from whom this anecdote was obtained was a regular squatter, a class to be met with now only on the remote frontiers. They are generally drawn from the poorest populations of Kentucky, Louisiana, and Tennessee, and they take refuge in these wild and savage districts in the desperate hope of being able to obtain the means of life by hunting the buffalo and the elk. Their cabins are destitute of furniture and food, and in the sickly season, when they are stricken down by malaria, these miserable wretches look as if their clothes had never been taken off, their faces washed, or their hair combed. The greatest calamity that can happen to them is the settling of the country, for the wild animals rapidly disappear before the advance of towns and farms, and the poor hunter, reduced at last to the deer, the wild turkey, the racoon, and the opossum, becomes a mere dependant on the opulent agriculturist. This does not harmonise with his notions of liberty, and after many struggles he throws off the restraints of artificial life, and plunges once more into the wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, 'where,' to use his own expressive phrase, 'the bars is a plenty!'

The buffalo hunt, upon which these poor squatters depend mainly for subsistence, is often a service of great peril. The most extraordinary incident of the kind, perhaps, upon record, is related by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, as having happened to a Mr. Percival. The story is fraught with profound and almost tragic interest. Mr. Percival, having lost his companions on a trapping expedition, remained on the banks of the Wasbite, to trap the stream for beavers. Here he detected an old buffalo lying on the beach, and fired on him. The animal, wounded in the side, crossed the river, and lay down again in a cool place. Percival followed, but the buffalo rose and took to the open woods. The hunter hung upon his track for about a mile, when the beast, finding him within fifty yards of him, suddenly turned, and advanced rapidly upon his pursuer. Percival fired and wounded him in the nose, which only exasperated the animal. The man fled in an agony of fear, and the hunter was now the hunted.

"In running down a short hill, some briars threw him down, and he

dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him, of about eighteen inches diameter; and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of his hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter—a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree, pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened."

Sometimes the buffalo would pass between the tree and the sapling; but the distance was so narrow that it inconvenienced him; and he generally preferred taking the whole round. The time thus consumed was precious above all price to Percival—it enabled him to breathe and think! The buffalo was now slower in his motions, and made his spring at longer intervals; and finding that Percival avoided his blow by swinging to the opposite side, he made a feint that does honour to the sagacity of his race, and instead of aiming in his accustomed direction, turned suddenly to where the hunter had swung to avoid him. Percival escaped by miracle, with a severe contusion on his arm. He was paralysed, and began to despair. His legs trembled under him, his strength and courage forsook him, and at one fearful moment he contemplated leaving the tree for the purpose of permitting the animal to destroy him, as an escape from the intolerable suspense of carrying on so desperate a defence. Fortunately the bull was getting worn out too, and Percival remembering he had a butcher's knife about him, drew it, and with the ferocious resolution of which he had so much need, managed to hack and wound his enemy in a dozen places in the course of half an hour. At last, while the buffalo was wheeling slowly round and round the tree, weak from loss of blood, he gave him two deadly stabs in the eye. This brought the contest to a terrible crisis.

"Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down

by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back."

The effect of this adventure on the nerves of Mr. Percival was such, that when he joined his companions, forty days afterwards, his aspect was so emaciated that they thought he must have had the fever. He told them the story, and added, that from the evening of the struggle he had never been able to get any sleep, the image of the dreadful animal always coming upon him in such a variety of modes of attack as to produce a terrible agitation of mind, that made him constantly jump up from the ground to defend himself. Three months elapsed before he could regain the power of sleep; but he never recovered from the injury inflicted on his nervous system; at the end of twenty-seven years he would start at any trifling noise, although he was originally a man of iron constitution.

Upon the outskirts of civilisation, adventures of a still more horrible kind are doubtless common enough, although we do not recollect one so strange, so impressive, so solitary in its life and death struggle, or so tragically protracted. The recklessness of human life which everywhere prevades the United States is especially observable in the Slave States. It is a part and parcel of the condition of humanity in these otherwise most miserable and degraded districts. The people are for the most part fatalists, and fatalists, too, of the most unreasoning and shallow class. They think that every bullet has its billet; that there are plenty of people to fill up the blanks; that what is, is—what is to be, is to be—that what was once, may be again—and so on. Their metaphysics are quite equal to their religion, which is made up of screams and objurgations. It is out of the fulness, or emptiness, of this *laissez aller* belief that all matters are so carelessly managed, on the management of which the security of human life depends. Hence all the frightful accidents by land and water—boilers bursting, steamboats blowing up, and railway carriages running off their lines. Add to this culpable indifference to results, the national thirst for gain, and you have an American hybrid of the true national character. When Mr. Featherstonhaugh was at Louisville, he was anxious to go to St. Louis by water. There was a steamer which pretended every day to be ready to start, the captain setting the 'byler' a going to make decoy steam to entice passengers to send their luggage on board. The delay thus occasioned, fortified by an inconceivable variety of lies and imprecations, was bad enough; but this was not all; there came carts with merchandize to the

beach, and, amongst the rest, several casks of gunpowder. The captain swore he would not take any of them, especially the gunpowder, by receiving which he would in fact vitiate his insurance. He protested, with all sorts of oaths, that he would start the next morning. But in the middle of the night he took all the gunpowder on board, and stowed it away in the fore-castle, not far from the furnace. Mr. Featherstonhaugh discovered this, and charged him with it. Nothing could be cooler than the audacious insolence with which he invoked every sort of perdition upon his soul, if there was a grain of gunpowder on board; and even carried his monstrous impudence so far as to offer a thousand dollars in specie for every grain that could be discovered. Here was a fellow who would risk his whole cargo, his own life, and the lives of all his passengers for the sake of a trifling freight. Such things are of ordinary occurrence, or there would be no interest in noting this particular case. It is an illustration of national character—the recklessness, the lie, the fraud, the bluster.

They seem to court destruction in their steamers, over which no wholesome control is ever dreamt of being exercised by the local authorities or the state legislature. The sovereign people will brook no interference with their will and pleasure. Why should they not blow themselves up if they choose?

“Any fellow with the slightest knowledge of machinery sets up for an engineer; no certificate is required of his ability, and if he will serve for a low price, the lives of the parties on board are at once entrusted to him. The steamers go by high pressure; and when the engineer and captain are two-thirds drunk—which often happens in the small steamers—they drive the steamer as fast as she will go, and sometimes load the safety-valve to terrify the passengers.”

We can discern no very material difference between such modes of showing contempt for human life, and the savage perils by which it is voluntarily jeopardised in remoter districts—and even in Kentucky itself. It is of little consequence whether a man is blown up by the explosion of a boiler, or assassinated in the street, so long as the authorities do not consider it necessary to interfere either for prevention or punishment.

Let us invite the reader to follow us into the territory of Arkansas, where the system of duelling is practised, at the height of all conceivable transatlantic ferocity. The blood-thirsty circles of society in this place carry off the palm of butchery. If you desire to see murder cultivated as a pastime, you must visit the pleasant town of Little Rock, situated at the bank of the Arkansa.

Little Rock is the principal town of Arkansas, a territory lying on the confines between Texas and America, which, not being yet

sufficiently populated to be admitted to the dignity of a federal state, remains under the immediate protection of the general government, as a *quasi* colony. In consequence of this peculiar condition of independence, Arkansas has become a sort of Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like, who, flying from the inconvenient inquisition of the laws they had outraged, take refuge in this happy district where they may enjoy the luxury of lawlessness to their heart's content. This is precisely the spot to draw out in full the national genius for gouging, stabbing, and shooting, elsewhere more or less restrained by the presence of a larger population. Arkansas is the head-quarters of Bowieism; and Little Rock, the centre from whence the 'code of honour,' radiates over the province. The town is tolerably well laid out, with a few brick houses, and more wooden ones, a great number of lawyers and doctors—the one to fan the litigious spirit of the people, and the other to dress their wounds—with a total population of five or six hundred souls. The great sign of American civilisation—the *cheap* newspaper—is here conspicuous; for, with a population which, in England, could not support a printer of occasional hand-bills, this town of Little Rock has no less than three cheap journals, which, says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, are not read, but devoured by every body. Yet these people who consume such an enormous quantity of scandal and political vituperation, are never known to indulge in any other species of reading. Probably there is no such thing in the whole territory of Arkansas as a Bible. Mr. Featherstonhaugh never saw one.

The newspaper-office is the grand rendezvous. The worthy person who edits the principal gazette, is also a store-keeper and post-master; and at his store the bloods and bullies of the town constantly assemble—broken tradesmen, refugees from justice, and travelling gamblers. The lively emotions these gentlemen contrive to produce in the town of Little Rock, may be partly comprehended from the following passage:

"A common practice with these fellows was to fire at each other with a rifle across the street, and then dodge behind a door; every day groups were to be seen gathered round these wordy bullies, who were holding knives in their hands, and daring each other to strike, but cherishing the secret hope that the spectators would interfere. At one time they were so numerous and over-bearing, that they would probably have overpowered the town, but for the catastrophe which befel one of their leaders, and checked the rest for a-while."

The congregation of these desperadoes at the editor's store became at last an intolerable nuisance to him; for, although American editors are not quite so particular upon points of quietude and

temperament as their European brethren, yet they require some exemption from the vulgar lot of the street-stabbing uproarious commonalty to whose passions they minister so satisfactorily. Our Little Rock editor determined to put a stop to the tumultuous encroachments of the gang of sanguinary dandies. Of course he was dared on the threshold of his own house, a scuffle ensued, and he killed his man. The public favoured the editor on this occasion, and at the time of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's visit, he was one of the most popular men in the place. It is quite a matter of luck how a gentleman gets out of a murder in America. Sometimes he is massacred by the mob—but more generally canonised and elected into the States' legislature.

Out of the whole population there are hardly *twelve* inhabitants who ever go into the streets without being armed with pistols or large hunting knives, about a foot long, and an inch-and-a-half broad. 'These formidable instruments,' says our author, 'with their sheaths mounted in silver, are the pride of an Arkansan blood, and got their name of bowie-knives from a conspicuous person of this fiery climate.' Amongst other illustrations of the red-hot temper of the people, Mr. Featherstonhaugh relates a story of two persons who, without any quarrel, except of that brutal kind which originates in pure wanton aggression, fought a duel after a fashion which, even in America, must have been regarded as something extraordinary. They were placed in a room totally dark, from which every glimpse of light was carefully excluded, stripped to the skin, except their trousers, their arms and shoulders well greased, and a brace of loaded pistols and a bowie-knife given to each. A signal was to be given from the outside before the butchery began; but a quarter of an hour elapsed after the signal before the slightest noise was heard. The two men were cowering and glaring in the dark, suppressing their breath, and watching their advantage. All of a sudden a pistol went off, then another, then two more. The survivor afterwards stated that becoming faint from loss of blood, he stumbled against the wall and fell. The other approached stealthily with his bowie-knife to despatch him. The prostrate man clutched his knife, raised himself, listened, but could hear nothing. At last he saw a pair of cat-like eyes gleaming through the darkness—he lifted his knife with a desperate effort and stuck it into the heart of his opponent. When the door was opened and the seconds entered, they found the survivor still holding his knife up to the hilt in the dead man's body!

Such horrible examples of unmitigated ferocity ought not to be quoted against the morality or social civilisation of any country, unless, as in the case of these States, they are not exceptionable, but ordinary illustrations of the habits of the people. Extraordinary duels in former periods have taken place in England—such

as the duel between Buckingham and Shrewsbury—surrounded by circumstances of peculiar heartlessness or bravado; but, in no instance in our annals, or in the annals of any country in Europe, can there be traced, even standing out solitarily from the chronicles of the most brutalised chivalry, an example of that fierce and reckless spirit which is common to the duels of America, in greater or lesser degrees of intensity.

There is another peculiarity worth noting in these duels; over and above their mere criminal ferocity. It is this, that they generally take place in the open streets, and ordinarily on the Sabbath day, because we presume, it is the idle day when the victim is to be sure to be met with lounging at his door, or smoking in perfect unconsciousness of impending danger. This would be incredible, if we had not the best authority for the facts themselves in the daily papers of the Union, and if the character of the society out of which these atrocities spring, were not authenticated by a cloud of witnesses. Gamblers and swindlers of the most notorious description, pouring out of such districts as Arkansas and the neighbouring state of Texas, to both of which the hunted criminals of America in turn fly for shelter, spread themselves over the face of the country, and are to be met at all the fashionable watering-places, and in the principal towns and cities, passing themselves off as officers in the British army, sometimes as Spaniards or Germans, but always as something superfine, with a strange dazzling title to catch the grovelling circles upon whose credulity they trade and thrive. A clique of these ruffians went on board a steamer at Arkansas in which Mr. Featherstonhaugh had taken his place. His description of them will enlighten the English reader.

“ Rushing into the cabin, all but red-hot with whiskey, they crowded round the stove and excluded all the old passengers from it as much as if they had no right whatever to be in the cabin. Putting on a determined bullying air of doing what they pleased because they were the majority, and armed with pistols and knives, expressly made for cutting and stabbing, eight inches long and an inch-and-a-half broad; noise, confusion, spitting, smoking, cursing, and swearing, drawn from the most remorseless pages of blasphemy, commenced and prevailed from the moment of this invasion. I was satisfied at once that all resistance would be in vain, and that even remonstrance might lead to murder; for a sickly old man in the cabin happening to say to one of them that there was so much smoke he could hardly breathe, the fellow immediately said, ‘ If any man tells me he don’t like my smoking I’ll put a knife into him.’ ”

The conduct of these infamous men was so degrading and offensive, that our author contemplated the alternative of being set on shore and taking a chance fate in the wild cane-brakes, rather

than have his senses polluted with the scenes he was compelled to witness; a resolution he would have carried into effect, but that he was over-ruled by the persuasions of a gentleman who happened to be on board.

That much of this vile and miserable depravity is to be referred to the existence of slavery in a country which possesses unbounded freedom of thought and action is obvious enough. The mere transition from a slave state to a free state is highly suggestive of the difference of morals, of social responsibility, of practical aims, and domestic virtues. The costume of the two classes of states presents a difference—the houses are different—even the very atmosphere seems clearer, purer, healthier. Mr. Featherstonhaugh touches upon this fact, which pressed itself upon his attention at a place where one would least look for such a contrast, passing out of the wealthy and handsome city of Louisville in Kentucky into the neighbouring village of Indiana.

“The change from a state where slavery exists, which it does in Kentucky, though in somewhat a mitigated form, to a state with a free population, is obvious here. In Indiana you see neat white women and their children, with here and there a free negro; and every thing is cleaner and tidier than in Tennessee and Kentucky. The mistress of the house and her daughters wait upon you at table, instead of the huge, fat, frowsy negresses, that in the slave states poison you with the effluvia from their skins, when they reach over to set any thing upon the table.”

All this is quite intelligible. It is easy to understand the difference liberty makes in the households of men, by the difference it makes in the objects of their ambition, their hopes, their toil. A free man is a responsible man. He belongs to a society that exacts from him the practical moral of a career of which he has himself the control and direction. Society exacts nothing from a slave but his labour. It forbids him to hope, to think, to nourish high desires, to look beyond the day and the lash, to hold himself answerable for any thing but his work. The responsibility thus thrown off the slave, leaves him a defenceless prey to animal passion, and sinks him into a machine. What is there to cherish in a slave state? What is there to induce refinement or repose, to encourage gentle sentiments, or moral worth? For whom is the ‘trim garden’ to be dressed, the cottage kept in order, the joyous feast spread on the smiling board? Where are the affections for which all this sacred care and divine beauty of life are to grow up?

Nothing can be more clear than the disastrous influence of slavery upon man in all stages of his progress. This question ought surely to be considered as finally decided by the almost unanimous voice of Christian Europe. In America it has become, like every thing else, reduced to a mere question of profit and loss. So long as

more money can be made by slaves than by freemen, all the arguments in the world will never drive the American planters from their position. The boast of the fellow who enters the bar of a tavern, flourishing his bowie-knife, and defying the brutal passions he is trying to exasperate, is an exact epitome of the planter's pride of position and possession: "I don't know whether you are the very beginning of men or not, but I've got 3000 acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, 150 negroes, and I reckon I can chaw up the best man in this room!" But this cannot last for ever.

The closer we come to inspect this monstrous crime of slavery, the more horrible it appears. We will follow some of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's practical experiences, as the best and shortest path to an exposition of the way in which slavery developes itself to the eyes of a traveller who has been educated in a just and righteous sense of human rights.

"Just as we reached New River, in the early gray of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start: they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night in *chains*, in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggons and single horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouack. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the land where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life to a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing, and smoking cigars.

"Whether these sentimental speculators were or were not—in accordance with the language of the American Declaration of Independence—in mourning "from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," or for their own callous inhuman lives, I could not but be struck with the monstrous absurdity of such fellows putting on any symbol of sorrow whilst engaged in the exercise of such a horrid trade; so wishing them in my heart all manner of evil, to endure as long as there was a bit of crape to be obtained, we drove on, and having forded the river in a flat-

bottomed boat, drew up on the road where I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by 'the gang,' as it was called."

The great piece of crape swathing the white-hat is a stroke of art. The notion that these monsters could mourn for any thing is curious in itself, and seems to be taken up as a set-off against the current practice of their lives. Perhaps it is only a decoy to make the world think that they are human, and that they are conscious of their humanity, and not unaware of mortality, nor unpitying when it comes. What a mass of hardened hypocrisy—bare-faced and shudderingly callous—is this whole institution of slavery!

The custom of driving the slaves in gangs through the country to the southern markets is not practised now to so great extent as it used to be. It was found to be attended with some risks. The drivers—the humane gentlemen with the crape on their hats—sometimes in the gloomy prairie, or on the borders of some mighty solitude, would take advantage of their delegated authority, and in a sublime spirit of wickedness, growing out of long impunity, inflict such outrages on the slaves as even their patient and suffering natures could not endure. And it has happened in such places and under such circumstances, where the eye of the Creator alone witnessed the retributive deed, that the manacled wretches have risen in their chains and slaughtered their tyrants out of sheer horror and despair. Aware of these instances, and always on the watch to guard against a recurrence of them, the drivers are especially careful when they come to lonely districts, or the passage of a river, skilfully endeavouring to stifle the feelings of the unfortunate negroes by feeding them well, and encouraging them to sing 'Old Virginny never tire' to the banjo!

At a subsequent part of his journey, Mr. Featherstonhaugh saw the gang encamped for the night in a forest. The scene is striking:

"Before we stopped for the night, but long after sunset, we came to a place where numerous fires were gleaming through the forest: it was the bivouac of the gang. Having prevailed upon the driver to wait half-an-hour, I went with Pompey, who was to take leave of us here,—into the woods, where they were all encamped. There were a great many blazing fires around, at which the female slaves were warming themselves; the children were asleep in some tents; and the males in chains were lying on the ground in groups of about a dozen each. The white men who were the partners of Pompey's master, were standing about with whips in their hands; and 'the complete,' was, I suppose, in her tent; for I judged, from the attendants being busy in packing the utensils away, that they had taken their evening's repast. It was a fearful and irritating spectacle, and I could not bear long to look at it."

But the reader ought to know this Pompey and his master—an explanation which will clear up to his entire contentment the mystery of the crape. Travelling by the stage-coach to Blountsville in Tennessee, our traveller found five persons in the inside, two South Carolinians, a stout man very insolent in his manner, and a strange-looking white man with a negro (our friend Pompey) sitting opposite to him. The white man, Pompey's master, was a queer tall animal, with dark black hair cut short like a methodist preacher, immense black whiskers, and features remarkably sharp, piratical and repulsive. His clothes were black, and his hat was white, with a huge broad brim, and a piece of crape that covered it almost to the top of the crown. From this goodly company, Mr. Featherstonhaugh experienced all kinds of annoyance and insult, which they carried so far as to exhibit their pistols and bowie-knives, throwing out broad hints that they 'weren't going to be put upon by no man,' and that 'leetle pitchers would carry water as well as big ones.' The end of all this was that Mr. Featherstonhaugh, finding himself at last grossly insulted by one of these fellows in the public room of an hotel where they rested for the night, and remembering some useful instructions he had received in his youth from Gentleman Jackson, knocked him down. There was a plunge for bowie-knives, but it was too late, and the impudent bravo was from that moment an altered man in his demeanour. The dark white man, his friend, affected for the rest of the journey a certain tone of style—spoke of Washington and glory—hinted about a niece and a barouche that was coming to meet him on the road—all in such a way as to provoke our traveller's curiosity. Mark the sequel.

"A vague idea had once or twice crossed my mind, that I had seen this man before, but where I could not imagine. On coming, however, to a long hill, where I got out to walk, I took occasion to ask the driver if he knew who the passenger was who had two barouches on before. 'Why,' said that man, 'don't you know it's Armfield, the negur-driver?' 'Negur-driver,' thought I, and immediately the mystery was cleared up. I remembered the white hat, the crape, the black short-cut round hair, and the barouches. It was one of the identical slave-drivers I had seen on the 6th of September, crossing his gang of chained slaves over New River. On re-entering the vehicle I looked steadily at the fellow, and recollecting him, found no longer any difficulty in accounting for such a compound of every thing vulgar and revolting, and totally without education. I had now a key both to his manners and the expression of his countenance, both of them formed in those dens of oppression and despair, the negro prisons, and both of them indicating his abominable vocation.

"As he had endeavoured to impose himself upon us for a respectable man, I was determined to let him know before we parted, that I had found him out; but being desirous first of discovering what was the source of that sympathy which united his hat with General Jackson, I

asked him plump who he was in mourning for. Upon this, drawing his physiognomy down to the length of a moderate horse's face, 'Marcus Layfeeyate,' (Marquis Lafayette) was his answer. 'Do you mean General Lafayette?' I inquired. 'I reckon that's what I mean,' said he. 'Why General Lafayette,' I replied, 'gloried in making all men free, without respect of colour; and what are you, who I understand are a negro-driver, in mourning for him for? Such men as you ought to go into mourning only when the price of black men falls. I remember seeing you cross your gang in chains at New River; and I should not be at all surprised if Lafayette's ghost was to set every one of your negroes free one of these nights.'"

Soon after this, the fellow, pretending to be taken suddenly ill, was glad to abandon the stage-coach, and stop at a tavern at the road-side. But Pompey remained, and from Pompey further particulars were gleaned concerning slavery and the slave-driver.

"Pompey now told us a great many things that served to confirm my abhorrence of this brutal land-traffic in slaves. As to his master, he said, he really thought he was ill; 'Master's mighty fond of ingeons,' said he, 'and de doctors in Alexandria tells him not to eat sich lots of ingeons; but when he sees 'em he can't stand it, and den he eats 'em, and dey makes him sick, and den he carries on just like a house on fire; and den he drinks brandy upon 'em, and dat makes him better; and den he eats ingeons agin, and so he keeps a carrying on.' From which it would appear, that the sum total of enjoyment of a negro-driver, purchased at such a profligate expense of humanity, is an unlimited indulgence in onions and brandy."

These are traits of character and evidences of a state of society which all humanity is interested in desiring to reform.

That a slave-driver should go into mourning at all, is a strange thing in itself. That he should recognise any thing so tender, any thing so sacred as human sorrow, is scarcely intelligible. But that he should go into mourning for Lafayette—the apostle of universal liberty—is not to be accounted for on any principle short of that mystical creed of citizenship which mixes stars and stripes in such ludicrous and tragical confusion.

There is another class of persons, besides the drivers, who earn a sort of professional livelihood by slavery. These fellows are associated in a fraternity, and contrive to make money by carrying on a system of frauds against the greatest fraud that was ever invented by the cunning of man. Their avocations consist in cheating the slave-owners, by what is called 'running a negro;' and one would be disposed to wish them all possible success in their human swindling, only that the poor negro who is thus 'run,' generally purchases his freedom with his life.

"To 'run a negro,' it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation; and if he is a mechanic, he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon, the slave runs

away from his master's premises, and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars, or more, to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid, he runs away again, and is sold a second time, and as often as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro, who does the harlequinade part of the manoeuvre, has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor devil, in the end, is sure to be cheated; and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity is, as I am well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river, or reaching a secret place, shot, before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with."

The variety of shapes in which slavery shows itself in America, are not calculated to lessen our abhorrence of its iniquity. At every turn where the traveller comes face to face with an instance, he finds a new reason for looking with increased aversion upon the system. We hear of no instance by which his objections are diminished or mitigated. On one occasion, the mail-coach from Charleston drives up with a male negro slave, about thirty years of age, *chained flat on the roof!*

"I had seen turtles," says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "and venison, and wild turkeys, and things of that sort, fastened to the top of a stage-coach before, but this was the first black man I ever saw arranged in that manner. Catching a glimpse of him as the stage drew up, I thought it was a bear or some other animal on its way to the larder; but in a few minutes they handed him down from the top, holding him by the end of his chain, exactly as if he had been a baboon, and then proceeded to hoist him to the top of the stage we were to travel in, and fasten him down there just as he had been before."

And inside this very coach was a white man chained, in the custody of a deputy sheriff!

In Texas the condition of the slave is much the same as that of the horse—"He performs," says our author, who treats all these matters with singular moderation, "his daily task, eats his changeless provender, and is driven into his stable at night, where he is shut in, until, at earliest dawn, he is called forth again to go through the same unpitied routine until he dies." Now slavery in Texas has generally been held up, in this country at least, as slavery in its 'mildest form'—as if any form of it could be mild. We may infer, therefore, what slavery is in America, where the 'institution' is based upon a grander foundation, where there is a larger amount of property invested in labour, and where, in the face of Christendom, the *principle*, not to speak of the *necessity*, of slavery, is attempted to be defended by something like argument.

Slave-owners who are liberal, or supposed to be liberal, on other subjects, are inveterate upon this, entering upon the defence of

slavery with a smack of patriotism and candour which might well make an European stare. Mr. Featherstonhaugh met with a South Carolinian of this caste—a very gentlemanly and intelligent man, who took up so curious a line of argument, that it really deserves to be set apart from the vulgar sophistry with which the subject is ordinarily mystified.

The North Carolinian insisted that slavery elevated the character of the master, and made him jealous of his own liberty [well it might!]¹—that the slave owner of the south was a *gentleman*, the dignity of which character was unknown in the northern states, where the division of property equally amongst children, compelled each to reconstruct his own fortune, by which a rapacious and trading spirit was necessarily generated amongst the people. This was not the case in South Carolina, where there was nothing to interrupt the repose and dignity of spirit essential to the formation of the gentleman.

This is the most original argument that ever was set up in defence of slavery—that it helps to make *gentlemen*. We once heard it significantly observed, that a despotism is the only government for a gentleman to live under. Our South Carolinian pushes the doctrine still further. The more perfect the power of despotism the more perfect the gentleman. The finished gentleman is the slave-driver.

How the low affectation, inseparable from habitual selfishness, betrays itself in this exulting burst of triumphant refinement. How slavery chuckles over trade—how the gentleman who traffics in human muscles scorns the sordid dealer in timber and provisions—how the gentleman in the open air, with the long whip in his hand, and his broad-brimmed hat, with weepers on it, despises the vulgar tradesman in his dusty store. This is the vice of the greater vulgarity backing up the congenial vice of slavery. The difference between the *gentleman* who lives upon the wear and tear of his fellow-men, and the *trader* who lives upon his own wear and tear, was never more clearly exemplified.

But you never hear one word about the humanity of the question from these people, who are so ready to vindicate its gentility. They look upon abolition, regarded as a matter of philanthropy, with unmixed contempt. There is nothing in their estimation lower in the scale of human reasoning than the attempt to justify manumission on benevolent principles. In short, they despise this sort of argument so utterly that they will not listen to it at all. They do wisely. They know the danger of contesting the institution of slavery on any other grounds than those of force, of legal right, and vested interests.

How slavery is to be argued as a mere question of property we frankly confess we know not. If a man says to us, this slave is

my property, and you have no more right to give him his freedom than to rob me of my horse or my dog; we acknowledge we should be very much puzzled to know how to deal with him, otherwise than by ascending to the original source of all human possessions, and denying that man has or can have any such property in his fellow man. If the slave-owner refuse to follow us into that argument, which is properly preliminary to his own assumption, there is an end to the discussion. We must fight the battle on some other ground.

It is a common alternative amongst the slave-owners in America to fling upon Great Britain the original odium of planting slavery in the colonies. They say—"You, not we, originated this slavery. We have inherited it from the mother country." But if they quote the example of Great Britain in establishing slavery, why do they not imitate her example in abolishing it? If Great Britain be responsible, as no doubt she is, for planting slavery in America, she was also the first to show the world the magnanimous example of atonement for a great offence. Why does America imitate her only in the crime? To find slavery in a country is one thing—to perpetuate it another. But it is still worse to keep up a system of strict and unrelenting oppression under a lying declaration of republicanism and the rights of man.

But it is said that slavery is a different institution in America from that which it is found to be elsewhere. We have never been able to discover the difference. We are rather disposed to regard it, under all circumstances, the affectation of freedom, the pretence of gentility, the wholesale hypocrisy and falsehood of its advocates, as being considerably worse in America than in any other place on the face of the habitable globe.

In other places slavery is what it professes to be; and the eyes of mankind are upon it. In America it is not, and the world is deceived. In other places slavery subsists under slave laws, by which it is fenced round and in some way guarded and organised; in America it flourishes rankly in the midst of free institutions. This is appalling. The slave looks on at freedom, which he may not enjoy; he sees the stream ripple past him, but dare not quench his burning thirst!

Publicly repudiating the traffic in slaves, it is yet very well known that the slave trade is carried on with impunity in the heart of the southern states. No slaves are imported from Africa, we believe; but they are bought and sold within the slave states like cattle—*under the rose*. The great demand for slaves in the teeming lowlands of Louisiana has increased their value, and they have risen in price from 500 to 1000 dollars. How is this demand supplied? By buying up refractory slaves from other states—by purchasing them out of gaol—by making bargains privately with

the insolvent planters of Virginia, and so stocking the rich cotton and sugar grounds out of the surplus labour of the old exhausted soils. Yet all this is done in the face of a public protest against the slave trade; and the very men under whose secret auspices, and for whose benefit it is done, are ready to swear that there is no such thing from one end of America to the other as a trade in slaves. To be sure, men who are capable of trading in slaves may easily be supposed capable of denying it on oath. Every body remembers how indignant Mr. Stevenson, the ambassador, was with Mr. O'Connell for calling him a slave-breeder.

But this question, which we are not allowed to discuss on its abstract merits, is rapidly bringing itself to bear in a shape which will admit of no further argument or delay. If the slave-owner will listen neither to threats nor remonstrances, and can neither be bought up nor persuaded, there is no doubt he must listen at last to the roar of the tempest that is fast accumulating in masses over his head. In other words, if he will not listen to white reason, he must listen to black force. The negro population at this moment amounts to upwards of two millions—the question speedily to be solved in the Southern States is—Which race shall predominate? It is a fearful question to contemplate in this form, but to this form and to this end the planters are forcing it by their selfishness and obstinacy.

In running through these clever and entertaining volumes, we have, as we promised in opening, confined ourselves to the social traits developed here and there by our intelligent traveller; but it is proper to inform the reader that he will find much more matter of the same kind in the work, besides a variety of curious and interesting sketches concerning the people and the resources of the soil. The publication is honourable alike to the judgment and the feelings of the writer; and may be truly ranked amongst the most impartial works that have ever appeared upon the subject of America and her institutions.

The few points upon which we have touched will justify our general impression of American character. We have no desire to exaggerate these peculiarities, and should be heartily glad of a fair excuse to refuse all credit to them. But what other opinions can any reasonable and unprejudiced looker-on entertain, while such proofs of coarseness and rudeness, ferocity and fraud, hypocrisy and meanness, exist in America as are to be found at the White Sulphur Springs, in the steamers on the Ohio and the Mississippi, in the hotels, north, east, south, and west, in the brigandage of Arkansas, and the Lynch law of Missouri—all, too, infusing their various characteristics through the rest of the Union?

ART. VI.—*Erziehungs und Unterrichts-lehre*. Von Dr. FRIEDRICH EDWARD BENEKE. (Theory of Education.) 2 Bände. 8vo. 2te Auflage. Berlin. 1842.

'Tis now within a few months of a full century, since 'on the margin of fair Zurich's waters' was born the great apostle of regenerated pædagogy in modern times—Henry Pestalozzi; and Pestalozzi, if German Switzerland is a part of Germany, was a German. This man, indeed, was not the first German, whose healthy instinct had brought him as an educator directly in contact with living nature, making a breach in the hard wall of separation between the school and the world, which the 'humanists' with their stone and lime classics so long doggedly upheld: the pious Francke in Halle, Salzmann, Rochow, and Bazedow, had preceded him; but Pestalozzi was the first who caused the word 'education,' like a new gospel, to thrill through Europe, and made the little town of Yverdon, with its old castle, as famous in the moral world, as Paris, with its bastiles and butcheries, was in the political. Since his day much has been done for the good cause in many places; but amidst all the echoing of famous educational names at home and abroad, it requires no very nice-discerning judgment of the ear to know that Germany has been, and is, the key-note of the song. 'Das pædagogische Deutschland' is the name of one of Diesterweg's books; one might apply this appellation to the whole country—'pædagogic Germany,'—and, adopting an idea of Wolfgang Menzel, suggest, that instead of an eagle, the arms of the nation (when the *nation* appears), should be a goose, with a professor standing beside as a supporter, and plucking a quill out of its wing; for truly, as a shrewd observer once said, when we trace matters to the fountain head, 'Deutschland is governed by its universities much more than by its princes.' We do not here intend to stir the discussion which Herr Huber's recent work* provokes, whether the German gymnasia or the great English schools are the best: but as a country, no man we suppose of common information will be disposed to deny that not Prussia only, but the whole of Germany, is much better supplied with education, both as regards quantity and quality, than Great Britain. This being

* It is a common remark that love goes by contrast as much as by similarity. So Milton's favourites, among the ancient poets, were Euripides and Ovid, men in every respect the reverse of himself; and Professor Huber, in his work on 'the English Universities,' (English by Newman, 3 vols., 1843,) seems to have set himself the task of championing these institutions through thick and thin, for no other reason than that they are in all respects precisely the reverse of the corresponding institutions in his own country.

the case, it is only natural to expect that German literature should exhibit the greatest number of original and standard works on education: that these indefatigable workers in the prolific world of books should have reduced their manifold experience in this matter to some system of generally recognised and universally available principles: that in fact pædogy in these latter days should constitute with them a new science, as political economy does amongst ourselves. Here, in England, indeed, where it has long been the practice to make any body a schoolmaster, and to make no very particular demands on the energy or eloquence of professors, the claims of the science of teaching *a b c* or *alpha, beta, gamma*, to a place in the learned roll, may not be very distinctly understood; but a French statesman, who knows something about the matter, speaks in very different language. 'The science of education,' says he, 'is an essential branch of moral and political philosophy, and, like all other departments of science worthy of that name, it has need of being surrounded by the light of experience; and to avoid the danger of being misled by fantastic theories, we must lose no opportunity of obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the various systems of education that are followed by all great civilised nations.*' We shall therefore say that the Germans have done well to erect 'pædagogik' into the dignity of a separate science; and that their voluminosity in this department is at once a sign of their past, and a prophecy of their future progress in the noble art of which this science deduces the principles, and systematises the rules. Let us now see what Herr Beneke has got to say.

The Berlin professor commences, as an English one would do, with a 'Vorrede' (a preface); from that he goes on to an 'Einleitung' (a leading into—an introduction); and this 'Einleitung,' extending over 101 pages, starts in the true German style, with a 'Grundbegriff,' or fundamental notion of what education is. In the preface to the first edition, which was published in 1834, we are informed that 'while in the first decennium of the present century the indefatigable diligence and the sound judgment of Nie-meyer, the nice practical tact and the fine human warmth of Schwartz, the piercing perspicacity of Herbart, and Jean Paul's sparkling combinations, had, in close succession, done much for the science of pædogy, and since that time many treatises on separate branches had appeared, still, in respect of scientific completeness, no work on education had issued from the German press.' This fact concerns us little, but the alleged cause of it is worth our hearing. 'The science of pædogy,' says the

* Cousin on 'Education in Holland,' by Leonhard Horner. London, 1838.

professor, 'depends altogether on the science of psychology; it is, in fact, only the application of psychology, as astronomy, projectiles, and other branches of natural philosophy, are the application of mathematics. But in Germany, for the last twenty years, psychology, or the experimental science of mind, has been almost altogether neglected. Our high soaring countrymen allowed themselves to be carried off their legs by the Bacchantic whirl of speculation; and transported now into one system and now into another, by help of which they hoped at last to gain that sublime point from which they might be able 'die Welt und Gott in ihrem innersten Wesen zu erfassen und zu construiren' to comprehend and to construct the world and God in their inmost substance; from this position they considered themselves entitled to look down with contempt on experience and such experimental sciences as Psychology and Education. But now,' continues the professor, 'we have boxed the compass of abstract thought, and are content to learn wisdom, like other fools, from *experience*.' Our high flown Hegelian and Schellingian philosophers condescend to take a lesson from Locke, and Bacon, and the schoolmaster abroad. Now this, if it be true, (as we know from divers signs it is,) is the best news we have heard from Germany for a long time. There are to be no more Hegels in Berlin. The last one died of the cholera in 1832. The Germans are going to be practical. They are about to traverse the intellectual, as they are even now doing the physical, world, with something tangible—with railroads. They are going to write sentences that have a beginning and an end, and to billow out thoughts whose depths may be sounded. This is very good. Let the duty be taken off to-morrow, that we may all buy German books.

Having in his introduction based pædagoggy upon the fundamental principles of psychology,* our author divides the whole subject with great judgment into two parts. The doctrine of 'education' (Erziehungs-lehre), and the doctrine of 'instruction' (Unterrichts-lehre). This is the favourite distinction made by that excellent educationist, Mr. Stow, in Glasgow. To instruct, says the northern philanthropist, 'is comparatively an easy matter; a retail dealing in special commodities, a dexterous juggling with so many balls; but in order to educate, you must not merely instruct, but you must *train*; to have an educational system at all, it must be a 'training system.' This is what the inquisitive traveller will find written in large letters in the lobby of the Normal school of

* It may be many. He is a novelty

, that Professor Bencke has published several ; have attracted considerable attention in Germany the practical and experimental school; and this

Glasgow ; and to the same purpose the German tells us that *instruction* deals almost exclusively in mere intellectual notions or exercises of external dexterity, while *education* has mainly to do with the formation of the character through the emotions.' There is nothing new in this, certainly ; but it is a great and important truth ; a mere *teacher* does not do half his work : he must work on the heart and on the habits, as well as on the head of his pupils. A brain is not the only part of a boy ; and his brain is a thing of living growth and arborescence, not an empty box which an adult can furnish with labelled tickets of various arts and sciences, and then say—my work is done, behold an educated young gentleman ! Herr Beneke, then, proceeds to divide the ' *Erziehungs-lehre* ' into three great branches : the training of the intellectual powers, consciousness, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, &c. ; the training of the moral, religious, and æsthetical emotions, and the training of the body, or what we commonly call physical education. This exhausts the first volume. The second volume systematises the ' *Unterrichts-lehre* ,' or theory of instruction, in the following order. 1. General views and bearings. 2. Comparative value of the different subjects of instruction. 3. General view of the most famous methods of instruction. 4. View of the special methods for the different subjects. 5. The different sort of schools. 6. The organisation and administration of schools.

From this short outline of the comprehensive contents of the present volumes, the reader will see at once that it would be in vain for us to attempt any thing like a separate discussion of the whole subjects embraced. Under the single head of ' methods of instruction,' for instance, Pestalozzi alone, and his influence, direct and indirect, on all the modern improvements in pædagogy, would furnish matter for a separate discussion no less curious than instructive ; then there are Bell and Lancaster, men most wise of all mortals to transmute a sorry necessity, on occasions, into a sovereign virtue : in the teaching of languages again how much might be said in commendation of Hamilton and others, who, though not philosophers of the very highest class, have at least had sense enough to see that, in the art of imitating sounds, a reasoning man may not be ashamed to take a lesson from an unreasoning parrot ; and last of all we have Jacotot, a man splendidly made, as Frenchmen are apt to be, with one idea, but in whose one idea ; as in all fresh natural ideas, there is an essential truth, which those will certainly find who have toleration enough to exclude nothing from its proper place in the world, and discrimination enough to know where that place is. But there is a wide question, before the discussion of the methods of instruction : and it is one on which

the practical educationists in this country are more disagreed perhaps than on any other. *What* are you to teach the little boys? Are you to rate their intellectual proficiency by a Latin rudiments and qui, quæ, quod merely, as they do in Aberdeen? or are you to teach them with Biber, to build up castles of cubes architecturally that they may see before them in solid incarnation, the

great algebraic mystery $a+b=a^2+2 a b+b^2$?—or) are you to set them rambling through the fields, and wading through the bogs, that they may finger stamens and pistils, and learn that what was once called a geranium is now called a pelargonium, and that a water-lily is no lily at all, but a *nymphaea alba*, or *lutea* as the case may be? Are you to teach this or that or the other, or all the three? These are questions about which all men who philosophise on the subject are not quite agreed; and even when they are agreed, they may beat the air, how often with unapproachable blasts of truth: but there is an army of pedants that have battering rams. To repeat all these blasts, and to encounter the strokes of these battering rams in formal array, and in pitched battle, cannot be our object here; we shall merely, by a few extracts, endeavour to let our readers know how Herr Beneke reconciles the combatants. He has done it, to our judging, with admirable tact: he has given a verdict in favour of both parties; the Humanists and Realists (as the two great educational parties are called in Germany*) are not only tolerated but encouraged; and while each is taught that it is for its own benefit to borrow as much from the other as may be, both are advised for the maintenance of their independent existence, to keep themselves separate: for they have different objects, and belong to different spheres. This is an important catholic truth in education by no means sufficiently recognised in this country; and therefore we particularly request the reader's attention to what follows.

What you are to teach your children, says the professor, depends altogether on what they are meant for: in other words, according to their probable future destiny in life ought to be their present preparation for the business of life in the schools. Now if we take a survey of the different classes of persons claiming education from the state, we shall find that there are three classes, whose position in society, and vocation in life, are so distinct that they do not admit of receiving a well calculated course of education in common. There are, in the first place, those who are destined with material means to work on matter—labourers and artisans: these receive an education fitted for their wants in a

* Corresponding to the classical ascendancy and useful knowledge parties among ourselves.

separate class of schools called in Germany 'Volksschulen,' or schools of the people. Then, above these, there is a large class of men whose destiny it is to work on the same external world, but by intellectual means; thus a mason works on stone and lime with his hand, an architect with his mind. Those who are in this position are educated in schools of their own, called 'Mittelschulen' or 'Bürgerschulen,' middle schools, as being placed midway between the 'Volksschulen,' and the third class that we are about to mention; 'Bürgerschulen,' because the mass of those who in commercial and manufacturing cities belong to the 'Bürger' or citizen class will, under a well-ordered system, find their most appropriate education in these schools. Lastly, there is a class of persons in society whose high privilege it is to work by mind upon mind; to this class, statesmen, clergymen, teachers of youth, literary and scientific men of all kinds belong. For those who are destined to put forth their energies in this sphere, a higher, more extensive, and more speculative education, is necessary. For such the 'Gymnasia' or 'Gelehrte Schulen' are open; and open not as a finishing school, but merely as an introduction to the universities.

This threefold division of the great public schools in Germany being distinctly in his eyes, the reader will now be prepared to appreciate the justice of the author's reasoning in the following extract. The question discussed is a much controverted one in Germany, but not less so among ourselves. 'Whether in schools destined for the sons of the middle classes, in the 'Bürgerschulen,' the learned languages, and especially the Latin, ought to be admitted as a subject of instruction.' Herr Beneke answers decidedly, 'No' and for the following reasons:

"Those who advocate the claim of the learned languages are wont to bring this forward in the first place, that our modern intellectual culture is historically so intimately connected with antiquity, that into any thorough course of education, going beyond the claims of mere necessity, at least one of the ancient languages ought to be admitted. But the answer to this is evident; our intellectual culture in modern times has made itself gradually more and more free from the influence of ancient literature, in such a manner as that it is now able to stand on its own merits and in a position altogether independent. Those, indeed, whose position in the social system calls upon them to know and to teach, not only what the world now is and ought to be, but also how it came to be, what it is, and through what strange mutations and metamorphoses it has passed, may, nay must, go back to the original germs and far-withdrawn beginnings of things: but for such as mean only to work on the prepared foundation of modern society, and whose activity is principally directed to the external relations of life, such laborious pilgrimages into the remote past are neither necessary nor expedient. It is to be

particularly observed, also, that the ancients, however high they stand in literature and philosophy, are in those branches of science which are most useful to the classes we now speak of, particularly defective; in mathematics and natural history and physics, the staple of a good Bürger education, we can learn little from the ancients that will repay the trouble of studying them; and the little that may be learned, is to be learned by him only who is at once a man of profound science, a philosopher, and a scholar, not certainly by a merchant, an agriculturist, or an engineer.

"As little weight are we disposed to allow the argument that Latin ought to be taught in the Bürger-schools as a sort of preparation and test for those who may possibly be advanced from those schools to the gymnasia and the universities; for it is perverse and preposterous for the sake of one or two to miseducate the whole; and, besides this, an elementary instruction in Latin is by no means a thing peculiarly calculated to afford such a preparation and test as is supposed. Many a boy will make admirable proficiency in Latin vocables and paradigms merely because he is too dull and stupid for any thing more intellectual; dead words and formulas will find a ready entrance where the lack of strong vital pulsations leaves the chambers of the brain empty. There are many better ways of judging of a boy's aptitude for the higher branches of learning than by forcing him to tack a few Latin sentences together; and if parents have so miscalculated their son's inclinations and capacities as to send him to a Bürger-school, when he ought to have been sent to a gymnasium, they must just take the consequences and go back to the starting point.

"But the Latin language, we are told further, is in many views the only proper basis of all knowledge. To this I answer directly,—name the branch of knowledge to the attainment of which Latin is *now* essential, to which Latin is to such an extent the key, that the profit to be obtained will stand in an intelligible relation to the labour expended? That many technical phrases in the different sciences are derived from the Latin, is an argument that scarcely can be advanced seriously. These phrases can easily be explained etymologically as they occur; and besides, this reason, if it were any reason at all, would be a much stronger plea for the introduction of Greek than of Latin into the education of a German merchant or engineer. As for what is commonly said that the Latin is the root of most modern languages, and must, therefore, be studied, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of these, there is a practical fallacy in this too obvious to demand any laboured refutation. The time spent in the Latin preparation for learning the modern languages, might have been as well spent in learning the languages themselves. The bulk of the language, that is to say, the vocables, can be taken up as readily in an English, or a Spanish, as in a Roman shape. And what should we say of the man who, when building a house, first throws away all his money on a magnificent threshold, and then finds that he has been laboriously constructing an entry to nothing? Such

is the wisdom of many of those who learn Latin that they may with the greater ease learn French, Spanish, and Italian.

"The next argument is that drawn from the more formal side of the question. Latin, it is urged, however useless as an acquisition, is so admirable as a mental discipline that it cannot be exchanged for any other subject of study that might seem more directly to bear upon the education of the 'Bürger' class. But here also, unfortunately, the advocates of classical ascendancy are found sadly at fault. No well-instructed educationist will deny the superior virtues of the ancient languages as instruments of mental discipline; but this discipline is most beneficial in the higher steps of advancement, when the spirit of ancient literature begins to be breathed sensibly upon the soul of the student; the mere external elements of language, and the simple combinations of syntax, have comparatively little power in training the intellect; can achieve nothing that may not be attained in a far superior degree by the study of the mother tongue and foreign languages.

"But, continue the Latinists, granting all this, is not the learning of the Latin language, if nothing more, at least one of the best exercises for improving the memory that the circle of school instruction presents? This argument is the weakest of all. For to exercise the memory on that which does not materially advance the understanding is surely any thing but wise; and then considering how rich the materials are which modern science presents for exercising, nay, severely trying the retentive powers of the mind, what need is there that we should resort to the artificial machinery of the vocables of a dead tongue? There is a danger, moreover, that by overtaxing the memory with extraneous things (which Latin words certainly are in a Bürger-school) a general distaste to learning may be generated in the minds of the scholars. And, after all, it is a great mistake in psychology to suppose, that there is any abstract faculty of memory which can be improved by exercise: memory is improved by exercise, not absolutely, but only in the particular direction of the exercise; and so it may be that the improvement of the memory in the direction of the dead languages, however great, may, to all the effects and purposes which belong to the educated modern Bürger, be worse than fruitless."

Latin, therefore, is to be altogether excluded from the Bürger-schools, in the opinion of Herr Beneke; and the Berlin professor, it is instructive to see, merely systematises the current opinion of a great class of intelligent citizens in our commercial and manufacturing cities. These men have long been convinced that the old grammar-schools, in which Latin and Greek are exclusive or preponderant, however useful as preparatory palæstræ for philosophising clergymen and gentlemen with a large library, are not the schools for them; and they have, accordingly, in Glasgow and elsewhere, taken various steps, more or less successful, to hunt down the pedantic old autocracy of the Humanists. This is

good; but it does not, therefore, follow, as some eager innovators will have it, that Homer and Virgil are to be banished from our public schools altogether, and steam-engines and calculating machines substituted in their place. *Μη γένοιτο!*—Let it not be!—Let us not snap cruelly the golden chain that has so long and so pleasantly bound us to the past!—Let us not unbridge the mystic gulf of centuries profanely!—Let Virgil and Homer live, as good things, and among the best, for those who have time and capacity to ‘drink deep of the Pierian spring,’ that never yet gave strength to shallow bibbers. How this is to be done, we have already, we think, sufficiently indicated. Let Latin and Greek be reserved for a higher class of schools, for the *gymnasias*; and let none be sent to begin Latin there who is not likely seriously to carry it out in the university. This is Herr Beneke’s opinion; and, however different the practice of good old England in many places may be, there can be no doubt it is a sound opinion. But we shall now hear at greater length how chivalrously our catholic-hearted educationist champions those very classics in the *gymnasia*, which in the *Bürger* schools he had so decidedly condemned.

“As to what they urge against the ancient languages, in the first place, that they are too far removed from our modern habits of thought, too strange, to interest or to edify us, I must be allowed to say, without meaning to say any thing paradoxical, that this very strangeness is precisely the thing that ought to invite our familiarity. For, while the classical student works himself sympathetically into the sentiments and manner of expression of the ancient world, he by this very act necessarily receives a mental expansion and a breadth of view that the study of no modern languages could have conferred; for in these last both the modes of thought and the matter coincide so much with our own that for the purpose of supplementing our intellectual deficiencies, they must ever be comparatively feeble. Besides, this greater contrast between the ancient habits of thought and the modern has a strong virtue to stir the interest, and to fix the attention; an ancient author, even where he is only second or third rate, is infinitely more suggestive than a modern, merely because he is ancient; it is by the strong power of contrast that we most readily learn to compare: and in the habit of extended comparison and faithful deduction the art of philosophising consists.

“In the second place: if it be a more difficult task to attain an available knowledge of the ancient languages than of the modern, this difficulty also is an advantage. It has been and is the most perverse of all methods of proceeding in education, to think only how we may make all as easy as possible for the learner. Knowledge of any kind is easily taken up and appropriated only in proportion as it is superfluous when the time for instruction commences, the time for play is over, and the time for intellectual exertion is come; and it is the business

of the teacher so to select and apportion the objects of teaching that they may afford a course of gymnastics to the learner. Instead, therefore, of inventing methods to make study easy, some talk might be expected to be made of the best art of inventing difficulties. Now there are few studies that present such a complete course of intellectual gymnastics as the study of ancient literature. We do not speak here of the mere external elements of ancient literature—the lexicographical and grammatical frame-work—all this we most willingly give up to the objector, as by no means peculiarly fitted either to expand or to strengthen the mind ; and the more such merely mechanical processes, can be facilitated and accelerated, the better. But the sacrifice which we make in mastering the mere externals of ancient learning, is more than compensated by the developing power which they possess in so eminent a degree when duly followed out. Those compositions which can be had without any great demands on our intellectual activity, flit across our minds superficially, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Take, for example, any historical or poetical work in our mother tongue or in any modern language. Spurred on by an interest in the subject we drive rapidly forward from one point of prominence to another ; but this very celerity of progress, which is so pleasant, prevents us from thoroughly grasping and detaining the characters and events as they pass before us ; at the end of our movement there remains but an imperfect shadowy outline of what we have read : and in a short time even this shadowy outline vanishes. The same thing happens with the mere style and manner of expression. We may pause, perhaps, for a moment over this and the other passage peculiarly pointed and impressive ; but in general we are in too great a hurry to receive any distinct impression from the beauties of style ; or will not dwell on a passage long enough to know in what its rhetorical excellence consists. And if this be so with grown up men, how much more must it be the case with young persons whose minds are so disposed to triviality and dissipation. It is the duty of the teacher, therefore, rather to put a drag on the light and rattling spirits of youth than to pioneer the road too smoothly before them. Now this salutary drag on the precipitancy of youthful minds is exactly what the ancient languages are so well calculated to supply. While the scholar is laboriously employed in constructing piecemeal a historical, poetical, or rhetorical whole, from the biographies of a Plutarch, the tragedies of a Sophocles, or the orations of a Demosthenes, he is forced to expend as much intellectual strength on a single elementary trait as he does on a whole work in the mother tongue, or on a whole comparison in any modern tongue ; and in this way both the matter and the manner of the thing read are appropriated and assimilated in a way most conducive to a healthy reproduction on the part of the receiver, and to a free development of the higher powers of reflection on the phenomena of the intellectual world.

“ But it is not only that ancient literature by power of contrast is more suggestive to us moderns ; there is, at the same time, a simplicity of character both in the thoughts and in the manner of expression of the ancients that is more readily appreciable by the youthful mind than

the more complex relations of our modern development. The works of the ancients, are a mirror of the childhood and boyhood of humanity: our children and boys now understand these works by a natural sympathy, better than our men. There is too much reflection and philosophising of all kinds in modern literature for the juvenile taste; there is something more elementary and immediate, more fresh, and, as it were, transparent among the ancients. The ancient world also presents something more self-contained, less straggling and involved than the moderns. If the approach to the view be, as we have admitted, more laborious, the objects, when they fairly start out from the mist, are more tangible and more comprehensible.

"This holds true of ancient literature in a triple sense: it is true of the grammatical combinations in the first place (compare Herodotus, for instance, in this respect, with Hume or Gibbon); it is no less true of the forms which art assumed in the hands of antiquity; the ancient Epos, the ancient tragedy, and the ancient eloquence and philosophy, are nearer to the mind of young persons in modern times than works of the same class in our own tongue; and it is true, finally, of the matter of the classics as well as of their style, of the characters of the various relations of life, social and political. The distance in point of time between an ancient and a modern is more than compensated to the young mind by the proximity in point of tone, and sentiment, and character. Ancient history, for example, how infinitely more simple than the modern! it is more the history in fact of individual men, or of separate groups and masses of men easily distinguishable; and the relations that occur between them are at the same time comparatively simple; the passions and the motives also of the historical characters (think only of the patriarchs in the book of Genesis, or the leaders in the Trojan war), are simpler and more kindred to the habits of thought and feeling that characterise young persons. Modern history, on the other hand, the nearer it comes to the young student in point of time, the farther it recedes from him in point of affinity; its complicated relations, its strange disguises, its state plots and counterplots, and diplomatic intrigues, may be made to envelop the youthful mind, but they can never mould it. In whatever light, therefore, we view the matter, ancient literature, when the scholar fairly enters into the spirit of it, affords a much more congenial nourishment for young minds than modern.

"It is to be observed, moreover, that this bond of connection which attaches us to the ancient mind, is not one of psychological relationship merely; it is essentially also an historical tie. Our whole modern culture is what it is in a great measure as a growth from the fertile soil of antiquity, and continues still to draw no inconsiderable part of its nourishment from the same source. As the modern languages can be grammatically comprehended only through the medium of the Latin out of which they sprung; so in tracing back the various branch streams of modern intellect we arrive, from whatever point we may have set out, always at the same two fresh fountains of Greece and Rome; so that if a man will not be content to receive traditionally, and by a blind in-

distinct, but strives with a full consciousness and a sympathetic reproduction to understand the modern mind, he can do so in no way at once so speedily and so thoroughly, as by beginning with the ancient. The food, which whether we will or no, we must receive from the ancients with shut eyes, a classical education enables us to adopt and to enjoy with open vision.

"Whatever truth there may be in these representations is independent altogether, it will be observed, of any mere external elegance and polish that may belong to the remains of ancient literature handed down to us. The advantages of which we have been talking result from the essential character of ancient works, in thought, and emotion, and expression: these advantages belong to them as products of the ancient mind, not as models of what is finished and satisfying in works of art. But when we consider further, that in addition to the simplicity and tangibility of their contents, and their less complex character generally, the works of the ancients stand unrivalled as models of chasteness and truth in art, we find ourselves provided with another and a most salutary check against looseness, ill-regulated luxuriance, and extravagance, by which the compositions of modern literature have too frequently been characterised. There is another matter, also, of no small importance in estimating the influence which the pattern specimens of ancient literature exert on the modern mind; on account of the different situation in which we are placed, and the different circumstances by which we are surrounded, there is much less danger of a slavish and passive imitation of antiquity, than there is in the case of a modern model. An ancient model will be admired, and exercise a beneficial influence on the taste of those who admire it; but as it does not excite, and is not meant to excite to any imitation of exactly the same kind, it seems to stimulate exertion without inciting a discouraging comparison. The classic models of our own literature, on the other hand, stand so near to us, and so obviously incite comparison with our own performances, that a servile imitation, or a despairful abandonment of self-development, is too apt to be the result of the early admiration which is fixed on them.

"To meet these views, many persons interested in the education of youth have proposed, that instead of the classical languages the old German should be used in our higher schools. In our early Teutonic literature, it is alleged, we have a contrast to the modern development of the German mind, sufficiently strong to stimulate the reflective faculty, and at the same time an extension of the view beyond the narrowness of the present horizon. But to this proposal there are two obvious objections. Our old German literature, in the first place, though different in several accessory modifications, is, in its fundamental ideas, the same as the modern. The contrast, therefore, is not sufficiently marked and decided for the purpose. In the second place, even supposing the fundamental ideas of our old German poetry were every thing that could be desired in this respect, the forms of art in which they have been handed down to us, are any thing but models. As in every other point of human culture, so in literary development, the progress of the northern

nations was at first exceedingly slow and painful. It was not till after they had appropriated and worked up the early ripe literature of the southern nations that they began to exert their independent energies in a more vigorous form, and to create works in some respects superior to the models by which they had originally been stimulated. In consequence of this difference of historical development, it is altogether impossible for us Germans to go back to the sources of our civilisation with the same intellectual benefit that the Greeks did to theirs, or that even we ourselves can go to the civilisation of the Greeks; much less can young persons grow up healthily in an environment that is full of waste places and monstrosities even for full grown men.

"But, continue the advocates of the old German education, do we not historically grow out of German ground—are we not GERMANS—and shall we be at home at Rome, and at Athens, and everywhere—only not amongst ourselves?—Here also there is a fallacy. What we are as a literary people, we are in a much greater degree through the influence of the Greeks and Romans, and more lately of the English and the French, than through the continued working of our own most ancient national literature. Nay, it has been experimentally manifested (as it was supereminently in the late war of liberation in 1813) that as often as an attempt has been made to bring old Germanism into the foreground of our modern culture, so often (after a little artificial parading) has it been thrown aside. People, however patriotic, had such an instinctive, if not always conscious, feeling of the inferiority of these northern productions to those of the south and east, that, in spite of all patriotic trumpeting and blowing up, the *Niebelungen* was forced in a few years to leave the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in quiet possession of the academic ground. We do not pretend to decide which course of development is the preferable for a people, a development thoroughly and entirely national, or a complex growth springing from varied foreign impregnation; but Providence has so ordered it that the development of the German people should be in this latter fashion decidedly: and with this, as an arrangement of Providence, beyond the hope of human change, we must ever be content.

"We conclude, therefore, on a review of the whole matter, that for him who wishes to plant himself upon the highest position of intellectual cultivation, an initiation into ancient literature is absolutely indispensable. Only when so initiated is he in a condition to survey comprehensively, to contemplate clearly, and to see profoundly into what human nature under its various aspects can achieve; by the aid of ancient learning alone is the educator enabled to extend his view beyond the narrow horizon of the now which encompasses him, and to distinguish between that which is merely local or temporary, and that which is of universal and human significance. And this extent of vision alone, it unquestionably is that entitles a man to say, that he is *educated* in the highest and complete sense of that word."

We have patiently followed our author through this long defence of classical education, because, hackneyed as the theme may

be, it is not always that it is handled with the requisite degree of discrimination and appreciation. Many of our eulogizers of a Latin and Greek education in this country, plead the cause of classicality on grounds which are satisfactory enough in the abstract, but which have no bearing whatsoever on the circumstances to which they are meant to be applied. Herr Beneke, however, takes anxious care that he shall not play off upon us any sophism of this kind. He tells us not only *what* classics are worth, but *for whom*—‘für denjenigen welcher auf die höchste Bildungsstufe gestellt werden soll’—for him whom it is intended to plant upon the highest platform of intellectual culture. Thus his championship of a classical education for the gymnasia, is in the most perfect harmony with his determined exclusion of the same studies from the Bürger-schools. ‘Non omnia possumus omnes;’ the merchant goes to his counting-house, the young agriculturist to his model farm, when the young philosopher is going from Homer and Herodotus in the gymnasium, to Plato and Immanuel Kant in the university. This is the way they manage matters in Germany; but among ourselves there is still reason to fear that the true position and value of classical education in relation to the different classes of society, and their intellectual wants, is not everywhere distinctly understood; that there is too much of a general indiscriminating idol-worship of the mere letter of Greek and Latin, to which languages, in their mere rudiments and disciplinarian externals, a sort of magic virtue is attributed, as if they alone, without aid from living poetry and philosophy, and without the least regard either to social position or intellectual wants, had the power of turning every thing into gold. On some such notion as this the exclusive classicism of Oxford, and whatever in England is connected with that, seems to depend; while in Scotland we find, in many places, herds of young men who should begin and end their education at a commercial school, drilled for five years principally into the mere beggarly elements of Latin, and then sent to college (still in the shape of mere *boys*) for a little more Latin, and a little Greek, that they may forget both in a year or two over the toils of the *comptoir* and the recreations of the circulating library. Now how do the Berlin educationist’s sensible remarks apply to such a case as this? Plainly thus, that one-half of the lads, who in Scotland study Latin and Greek at grammar-schools and universities, should have been sent to a Bürger-school, from which the classical languages were excluded, and the other half should have been brought beyond the point of nibbling at a shell, and really taught to live in the atmosphere, and drink from the fountains, of ancient wisdom. As things stand at present we have good reason, with the

late Professor Walker,* to despair altogether of the cause of classical literature beyond the Tweed, and to denounce the present system, not merely as a futile abortion in itself, but as one of the greatest hindrances to a rational system of education, that the three angles of our triangle contain. In England, wherever the old system of exclusive classicality still prevails, we have at least one thing thoroughly studied in the schools, and carried afterwards in the universities to that point of perfection in which intellectual pleasure and profit are combined; but classicality in Scotland is a mere obstructive heap of grammatical thorns and brambles, neither producing any fruit of itself, nor allowing seeds of a more hopeful character to find their way through its choking superincumbence.†

We shall now give the English reader a sample of Herr Beneke's sensible and thoroughly practical views on the 'methods of education;' and from this part of his subject we can select nothing more appropriate than the remarks on the monitorial system. Fully alive to the necessary defects of this over-trumpeted machinery, the Berlin professor has too much judgment to overlook its manifold advantages. The monitorial system, wisely applied, teaches the educator to make a virtue of necessity; and he who can do this commands a charm, not of the highest kind, but one which, in such a world as the present, is likely to be more generally available than any other.

"Let us first consider the quantity of instruction given by the method of Bell and Lancaster; and here it seems to us evident where there is an ordinary degree of skill displayed in the school arrangements, that each individual scholar receives a greater share of the master's time and attention under the monitorial system than by the common plan, according to which scholars of all different degrees of advancement fall to be instructed by a single teacher. For in proportion as diversities of this kind exist in a class, the master is forced to split his time and attention into so many altogether independent sections; and while he is occupied with one section the others will either be less beneficially occupied than they might be, under monitors, or are altogether idle. On the other hand, if the teacher can devolve the exhausting business of mere preparation and repetition on others, it is clear that so much time and strength as was lost on this can now be devoted to the proper business of instruction.

* Evidence before the Royal Commission for visiting the Scottish Universities, 1827.

† We happen to have lay besides us an extract from an old number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which expresses in a single sentence the essentially false position of classical learning in Scotland. 'Nothing has more contributed in this country to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of ALL. With us the learned languages are taught at once too extensively, and not intensively enough.'

"As little, however, is it to be denied that even this preparation and repetition, and much more so the instruction, properly so called, when they are superintended by scholars, do not admit, with regard to all subjects, of being efficiently carried into practice; for there is always something 'mechanical' about the teaching of a monitor which, if teaching is to be intellectual, necessarily renders the instrument inadequate to the effect desired. This may be granted; but there are certain subjects that admit of being communicated, if not altogether, at least in some degree, only in a manner that may comparatively be termed mechanical; nay, we may go further and say that the extraneous admixture of spurts of spirit, so to speak, into these subjects, tends to produce confusion rather than to excite interest, and is, consequently, more prejudicial than beneficial to the real work of teaching. We shall, therefore, do wisely to make a distinction; and, unless where sorry necessity compels, apply the monitorial method only to those subjects in which the instruction given must necessarily be in a great measure mechanical; as spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and the external frame-work of geography and history. To the province of the monitorial method (to repeat what we have said under another phase) belong all those subjects, and those subjects only, that can be transferred so completely by a good teacher to an apt scholar, that the scholar can feel the communicated elements, so far as they go, perfectly in his own power, and is ready to transfer them distinctly and without confusion to another; while, on the other hand, all those subjects are to be withheld from the handling of a pupil teacher, which are capable only of a very imperfect transference from the master to the scholar. To this category belong all exercises prescribed especially for the training of the understanding, all instruction in religion, in morality, and in the inner spirit and significance of history. But, with all this limitation, is it not a decided gain that what may and must be taught, to a certain degree, mechanically, is by the monitorial method taught more certainly in a school with only one master than it can be without this instrumentality?

"If we consider further to what an extent this merely mechanical part of instruction is and must be practised in every school, let the teacher be as vivacious and intellectual as he pleases; we shall be forced on a review of the real details of the matter to admit that unless in a few peculiarly fortunate cases, a certain number of the scholars will, in all classes, soon begin to fall behind; and whenever this takes place, the teacher, where he has no assistants, must either allow this number to lag, and finally give them up as a hopeless job, or by extraordinary care bestowed upon a few dullards, deprive the good scholars of that attention of which they are more worthy. I know it from the best authority that, high as our system of elementary instruction in Prussia undoubtedly stands, and zealous as are the exertions of our educational officials, there are nevertheless children even here, in Berlin, who, after four or five years regular attendance at school, can neither read nor write with any readiness. If such things happen in the green tree, what are we to expect from the dry? And is it then wise, to remain in a state

of vain self-satisfaction with an imagined perfection, and refuse the aid of a method, which, whatever may be its defects, can certainly, when actively superintended, be made to achieve that which our most active men without it must in the nature of things often fail to do? Let monitors, therefore, by all means be employed, to do that which can be done by monitors: and if the instruction which they can give is at best merely mechanical, let us bear in mind that this intellectual mechanics is at least in itself better than nothing, and that when once there, it may readily be made the bridge to something higher that could never have existed without it.

"It now remains to make a remark or two on the quality of the instruction communicated by the mutual method. Now here, the main advantage seems to be—what indeed we have already mentioned—that by portioning out the scholars, according to their different progress and capacities, into a great many separate groups, and giving each a suitable drilling by appropriately furnished monitors, every scholar at every individual moment is kept actively employed according to the exact measure of his wants and attainments, and neither above nor beneath this mark. Now when details are to be taken up mechanically in teaching this is not something merely, but it is all.

"Such is the clear gain for the taught scholar; for the teaching scholar, the profit is much higher. The object that had hitherto been his only by actual adoption, becomes, in the very act of teaching, his by inward energetic vitality, the inalienable property of his knowing faculty. The frequent repetition which he practises gives him certainty and confidence in the application of what he knows; what he had first learned diligently it may be, but imperfectly and more or less clumsily, he now learns to use with ready dexterity and decided talent. Then there is the special pleasure that arises in the mind from the consciousness of a thorough command of a subject: this again begets a warmer love to the subject, and acts as the most active of all spurs to further acquisition; so that, taking every thing together, the mechanical part of teaching becomes to the teacher-scholar what it never can be to the principal teacher, not merely not mechanical in the offensive sense of that word, but one of the most healthy and beneficial of intellectual exercises.

"But there are indirect advantages resulting from the monitorial system, not inferior, perhaps, to its immediate influence; and among these we must mention the various postures and movements which the execution of this method renders necessary, and which form a most convenient channel for the outlet of that instinct of corporeal movement which is so characteristic of healthy young persons. But besides this incidental gymnastics the scholars are thus accustomed to submit not merely to the direct power of discipline embodied in the person of the master, but to subordination and control in a much wider and more varied sphere. For however much of mere surface work there may be in this sort of school training—something analogous to the externalities of which common military drill is made up—it is not the less certain that the observance of this external discipline removes the occasion for

many an offence both of an inward origin and drawing inward and moral consequences in its train. Discipline once acknowledged in a few mechanical outward acts, may by degrees control and mould the whole character. And accordingly we find, that, while within the walls of the school, the Bell and Lancaster teachers have been able to boast that their method has enabled them to dispense with every kind of corporeal punishment, beyond these bounds it is alleged that of those who have been subjected to thorough discipline under this system, a smaller proportion has been convicted for police offences than of children educated in the ordinary schools. In addition to all this we must observe the important moral lesson daily taught to those who are under the influence of the monitorial system; namely, that no man lives for himself alone in this world, but that every man, according to his ability and opportunities, must endeavour to make himself useful to his fellows: and this great truth is not impressed upon the memory of the young scholar merely, but it is imprinted on his heart, transferred to his will, and worked into the daily habitude and custom of his existence.

"A single word now remains for the influence of this method on the principal teacher. On this head the most discordant opinions are everywhere expressed: and we hear in the same breath the complaint that the constant superintendence and eager watchfulness over every part of a complicated machinery which this method requires, is too much for the strength of a common man, and that other complaint, which is certainly not consistent with it, that by handing over the principal part of his work to his scholars, the master is apt to become lazy and inefficient. Now with regard to this point it appears to me that they are decidedly in the wrong who imagine that the Bell and Lancaster method, because it enables a good teacher to do more than he could otherwise accomplish, is therefore an easier method for him, and a method which may be satisfied with a less efficient man than the common service demands. So far from this it seems certain that to teach by monitors is a more difficult task for the master than to teach without them; a more vivid and energetic power of generalship must be exhibited. The commander-in-chief in a great battle, though he has and can have no particular post, is in fact present everywhere. As a compensation, however, for this greater demand upon his energy, the monitorial system spares the teacher a great part of that merely mechanical inculcation which is so wearisome; and saves him from that stupefying and blunting influence, which long continued and unremitting occupation with the mere elementary part of teaching never fails to exercise on the intellect."

Here our limits command us to refrain. The extracts we have made are sufficient, we think, to convince the friends of education in this country that a complete treatise, conceived in the same catholic and comprehensive spirit, and so thoroughly discriminating and practical, must be regarded as a most valuable contribution to a branch of social science more talked about in these

times than perhaps any other, but less understood. There are plenty of loose ideas, indeed, afloat on this important subject, but comparatively few fixed principles; and the cause of this confusion is plain: people must study so complex a subject before they can hope to comprehend it; study first its principles in the psychology of the human mind, and then its details in the practice of various skilful persons. To all who are in search of a wise pilot through these seas, we can most conscientiously recommend Dr. Friedrich Beneke.

ART. VII.—1. *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longman and Co.

2. *German Experiences: addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home, and Goers Abroad.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longman and Co.

THERE are no two countries in the civilised world so similar in some aspects, and so dissimilar in others, as Germany and England. And the points of resemblance are so close, as to make the points of contrast absolutely glaring—perhaps even to produce a painful sense of uneasiness or distrust upon the detection of them. It is to this sort of strange antagonism, expanding amidst family affinities and sympathies, that we must mainly attribute all the vexed problems into which our English writers upon Germany are constantly falling.

There is no country so difficult of access in its real inner character as Germany. We must know the people long and intimately, and become ourselves habituated to their usages and modes of thinking, before we can reconcile their surface contradictions, and discover the true harmony that lies beneath. It is the most difficult of all countries for a foreigner to write a book about, that shall be both faithful and comprehensive.

And of all book-writing people the English are the last to produce works upon the domestic life of other nations in the right, unbiassed, universal spirit. It is not that they do not possess in a very high degree the requisite qualifications,—knowledge, keen observation, sagacity; but that they are afflicted with serious disqualifications, which do not exist elsewhere in such paramount force—insular prejudices, a perpetual tendency to think every thing wrong that does not assort with their own modes and notions, a constant recurrence to the one rigid self-elected judgment. The English cannot go out of themselves: they cannot enter into the circumstances of other races. They can hardly comprehend a

people existing without such an eternal pressure upon their faculties as shall literally absorb out of every-day life all traces of poetry and romance. There cannot be a greater enigma to them than the silent influence of tradition in moulding living customs and manners. Every thing that is new to them jars against their habits. Pleasure itself offends them when it is not cooked to their palate. Even the unalterable elements to which so much of the fashioning of human institutions is unavoidably adapted, will sometimes excite a biliary derangement in the English. They will make little or no allowance for the inevitable effects of climate. They would carry their own climate everywhere—that sullen climate which destroyed poor Weber, that yellow climate, loaded with sulphur and human steam.

Conceive then an Englishman writing a book upon social Germany, the most intractable of all men sitting down to a subject which, of all others, demands the most patient investigation, and the most complete suppression of previous theories.

It must not be supposed from this prelude that we are about to analyse the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper. They are too well known to require any such process at our hands. The well-merited reputation of the author has already secured to them a large and admiring circle of readers, and every body who feels any interest in Germany, or the Germans, may be presumed to be already tolerably familiar with their contents. But we propose to touch upon a few of the salient opinions expressed in them, not for the sake of criticising Mr. Howitt's writings, but merely to indicate some of the points upon which, as it seems to us, our countrymen are apt to entertain erroneous impressions.

We have observed that Englishmen are not the best adapted by constitution, or temperament, or hereditary position, for writing sound books of travels—carefully confining the observation, however, to the social and domestic phases of the subject. We must be frank enough to say that we do not consider Mr. Howitt an exception to the general rule. He is a thorough-bred Englishman in his tastes and habits, in his likings and his dislikings, in the uncompromising energy of his mind, his education, and the aims and produce of his whole life. Were we to select the writer who, in our estimation, was best qualified to penetrate the recesses of our society, and portray faithfully the actual life of our people, we should unquestionably name William Howitt. But it may be fairly doubted whether one who is thus deeply imbued with English feeling, and whose modes of thinking are so thoroughly English, is exactly the fittest person to undertake the delineation of foreign life. Such a book in such hands must insensibly become a book of contrasts. The more English the writer, the less

likely is he to form independent opinions. Freedom from national predilection is at least as necessary as mental activity and honesty of intention.

The effect of this strong nationality is palpable in these volumes. Mr. Howitt is ever yearning towards his English homestead; and while he is depicting German characteristics, cannot restrain himself from reverting to customs endeared to him by early associations. The comparison under such circumstances cannot be otherwise than unfavourable to Germany—be it in reality just or unjust. Thus in speaking of the aspect of the country, he cannot resist the recollection of the trim hedge-rows and picturesque cottages of home:

“Here you look in vain,” he says, “for any thing like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle and flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, and farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field.”—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

It cannot escape the reader that in this description Mr. Howitt employs a variety of the most captivating terms. When he speaks of England, the fields of necessity must be green; nor is he satisfied with mere groups of cattle,—the cattle must needs be beautiful; nor will he allow the flocks simply to graze—to heighten the sylvan charm he must make them graze in peace; and the cottages must be sweet, and the mansions of the gentry must be beautiful. Of all intention wilfully to convey an unfavourable impression of Germany, by exaggerating the pastoral beauties of England, we fully acquit Mr. Howitt. It is quite evident to us that he never meant any thing of the kind; on the contrary, he wrote of such things, of which there are numerous instances, unconsciously, out of that irrepressible love of country which comes in full flood upon the heart in remote and strange scenes. But we refer to the passage for the sake of illustrating the insensible colouring such feelings inevitably impart to books of this class.

Were it a matter of much practical importance, it would be easy enough to turn this enchanting picture inside out, and show how much misery and want are frequently found lurking under all this beauty and sweetness, and to draw from thence a contrast with the social condition of the people of Germany;—which would prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that if their cattle are not so prettily grouped, nor their trees so agreeably scattered, they possess this material advantage, that they are content in their condition and always have enough to eat. Mr. Howitt himself fully acknowledges this. He says that when an Englishman visits Germany, he sees many things from which he might derive valuable hints for improvement at home.

"He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and, consequently, a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition."—*Experiences*.

We ask any man possessed of an average share of common sense, which of these pictures is the more substantially attractive—the sweet cottages and the misery, or the bald, fenceless landscape with content and an equitable distribution of means? Alas! it is grievously to be feared that the inhabitants of the sweet cottages would gladly exchange conditions with the German peasantry, and compound all their hedge-rows and white gables for a little ease of mind and a sufficiency of wholesome fare.

But is it quite true that the external aspect of country life in Germany is so unpromising? Is it quite certain that distance in this case, as in many others, has not lent a little enchantment to the view? The close pastoral landscape of England is undoubtedly very charming. It is a thing not to be met with anywhere else. The whole of Europe contains no parallel for the garden beauty of the Isle of Wight. But is there no other kind of beauty worthy of admiration except hedge-rows and cattle, cottages, groups of trees, and green lanes? Let us imagine a German visiting England, and giving vent to his poetical spirit in this fashion:

'Here you look in vain for any thing like magnificent ancestral forests of the growth of ages, and richly wooded valleys, and vast mountains, with their weird solitudes and solemn forms, their swooping eagles, their torrents, and their rocks. It is all one tame region, pranked out with neat houses and cropped trees.'

Yet this would be quite as reasonable and as well founded as Mr. Howitt's regrets for the absence of English scenery in the broad champaign of Germany. It is curious enough that Mr. Howitt should expressly recommend the traveller on going to Germany, to 'cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas! all dreams about graceful youths and maidens, and bands of music;' (*Experiences*, 6, 7); yet that he should himself forget to profit by his own advice, so far as to retain in his mind all the time the most *Arcadian* visions of the beauty and comfort of England, which he is perpetually drawing into contrast with the rugged

features of German life. It is not alone that he falls into the ordinary injustice of setting up the English standard to test another people by, but that he sets up the poetical side of England against the prosaic side of Germany. It is certain that when a traveller is far from his own country he is apt to carry with him vividly only the most agreeable recollections of it—the pleasant memories, the sunshine, the roses, the happy faces, and so on; dropping wholly out of his calculation the thousand and one petty drawbacks, the small inconveniences, the abiding discontents of all kinds. And all this, the aromatic essence of the distant and the past, is urgently opposed by his imagination to present discomforts, whatever they may be, the unaccustomed ways, the disappointments occasioned less by any deficiency or unfitness in the elements of things, than by his own strangeness in the use or enjoyment of them, and the innumerable obstacles of the present which he stumbles against in unfamiliar scenes. The comparison, consequently, is taken at the utmost conceivable disadvantage. It is not merely England against Germany, but the England of an excited fancy, relieved of all its *disagrémens*, against the real work-a-day Germany, disenchanted of all its romance.

Such comparisons are false in principle. Countries ought to be judged as they are, not as they are not. It proves nothing to show that Germany is not England. We knew that before. What we want exactly to be informed about is the place itself, as it is; but if we are to be reminded incessantly of its inferiority to England, or of the odd differences between it and England, it seems as if the traveller were going about, not to collect facts, but to flatter the national vanity at home.

This is certainly not the general tendency of Mr. Howitt's first book upon Germany; for, although it is full of laments for the rural English sights and usages he misses in the fatherland, it must be accepted upon the whole as a most able exposition of the actual condition of the country, bearing high and honourable testimony to the character and industry of the people. It is in his second and smaller book that we find his dissatisfaction break out; and it is in this volume chiefly we discover those statements which we hold to be objectionable.

Upon the whole, there is a marked discordance in the spirit of the two volumes not very easy of illustration or solution. The larger and more tolerant work was published while Mr. Howitt was yet residing in Germany—the other since his return to England. He reserved his final indictment against the country until he had left it, a course which is perfectly justifiable in itself. But this will not account for the startling opposition, not so much in matters of

mere statement as in matters of feeling and judgment, presented by these two books. When the first book appeared, Mr. Howitt was absolutely attacked for its Germanic enthusiasm and anti-English tendency. The impression made by the second is precisely the reverse. How is this?

Mr. Howitt was singularly unfortunate in his location. He got into a house where the people were prying, curious, gossiping, designing, and roguish. They seem to have entered into a regular system of annoyances, and to have taken extraordinary pains to make him and his family uncomfortable. This was an unpropitious beginning, and its effects appear to have lingered with him to the last hour of his residence at Heidelberg. He never quite got rid of the feeling of distrust and vexation with which that intriguing landlady inspired him in the first instance. The conclusion at which he arrives, drawn of course from his own experience and observation, is not only that the German lodging-house keepers constitute a genus of sharpers, but that they are actually sustained, assisted, and protected in their rogueries by an extensive combination amongst the surrounding population! The wholesale imposition is accomplished in this way. Arriving a stranger in one of these German towns, and requiring lodgings, you are supplied with a *commissionaire*, who takes you round from house to house where lodgings are to be let. This fellow is in the pay either of the lodging-house keepers, or the hotel keepers, and he will inevitably deceive you; that is to say, he will try to secure you for his own client, who may in all human probability be just as respectable and as honest as any body else. So far as this part of the *commissionaire's* scheme is concerned, it does not go for much. It is nothing more than happens every day in the year in every town in Europe. But Mr. Howitt adds, that the *commissionaire* carries the deception still further. He not only cries up his direct employer, but never cries down any body else. There is a sort of national pride in the fellow (we suppose) which will not allow him to betray even the worst of his countrymen. No matter how notorious the character of a lodging-house keeper may be, the unsuspecting stranger is sure never to hear of it. The *commissionaire*, says Mr. Howitt, is bribed to silence; from which we are left to infer that in fact the *commissionaire* is bribed by all the lodging-house keepers, in addition to that particular member of the fraternity whom it is his especial duty to recommend.

"In the second place," continues our author, "it is the interest of too many other people for any stranger to receive a warning. The shopkeepers will, of course, say nothing, because they wish you to settle and be customers, and many of them hope to fleece you well too. Even if you have letters to German families, they will not breathe a word.

It is not their business ; and it is a part of German caution not to offend their townsmen, especially the knavish, who may do them mischief."—*Experiences.*

The last important part of this machinery of deception is supplied by the domestic servants, who are in league with all the rest to keep their employers in utter ignorance of the true state of things around them ; so that, according to Mr. Howitt, the moment a stranger enters a German town for the purpose of going into lodgings, the commissionaire of the hotel, with the hotel-keeper himself in the background, the servants of the house, the owners of the house, the tradespeople of every kind and degree, and even the private families, however respectable they may be, to whom the stranger may happen to carry letters of introduction, instantly confederate and become engaged in a mysterious conspiracy to cheat him.

If we were to treat statements of this description as Mr. Howitt himself treats most of his German topics, we might make a descent upon some of the bye-streets of London, and draw a picture of an English lodging-house keeper, which would show how far inferior in skill, boldness, and magnitude of ambition, these poor German combinators are in comparison with the same genus in this country. It takes a whole town in Germany, private families and all, to cheat a single lodger ; while in London a single lodging-house keeper is quite enough to cheat a whole colony of lodgers. The London scale of profit, too, is considerably higher, and, we need not add, that the London mode of extortion is considerably more systematic. But as we do not see how the case of the Germans would be improved, by establishing the undeniable fact that the case of the English is worse, we will not waste time with the useless contrast.

Personal experience is the test people usually apply to matters of this nature. No test can be much more fallacious ; but it affords a popular, conventional, and easy escape from the responsibility of any graver method of procedure. In this very town of Heidelberg then, we can confidently assert that we have known sundry instances of the utmost honesty, frankness, and cordiality on the part of lodging-house keepers towards their inmates. The town is not very large. It occupies only a single street running between the river and the hills. There would be no great difficulty in acquiring in a couple of months a passing acquaintance with the character of every individual in the town ; and we assume at once that this circumstance is in itself an abundant protection against the class of frauds indicated by Mr. Howitt. There are people who have resided in Heidelberg, and who speak of the inhabitants in terms the very reverse of those employed by Mr.

Howitt. We state this simply as a piece of common justice. Here are two opinions founded on opposite experiences. Both may, both must be right up to a certain point; but that part of the inquiry in which alone the public at large, either of Germany or England, can be supposed to be interested, lies beyond the limits of individual instances, and can only be reached by the more philosophical process of generalisation.

What is the national character of the Germans? Is it that of a sordid, knavish, over-reaching race? No. Mr. Howitt himself explicitly asserts that they are not slavishly devoted to money-getting. He even admits in this very book that they are honest. 'The Germans,' he says, 'as a people, are a very honest people.'—*Experiences*, p. 11. Now it is only as a people we have any interest in the investigation of their character. Let pettifogging chicanery thrive in Heidelberg, and, if our author will have it so, in all the small university towns; let the tradespeople and the servants conspire to the crack of doom; the Germans, as a people, are a very honest people—and we take that to be a very complete and sufficient answer to all the accusations in detail that may be brought against them. It is much to the purpose that this answer should be furnished by the author of these books; since, however, we may differ from him on some points, or he may differ from himself on others, Mr. Howitt is an unexceptionable witness.

The thieving propensities of the Germans appear to have struck Mr. Howitt most forcibly on board the Ludwig steam boat plying on the Rhine. He says that the Ludwig 'was a regular den of thieves;' that his carpet-bag was cut open on board and plundered, and that several of the people connected with that vessel were afterwards sentenced for similar depredations to six years' imprisonment. He tells us, also, that at Cologne a case of eau-de-Cologne, which he had left on the table at his hotel, was rifled during his absence, and that the landlord, treating the affair, strangely enough, *as a matter of course*, replaced it at his own charge. It is pleasant to perceive in all these cases that, if there be robbery in the country, there is also a compensatory principle resident somewhere; that the law overtakes the depredators on the steam boats, and that, although theft is a matter of course in the hotels, it is also a matter of course on the part of the landlord to make restitution in full for the inevitable wrongs committed in his premises. So far, therefore, no great harm is done. The river rogues carry on their speculations under the wholesome fear of six years' imprisonment, and the hotel-keepers are always ready to make good the losses to which their guests are unavoidably exposed. We know no country where the evil of

misappropriation of private property is more successfully grappled with.

But we owe it too many delightful recollections, not to say of the Rhine that we never heard of these numerous and daring robberies until we read of them in Mr. Howitt's books. Many thousands of strangers traverse the Rhine daily during the fine season in these steamers. The deck is piled up with trunks and carpet-bags, and writing-cases and hat-boxes. We confess we often wondered that where there was so much temptation, there should be so little theft; and we were not very much surprised to find that some thefts were committed at last. But is it fair to draw these items into the indictment against Germany? It is all very well for Mr. Hood to call out to the travellers on the Rhine to 'take care of their pockets.' Mr. Hood is a humorist, and has the licence of a motley; but it is only right to advertise such of his readers as do not happen to know better, that the whole region of the Rhine is much more English than German. It is the frontier where various races mingle; it is the high-way where extravagant foreigners are always to be found setting an example of dissipation and vice of every kind; it is the last place where one looks for German virtue or German simplicity; it is in fact repudiated by the Germans themselves, as being no longer distinguished by the German character in its native integrity. The best vindication of the people from the imputations which these malpractices might seem to cast upon them is furnished with his invariable candour by Mr. Howitt himself.

"Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access, because it is a very charming country so far as nature goes; but it is, at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Germany, and what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralised. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature you cannot well have a pleasanter. But if you seek either the highest state of German social culture in the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther."—*Experiences.*

All this while then we have been looking at the Germans through the glasses of our own deformities. It is clear enough that the 'genuine German character' is something very different from the German character which is brought into contact with tourists and migratory lodgers; and that if we would ascertain what that genuine character is, we must 'go farther.' So that, after all, it is we, the tourists, who are to blame for all the

chicanery and fraud; we who introduce the temptation, we who diffuse around us a taste for profusion and luxury, who inspire the simple and plain-dealing tradesman with new desires, and open to him new vistas of acquisition: it is, in fact, our more highly refined civilisation, with its attendant train of hypocrisies and intrigues, which is begetting in Germany all these fraudulent practices, against which Mr. Howitt so eloquently warns the innocent English public!

We sincerely believe this to be the exact truth—neither more nor less. We sincerely believe that our civilisation has been working in Germany much the same sort of results—making the necessary allowance for difference of circumstances—which it has worked in a more frightful excess amongst the aborigines of our colonies. If we would see the people in their true national development, we must ‘go farther,’ as Mr. Howitt says; we must go beyond the reach of these blighting and pernicious influences.

And what do we find in those remote districts? A primitive and laborious race—simple in their manners, calm, persevering, affectionate, unostentatious. A people free from the vices of a false refinement—placing no stress upon money, even as a means to an end—intellectual and grave, earnest and independent. We hardly understand this sort of character, it is so unlike any thing to which we are accustomed. We can hardly comprehend a whole people without some strong, low, worldly motive power stirring up their passions, and agitating them into action. We are apt to disbelieve in the phenomenon, or to turn it into ridicule. We recognise, it is true, in the absence of frivolity, in the weight and seriousness of the Germans, something more closely resembling our Saxon qualities than we can discover in any other part of Europe. German temperance, German phlegm, German industry, are perfectly intelligible to us; but we have no notion of a solid man who places poetry and metaphysics above worldly substance, above the daily struggle for riches and personal ambition. This puzzles us, and so by way of getting out of the difficulty, we turn him into a joke. We pitch upon his dull routine of habits, and secure a laugh at the expense of his simplicity. His cookery is atrocious, *sauer kraut* is a species of elaborate barbarianism, dawn-of-day breakfasts, twelve o'clock dinners, long evenings, and suppers of sliced sausages and potato salads, make up a tableau of human life which may well excite the risible muscles of an Englishman. It is impossible to conceive or invent any thing more completely opposed to his notions of the art of living. He is scarcely at breakfast when the German has done dinner—he has hardly sat down to dinner when the German has done supper! What sort of humanity can reside in these people? Let us see.

We will go to Mr. Howitt's first book for the answer. He is here describing what he designates the 'singular moral characteristics of the Germans ;' and singular they are in comparison with the moral characteristics of May Fair on the one hand, or of our great, moving, bustling, money-grasping population on the other.

"There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathise deeply in all each other's troubles and pleasures, successes and reverses. They form the strongest attachments and retain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulder in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way. I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great, rough-whiskered and mustached men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private, social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as joyous and frolicsome as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

He adds that they have the faculty of becoming children without becoming ridiculous. None but children in other countries can give themselves up to the full flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong with safety into their enjoyments. Yet the grave, phlegmatic Germans can do this! They can retain their boyhood and girlhood to the end of their lives, without even, says Mr. Howitt, 'leaving go for an instant of the saving guidance of a manly discretion.' This is something to compensate for the cheating at Heidelberg; this is something worthier of record and remembrance, and of standing out as a prominent and distinguishing attribute of the country, than the carpet-bag burglaries on the Rhine!

And these people, so natural, so festive in their domestic circles, so grave and earnest in their demeanour and their thoughts, understand the cultivation of pleasure—of pure pleasure—and enjoy it as thoroughly as any race under the sun.

"One thing is certain, that there are not in the world more attached, affectionate, and domestically happy people than the Germans; and if

their wives are not qualified to solve a mathematical problem with them, to discuss some point of history or politics, to enter into the religious questions of the day, or to decide on the excellence of some new work of taste; yet, on the other hand, they do not so much pester them with demand of expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the unsatisfying and greedy dissipations of a more luxurious state of society.

"The simple and unexpensive manner in which they entertain their friends, and pass away the winter evenings, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England. A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then as simple a supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple refreshments of these social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

"The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games, which in England would be thought rather adapted to children than to grown-up people; but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent in favour 'Die blinde Kuh,' the blind cow; another name for blindman's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce the most ludicrous medley."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

And so he goes on, enumerating the endless little innocent entertainments which fill up the evening. This way of life would kill a fashionable circle in London. At the first glance it seems to bring *ennui*, and the spleen, and the headache, and stupors, and vapours, and all oppressive social maladies along with it. And in like manner, a German house looks as if it were the place of all the world where an Englishman could do nothing but die. Yet it is astonishing how a little use reconciles us to these things; how, after a little time, we begin to find out, not only that they are really more endurable than we could have believed, but that they are preferable in the long run to the old modes in which we have been all our lives indulging—rugs and champagne, and suppers included. German life, like a German house, which Mr. Howitt must describe for us, improves wonderfully upon close acquaintance.

"The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure, from the absence of carpets: you approach by uncarpetted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are coloured of a reddish yellow, with pre-

paration of wax, which is kept bright and clean with a hard and heavily weighted brush. And here, contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright when coloured, that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain, is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome wood, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colours, in a mosaic style, and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down, and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

We take these descriptions from Mr. Howitt for the sake of showing how Germany in its best and noblest aspects is estimated by a writer who has not scrupled to show it also in its worst.

One or two other points deserve to be specified.

In the second book Mr. Howitt cautions the English traveller how he deals with German servants. We suppose it must be allowed that German servants are no better than other servants. But Mr. Howitt here insists that they are considerably worse.

"The servants who speak English are a class who have learned it on purpose to live with the English, and are generally arrant thieves. They expect English wages, and have a per centage on all the bills they pay for you. Your cook rises at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to market. She buys the worst articles there, and charges you something more than for the best. She has often her kitchen below while your rooms are above, and you have no control over her actions, or a staircase serves her purpose. She and the other servants, who are commonly in league, have their connections, who expect a good harvest out of the rich English, and are always coming and going with their covered baskets. If you do not take good heed, and it is almost impossible to have sufficient precaution, unless your wife do as the German ladies do, wear a great bunch of keys at her apron-strings, lock every thing up, and get up at five o'clock too; without this your stores of all kinds will flow freely out of the house, and your very wood for fuel will be sold by these rapacious servants. You are, in fact, in the hands of the Philistines, and you must get rid of them as fast as you can."—*Experiences.*

Upon this vivid outline of the rogueries of the German servants it is not necessary to make any other commentary than that which Mr. Howitt supplies us with in his first book. The system of abstracting things in covered baskets, and of levying contributions on the house-stores for the benefit of friends out of doors, is a system, we believe, which has been carried on from

time immemorial all the world over wherever there are lodgings to let, and for which the German servants ought not to be held much more culpable than English or Scotch, or French servants. But it would appear from a statement in the *other* book that these very servants are not only amongst the most laborious domestics on the face of the earth, but that they are kept under such strict surveillance as to render misconduct of any kind rather a hazardous luxury amongst them. First of their laboriousness.

"Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is one of the most healthy, homely, hardworking creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she has to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any that our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work, and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with a bare head, and in a large cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom, into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are flirting the dirty puddles about. Each extends her labours, not only to the pavement, if there be one, but to the middle of the street; so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

Next of their characters.

"The conduct of servants, as well as every thing else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial service. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place, this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police-officers."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

Does the reader detect any inconsistency between these two statements? We confess we find a difficulty in understanding how a class whose conduct is so strictly watched and registered, and who depend upon the excellence of their character for their livelihood, can carry on with impunity such systematic depredations. At all events, if the disease be grievous, the remedy is easy, and no person, English or German, need submit to be plundered, if he will only take the trouble to ask a simple question of the police.

It was remarked by Madame de Stael, that there was no public opinion in Germany. The political institutions of the country have the inevitable object of suppressing that spirit of agitation which elsewhere assumes the functions of what is called public opinion. The press is restrained. The petty princes exercise complete authority. The public mind is calm and passionless. Mr. Howitt, speaking of the political condition of Germany in one book, refers indignantly to the arbitrary control of the government, and says that the people are sunk into a state of contemptible slavery.

"Their situation presents the most singular and most admonitory spectacle in all history. A people of sixty millions in number; a people of all others most sensitive; a people singing brave songs, and using brave words, and cherishing brave thoughts of liberty,—yet without the daring and the moral firmness to set themselves free. The parents of liberty in Europe, and at the present day the most thoroughly enslaved. They have fallen from the high estate of the freest and most high-spirited people of ancient Europe, to the most pliant, crouching to the yoke of the diplomatist of present Europe. One shout of actual resolve from these millions would scatter every throne, and make every bond crumble into dust; nay, closely woven as the net of diplomacy is around them, were there but the *lion* within it, a *mouse* were enough to set it free; but the *habit of acquiescence* has become the really enslaving chain of this great and intellectual people."—*Experiences*.

It would appear from this that the Germans were really in a miserable slough of despond, and that they were wholly deprived not only of the power to move, but of the desire to improve their political situation. In the *other* book we have the following picture of the actual state of the people in reference to the government, from the opposite tendency of which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

"The prosperity of the nation is inimical to its emancipation. The princes, though despotic, are not surrounded by a splendid and powerful aristocracy, like the monarchy of England. These were swept away or reduced by the revolutionary war. The princes, therefore, with no such body guard to stand between them and the people, are obliged to govern with mildness. They are isolated and responsible, at least morally, for their own actions; and no prince in modern times has once dared to run violently counter to the sense of an educated people. If we make the King of Hanover the exception, the German sovereigns are popular in their own persons, and this is a great persuasive to obedience and acquiescence in a form of government not the most favourable to real freedom. Then, there is no distress in the country; no mighty body of destitution and misery, as in our own manufacturing districts—millions in desperation, and menacing change. Here, as in all Europe, exists a certain degree of poverty, a certain pressure of population, which seeks

relief in emigration; but, on the whole, there is no country where the great mass of the people live in greater comfort and content. Such an extent of luxury, such a glittering aristocracy before their eyes, the restless ambition of mounting from rank to rank, have not, as with us, destroyed the ancient spirit of quiet enjoyment. All live well, but not splendidly. The greatest portion of the people, the peasantry, live on their own property,—live in the country all alike, and fully occupied with their labours. The middle classes again depend, in great numbers, on government for offices in the state, in all departments of the administration of justice, collection of duties and taxes, in colleges and schools. When, therefore, there is no great mass of distress to create a bitterness and coalition against the government, but on the contrary, a great body deriving substantial benefits from it, who shall be the first to sacrifice his present enjoyments for the more intellectual liberties of a free tongue and press? Who shall quarrel first with the constitution which affords him solid advantages, because it does not extend to him and others still more? The country is not commercial enough to have created such a wealthy middle class, as shall be independent enough of government, shall have cause of grievance enough and influence enough to lead the multitude to an attack. On the other hand, the government police is so complete, its cognisance is so extended to every part and into every matter, that a habit of obedience is induced which it is very difficult for any individual to break through.”—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

We believe this latter review of the political circumstances of the country to be the true one. We believe that freedom in Germany consists in the enjoyment of useful rights,—rights which confer substantial prosperity upon the people. It is seen that every man has enough—that there are no great burdens to complain of—no misdeeds consummated in high places at the cost of the blood and treasure of the bulk of the people—that there are no idlers pampered at the public expense—that, in short, the material progress of the people keeps pace with the power and progress of the government and the national institutions, and that thus harmonising, thus moving onward equally and together, or, if it suit the case better, standing still together, the people have no present cause for discontent, no sufficient excuse or necessity for popular revolt, while the government wisely maintains the security of a position which it could not relax without risk of disorganisation, and durst not render more rigorous without danger to the established rule. We believe that such are the relations between the governed and the governing power in Germany—and that this relationship, however inapplicable to such a country as England, is, upon all accounts, the best that could be devised for the conservation of the multitude of small interests which intersect the surface of the Germanic empire.

Having spoken so freely concerning those passages in Mr.

Howitt's books which we deem open to objection, and having endeavoured to show, for the satisfaction of the national sentiment, in some sort compromised by such passages, that Mr. Howitt elsewhere qualifies them all, more or less, we think it nothing more than justice to that gentleman's labours to add, that we consider his larger work on Germany to be the most valuable publication we possess in English on the general subject of which it treats. It does not need any recommendation at our hands; but we would not have it supposed that in pointing out a few slight faults, we are insensible to the merits of diligent research and sound feeling so conspicuously displayed in its pages.

Our object is to testify to the people of Germany the regard in which they are held in this country—to show them that, differing as we do in a variety of small social usages, we are prompt to recognise the more important features of resemblance and sympathy which exist between us; and which, in some measure, give us a sort of common interest in their welfare and happiness. In conclusion, we beg to express our hearty concurrence in every syllable of the following passages—the truth and importance of which will be responded to, if we are not much mistaken, by every right-thinking man from one end of Germany to the other.

“Of all the continental countries it is with Germany that we have been oftenest compelled to alliance by the intrigues and assumptions of other nations. It is with Germany that least of all, through our whole history, have we had wars and rivalry. . . . By the union of England and Germany must peace be achieved, or war successfully waged. . . . But besides this there is no other continental nation with which, spite of our national dissimilarities, we have so many points of coincidence, or so kindred a character in literature, science, and social life. . . . For the present we may safely assert that there is no country in Europe in which there is so great an amount of comfort and contentment enjoyed. All are industrious, moderate in their desires, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a simple and inexpensive sociality; music, books, the pleasures of summer sunshine and natural scenery, are enjoyments amply offered and widely partaken. The hurry and excitement of more luxurious countries; the oxygen atmosphere of such overgrown cities as Paris or London, have not reached even their largest capitals. Between the wild extremes of manufacturing misery and aristocratic splendour, their life lies, like one of their own plains, somewhat level, but full of corn, and wine, and oil; and however the track on which they are advancing may lead them nearer to national greatness, it cannot add greatly to the national happiness.”—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

- ART. VIII.—1. *Iles Taïti : Esquisse Historique et Géographique, précédée de Considérations Générales sur la Colonisation Française dans l'Océanie.* Par MM. VINCENDON-DUMOULIN, Ingénieur Hydrographe de la Marine, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, et C. DESGRAZ, Commis de Marine. II. Parties. Paris: Arthur Bertrand, Editeur. 1844.
2. *O-Taïti, Histoire et Enquête.* Par HENRI LUTTEROTH. Paris: Paulin, Libraire. 1843.
3. *Brief Statement of the Aggression of the French on the Island of Tahiti.* By the Directors of the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY. London. 1843.
4. *An Appeal to British Christians and the Public generally on behalf of the Queen of Tahiti and her Outraged Subjects.* By SAMUEL TAMATOA WILLIAMS. Second Edition. London: John Snow. 1844.
5. *History of the London Missionary Society.* By the Rev. W. ELLIS, Author of 'Polynesian Researches.' (Unpublished.)

A GOVERNMENT disposing of the collective forces of a nation cannot manifest its existence in foreign lands otherwise than by armies or diplomatic representatives. In a barbarous state of society the latter have no existence, and no power is respected beyond the immediate sweep of its sword. Kings, who make a daily practice of plundering one another's subjects, have often been known to live in close amity together. This is the despotic period. But as soon as the will and wish of the nation, speaking in whatever language, begin to influence the decisions of a government, it becomes more and more necessary that every individual should be considered a member of the sovereign, and that an injury to one should be resented by all. Before this epoch wars are only entered on to resent the wrongs of the monarch, consisting generally in aggressions on his estate, territory, or dominion. His people, mere instruments for wringing riches from the soil, no sooner traverse his frontiers than they give up all claim to protection. Commerce, therefore, is undertaken solely at private risk, and merchants are the natural enemies of every state, forming a commonwealth among themselves. No sovereign's influence, except on some rare occasions of the terror of a great name, extending far beyond his borders, traders, who require the whole world to breathe freely in, are necessarily compelled to league together for their own defence. They are considered as strangers and pillaged on every side. Monopolies therefore arise, and in the war between governments on the one hand, and the carriers of wealth on the other, perplexing and pernicious theories get afloat which

are bequeathed as heirlooms to a better age. Wherever juster ideas begin to prevail, and a state is considered as composed of men, not of acres, and these men begin to assert a legitimate influence on the conduct of public affairs, and to perceive that bodies politic are associations for mutual protection, there wealth begins to gather and happiness to abound. But in order to secure this result one thing is necessary, that the whole power of the state be employed to redress the wrongs offered to any one member, that its very existence should be perilled rather than that one individual having a right to its protection should receive an unpunished injury.

A nice distinction has been drawn between a consul and a subject. No one, however, has dared to maintain in theory that the latter might be abandoned, though the former might not. An insult to one must be revenged as much as an insult to the other. But the consul certainly has privileges—personal inviolability and right of residence at the place whither he is accredited, are among them—and these may be infringed by an act which, towards a mere subject, would be indifferent. A consul, according to the law of nations, cannot be removed except by the government that appointed him. No country can be considered civilised in which these principles are not acknowledged. In England their rigid application has always been more necessary than elsewhere. Our greatness is very much the result of individual energy and enterprise. Our gospel has been preached by self-elected apostles. The reason of our expansion and development on all sides, must be sought in the bosom of every Englishman. But that love of adventure, that eagerness for commercial pursuits, that recklessness of daring, that indefatigable industry, that patience, that perseverance, that obstinacy, from which our empire, moral and material, derives its origin, would have been of worse than no avail, if unnourished, unsupported by the consciousness that, wherever a Briton penetrated, however far he might roam, his country ceased not to care for his welfare, and would not fail, in case of danger, to stretch out her strong arm to protect him. Our national character is an extraordinary assemblage of seemingly opposite qualities. There is no nation more apt to wander, no nation has produced more enterprising travellers, or navigators, or colonists, and yet none are more distinguished by the love of home. The consequence is, that in whatever place an Englishman settles down, he soon learns to consider it as his home, not by abandoning his reverence for the land of his birth, but by looking upon his new abode as a sort of appendage, an addition, an enlargement of that. Wherever he establishes a hearth and a roof, he conceives that his country acquires some claim upon the soil; or, at

least, that so long as he remains upon that spot the shadow of the union-jack overspreads and hallows it, rendering it as inviolable as any part of Kent or Middlesex. And why should it not be so? Every man, every people has a vocation. To some it is given to grow cotton, corn, or wine; to others, manufactures and commerce are allotted; others seek, and perhaps find, military glory; but it has been decreed, not to make an Anacreontic enumeration, that the English shall fill the face of the earth with civilisation and knowledge. We, who have outstripped most nations in the arts of peace and war, are, above all, the appointed emissaries for the dispersion of truth among the ignorant and barbarous. But we pretend to no peculiar dispensation. The cause of our activity in sowing the seeds of knowledge is to be found in the circumstances by which we are surrounded, partly, perhaps, in our climate, partly in the accident, if we may call it so, of our position; but, above all, in the constitution of our minds. If, however, we scatter ourselves far and wide in every quarter of the globe, we never cease to be linked indissolubly to our mother country. Wealth, honour, titles, distinctions, are little valued by us apart from our quality as Englishmen. No nation adopts with so much reluctance the costume and manners of foreigners. We exult in our ungainly dress in the midst of the silks and brocades of barbarians. Other people no sooner approach the outer orbit of savage life than they are drawn irresistibly into its vortex. We remain John Bulls in the midst of anthropophagi.

Such are some of the reasons of the gradual and sure development of English power. The crown has conquered, of its own accord, few of our valuable possessions. We have been preceded everywhere by our merchants and our seamen, and the nation has rarely intervened in their relations with foreign states, except to protect them from wrong. Such intervention we have seldom refused to grant. In the infancy of our power, when our force bore no comparison to its present triumphant efficacy, the theory had not been advanced that an agent of a private body must rely only for protection on that body. Such pusillanimous doctrines have been reserved for the present age. It was reserved, also, for the present age to discover the dignity of sacrificing an individual whose cause we espouse, of speaking with contempt of his character and abilities, in order to appease the anger of a foreign press. Fine expedient! Enlarged policy! Throw the man 'overboard,' but hold fast to the principle. We have no sympathy with such abstract modes of dealing with political questions, and, while acknowledging the necessity of separating a private from a public wrong, we think this country should be as ready to defend the character as the person of a subject.

'A gross outrage, accompanied by gross indignity,' says the first minister of this country, 'has been committed upon a British consul;' and at a subsequent period he informs us that 'ample satisfaction has been given for that outrage.' We purpose to inquire into the series of events which forced from Sir Robert Peel so marked a declaration. The details of the actual outrage, however, we shall not much insist on. They have over and over again been repeated in the public prints with more or less misrepresentation. But it has been impossible to conceal the main facts, namely, that the consul of this country was imprisoned in Tahiti without cause; and that without cause, also, he was expelled the island. The general belief is, that for the former of these insults a sort of reparation has been given, whilst that for the latter none has been offered or demanded. The officer, d'Aubigny, who committed one offence, has been reprimanded, removed, for aught we know *promoted*, to another station; whilst Bruat, the perpetrator of the second, is maintained in his position. All this supposes that the said Bruat acted upon some right. It is into this that we purpose to examine. The lieutenant's escapade was a mere violent episode; the governor squared his conduct by a system. Now we maintain that the dominion of France in the Society Islands was ushered in by falsehood, established by violence, and followed by the foulest oppression. Every one of the acts of its officers is vitiated in its origin. M. Guizot has declared that complete sovereignty was unjustly proclaimed in Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit Thouars. M. Bruat and his subaltern, therefore, were illegally constituted functionaries. So much is granted us. We assert that the same reasons which rendered the complete seizure of the island unjust, rendered the establishment of the protectorate unjust. In both cases force was employed, and in the first with less shadow of excuse than in the second. M. Carné was perhaps right in arguing that the protectorate was almost necessarily a state of continual encroachment. But he omitted to notice the reason, which is this, that a government cannot be carried on harmoniously, in which authority is divided, one party having the internal, the other the external sovereignty, unless the first has confidence in the second and is ready to abide by its advice in all things. Had the 'Overshadowing' of France been really demanded by the Tahitians, they would have cordially co-operated in carrying out the necessary arrangements. The very conflict that immediately ensued proved that violence was resorted to.

It has been asserted that the population was encouraged to a sort of passive resistance from the outset by the English missionaries. We will not absolutely deny this. On the contrary, it was impossible that it should not be so. The missionaries were

the fathers of this great flock. They had converted and instructed them. Could they see them taken out of their hands without making one effort to save them? Were they, when this innocent people turned to them for advice, to shut their mouths? Was it their duty, united as they were in many instances by blood to the natives, to depart from the island shaking the dust off their feet as they went, because a polluted race had made its appearance and threatened to subvert their work? No. They were bound still more energetically to preach and to pray. It was their duty to stand by their disciples to the last; to comfort, and cheer, and assist them, and share their dangers. And they have done so nobly. When they became missionaries they ceased not to be Englishmen. They retained the same rights and privileges as before, and freedom of speech among others. If they exerted themselves, therefore, in behalf of the unfortunate Tahitians, instead of blaming we should honour them, and even if they did some little violence to their cloth, we must pardon this in favour of their patriotism.

This virtue has always distinguished our missionaries. The reason may be that they have generally represented large bodies of pious laymen, whose object has not been to serve any particular order. They have been only Christians and Britons. The London Missionary Society, one of the most vigorous and efficient associations for the diffusion of the Gospel ever established, was founded by men of nearly every class and sect in this country. Churchmen and dissenters joined heart and hand in the same cause; liberals and tories co-operated in the same work. It was formed in 1795, whilst all Europe was in arms against the doctrines of the French revolution, and commenced operations with unexampled energy and perseverance. A ship was purchased, named 'The Duff,'—which has ever afterwards been spoken off by the orators of Exeter Hall with something like impassioned affection,—and thirty missionaries, with several women and children, sailed for the Society Islands. These mountains, covered with woods, with first a ring of verdant plains at their feet, and then a ring of placid water, and then a ring of coral, and then another of spray, and beyond the constantly rolling waters of the great Pacific were, they knew, the abode of cruel and ignorant idolators, perhaps the most immoral and ruthless that ever came in contact with Europeans. He who ventured to go ashore then with the Bible in his hand amongst these savages must have been upheld by very high motives. He must, indeed, have a mind finely framed who can willingly quit the precincts of civilisation at all with the one simple object of imparting the chief blessing of that civilisation to distant and barbarous tribes. Such a man

must, in truth, look practically upon all his fellow-creatures as brethren; and from whatever situation of life he arises, whatever may be his degree of education, there must be a fund of love and charity stowed up in his breast rarely to be met with, and worthy our most sincere admiration and reverence. Apart from the good results attending his efforts, we derive a pure pleasure from contemplating his career; and if sometimes the consideration that this good man belongs to our own country causes our pleasure to swell into pride, it must be confessed that the pride is innocent and even laudable. However this may be, such is the explanation of the tender solicitude with which the English public, and especially those who have contributed to the good work by money, or otherwise, have regarded the progress of the Protestant mission in Tahiti. Though our government has repeatedly refused to accept the territorial sovereignty of the island,* the people of this country have always considered themselves as possessing some right of property over the minds of the natives.

The history of the conversion of this people to the Christian faith presents a most extraordinary series of pictures to the mind. The Society Islands, situated in the centre of the Pacific, do not number more than 40,000 inhabitants, all at least nominally under the sway of one sovereign, whose seat is generally at Tahiti. They are some of the most beautiful spots on the surface of the earth. Built upon foundations of coral, rising in the most varied forms, and covered with trees that droop sometimes over the water's edge, they leave nothing for the imagination to desire. The sky is pure, the atmosphere balmy, the soil fruitful. Nothing seems wanting to render life happy. And yet for hundreds of years strife and vice of every description, reduced to a system and practised in its most hideous extremes by a regular association based on infanticide,† rendered these little paradises, these young continents, something like hell upon earth. The missionaries, after undergoing dangers of every description, succeeded in changing this state of things. Under their hands society assumed a new shape. They purified the hearts, elevated the ideas, and consequently corrected the conduct of the people. A stupid Russian captain, named Kotzebue, asserts that they spoiled their morals and their beauty, and consigned all who dared to resist their will to 'oubliettes!' Few in England can now be found so bold as to re-echo these absurdities, no one indeed whom it would not be derogatory to answer. In France the case is different. One of the ablest undoubtedly of their public speakers,

* See the letter of George Canning, dated March 3d, 1827, &c. &c.

† The Arooa. See Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches,' vol. i., p. 229.

M. de Montalembert, at least one of those who give promise of greatest ability, has observed, 'En Angleterre on parle trop et trop légèrement de nous.' We may reply, 'En France on parle trop et trop grossièrement de nous.' Will it be believed that even in the Chamber of Deputies* men have been found so base as to re-echo the vilest assertions of a nefarious press against Mr. Pritchard and his colleagues. Such attacks, however, fall to the ground on this side of the channel of themselves. The missionaries then, we say, *have* done good service in the Pacific, they *have* by their unimpeachable lives, zealous activity, and eloquent preaching, converted an ignorant and barbarous population; they *have* introduced morality and religion where idolatry and crime flourished in rank luxuriance before. We could wish to dwell longer on scenes like these. We are reluctant to approach the sequel, and contemplate the intruders rushing like a hog into a flower-garden, to uproot and destroy what the hand of industry had planted. But, however unwilling, we must hurry on to this sad consummation. Let those who would delight their minds, by dwelling on one of the most pleasing pictures ever to be witnessed, turn to the Rev. Mr. W. Ellis's forthcoming 'History of the London Missionary Society.' It is one of the most charming compositions of the kind we have ever met with. Pleasing in style, ample in details, without being in the least tedious, it leaves nothing to wish for. The author, well known to the public by his admirable 'Polynesian Researches,' a work already become classical, does not merely celebrate the exertions of the missionaries from report. He has laboured himself, and with distinguished success, in the cause. He knows every inch of the ground of which he speaks, and has conversed with most of the characters he celebrates. Some of them are very quaint and original; and Mr. Ellis has drawn them admirably. We regret to be obliged to dwell so briefly on his performance, which is of high literary merit. Ours is a sterner task. We have to relate, not triumphs but tribulations. We have to do only with the subject of one chapter, which is written in a somewhat melancholy spirit. Mr. Ellis, who laboured for the mission in the height of its glory, has lived to see it sadly cast down at the mercy of the indifferent or the profane. We can enter into his feelings. Let our readers, if they have the courage, compare with his volume the ponderous and slovenly compilation of MM. Vincendon-Dumoulin and C. Desgraz, who have discharged upon us all they have collected, political, economical, geographical, philosophical, historical, military, naval, moral, and religious, on the Society Islands. Their 'General Considerations

* M. Billault's Speech, March 17, 1844.

on French Colonisation in Oceania,' suggest to us the propriety of publishing a folio on the relations of Great Britain with the Pelew Islands, preceded by an introduction on international law. M. Henri Lutteroth's work, which takes the Protestant view of the question, is brief, clever, and amusing; the 'Statement' of the directors is forcible and convincing, but incomplete without the admirable letters of Messrs. Freeman and Tidman in the 'Times' newspaper; and the 'Appeal' of Mr. Williams is really excellent, written with warmth and eloquence, by a very young man, to whose head and heart it is equally creditable.

Our readers must suppose the island of Tahiti to be in a state of gradually progressing civilisation under the care of the missionaries. Let us, before we enter upon the events which form the immediate subject of contemplation, sketch two very opposite characters, those of Messrs. Pritchard and Moerenhout, the English and French consuls. They have both of them exerted considerable influence on the fortunes of the Society Islands, one for good, the other for unmixed evil; one has laboured energetically to reform and regulate; it has been the constant endeavour of the other to corrupt and overthrow; one was impelled by religious zeal and holy enthusiasm, the other by sordid avarice and envy; one acted boldly, frankly, perhaps too frankly, the other intrigued, and mined, and plotted; one is open-hearted, open-handed, of vigorous intellect, warm and eloquent, the other artful and cunning, cold in heart, and crooked in mind. Mr. George Pritchard, in the character of a missionary, reached Papeète, the capital of Tahiti and the Society Islands, in the year 1824, and never quitted those regions for sixteen years. In a very short time his superior energies and abilities caused him to be regarded as the head of the mission, and it was in a great measure through his influence that Queen Pomare became convinced of the truth and efficacy of religion, and adopted the severe and irreproachable line of conduct which has distinguished her for ten years past. Whatever may have been her life once, her present austerity, adopted in the prime of youth, atones for all.* Mr. Pritchard was the chief instrument in her conversion; but he was not satisfied with one promising disciple. His activity and boldness, which have rendered him so much the aversion of the French, and earned so much of their execration, gave a new impulse to the mission. Ameliorations rapidly followed each other in manners and government, and in fact the work of conversion may be considered to have been completed. Six years ago all that re-

* We have been assured that when invited to dine on board of any of her Majesty's vessels, she invariably refuses to take a second glass of wine.

remained to do was to prevent the people from relapsing. To avoid so grievous an event many rigid laws and 'puritanical' regulations were enacted. The most important and necessary of these was that which excluded spirits from the island, and made it illegal to buy or sell them. All savages, it is well known, soon become passionately fond of drinking; and when once the pernicious habit is contracted, depopulation is in most instances the inevitable result. The tribes of North America are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, destroyed more by the rum-flask than the rifle of the backwoods-man. The same process had begun at Tahiti. Captain Cook, eighty years ago, computed the inhabitants at two hundred thousand. This may have been an exaggeration, but supposes at any rate a very dense population. In 1830 the most favourable accounts gave seven thousand! Since then a gradual increase has taken place; for about that time temperance, at first enforced by a pledge, became the law of the land. This is one of the beneficial results produced in a great measure by Mr. Pritchard and the venerable Nott. The former, with whom we have now more especially to do, rapidly acquired the love and respect of the natives, so that it was this year considered by the French sufficient to hold a sword over his head to keep the whole population quiet, trembling for his safety. If then his word was law with the queen and her subjects, he acquired this influence by no illegitimate means, and used it for no illegitimate ends. He might on more than one occasion, during the French aggressions on the island, have instigated a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers. It was in his power to cause a general massacre of the invaders. He had but to raise his finger, and the attempt at least would have been made. He did not pursue this course; he recommended peace and patience to the people, and his reward has been vituperation on one side of the channel, and desertion on the other.

Let us now turn to contemplate another picture. No dramatist could have chosen a more striking contrast. M. Mœrenhout is the Autolycus of the piece. 'After flying over many knavish professions he settled down into a French consul.' Belgium had the honour of giving birth to this great man, who was the real cause of a quarrel, and all but a war between the greatest empire upon earth, and one of the most powerful kingdoms of the continent. Why he left the land of his birth he has enveloped in prudent mystery. Good reasons doubtless prompted him. It is not said, however, that he travelled in quest of knowledge. After many perambulations he came one fine morning to Valparaiso, where it has been stated, 'he carried on business.' We have made careful inquiries into this matter, and find that friend

Mœrenhout was clerk to the Dutch consul, Mr. Duëster, and that by a certain show of industry he contrived to acquire his confidence. This simple-minded gentleman, accordingly, in concert with two fellow dupes in Valparaiso, Englishmen to wit, Messrs. Green and Macfarlane, chartered a vessel, and sent it in 1829 to the Society Islands, with the ambitious Mœrenhout as supercargo. During the long voyage various magnificent ideas revolved in his mind, and he conceived a vast plan of commercial operations in the Pacific. Nothing was requisite for its execution but the pecuniary means, and accordingly, by some hocus pocus work, he contrived to divert the profits of the vessel he had charge of into his own pocket. How this was managed we cannot say, but it is certain that Mœrenhout declined returning to Valparaiso, preferring to remain at Tahiti. From that day to this he has never come to a settlement with his employers. In the first moments of their exasperation at the ingenious and amusing trick that had been played them, these honest gentlemen wrote to the English consul, beseeching him to interfere on their behalf. But it is a difficult matter to collect debts in the Pacific. Mœrenhout snapped his fingers, and proceeded to 'carry on business.' According to his own account,* he began on a large scale, and met with much diversity of fortune. He took upon himself the airs of an eastern merchant, and would persuade us that he dreamt of nothing but

" Dangerous rocks,
Which touching but his gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with his silks;
And, in a word, but now worth this—
And now worth nothing."

All these things, however, were but the fictions of his own imagination. His sole occupation was the sale of ardent spirits to the natives, which he carries on to this day. Taking advantage of his privilege as consul, it was his custom, when invested with that office, to make his house the receptacle of contraband goods, rum, gin, brandy, &c.; and took opportunity on Sunday, whilst the people where at chapel listening to the English missionaries and native preachers, to deal out his intoxicating liquor to the European retail dealers. This branch of 'business' was, as we have seen, directly contrary to law; but it was exceedingly profitable, M. Mœrenhout almost possessing a monopoly.

In 1834, this gentleman departed with a bundle of notes from Tahiti on his way to Europe. It was his full intention to communicate with the French government, and yet he perfidiously, in

* 'Voyage aux Iles du Grand Océan,' tom. ii. Paris, 1834.

passing through Boston, obtained from the American authorities, little nice in the appointment of such agents, since they give no emolument, the name of Consul of the United States. On arriving in France he took advantage of this nomination to impart a certain *éclat* to his book, inscribing himself on the title-page, 'Consul General of the United States in the Islands of Oceania.' This impudent falsehood obtained him some notice, and he has, even by our credulous neighbours, been adopted as a scientific authority! Our restless adventurer, however, could not remain satisfied with his literary laurels. The French government heard from him and he from the French government.* A compact was made, and the American consul left the shores of France a secret agent of Louis Philippe!

It has been suspected with good reason that M. Moerenhout, indefatigable man, took at the same time another client under his protection. He crept about among the Jesuits, like a second Peter the Hermit, preaching a crusade against the Protestant heretics in the Society Islands. With what success? A glance at the state of propagandism in France at the time will throw some light on the probabilities of the case, and assist us in deciding for ourselves whether M. Moerenhout did really become an agent of the Jesuitical party in France. It is well known that from that country a movement has gone forth which about ten years ago began to break in soft murmurs on the shores of the Pacific. Under the Restoration (in 1822) a vast association, called the *Œuvre de la propagation de la Foi*, was established at Lyons, placed under the patronage of Saint François Xavier, supported by an organised system of almsgiving, one sou a week, from all the faithful who chose to co-operate in this holy work, and granted plenary indulgences by four successive popes. To this association were attached four French congregations, those of the *Lazaristes*, the *Maristes*, the *Missions Étrangères*, and the *Maison de Picpus*. The last, which most concerns us, was founded in 1814 by the Abbé Coudrin, who lived in the street called *Picpus*, whence the name of his society, which was instituted with the double object of reviving the faith in France, and propagating it abroad. It was dedicated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Maria! A decretal of the propagand, confirmed by Leo XII., June the 2nd, 1833, confided to this society the task of converting all the islands of the Pacific, from the north to the south pole. One of its young priests, accordingly, M. Etienne Rochouse, was nominated vicar-apostolical of Eastern Oceania, with the title of Bishop of Nilopolis *in partibus*. M. Chrysostôme Liansu, prefect-apostolical under him of the southern

* Henri Lutteroth, 'O-Taiti,' &c. p. 149.

portion, preceded him in his mission with two priests, Messrs. François d'Assise Caret and Honoré Laval. An Irish catechist, hight Columban Murphy, accompanied them. The prefect established himself at Valparaiso, and sent his inferiors to the conversion of the Gambier Islands. How this was effected, it is needless to narrate; but we cannot resist giving one instance of the manner in which Catholic missionaries perform their parts. 'I always bear about with me,' says the ingenuous M. Bataillon, 'a flask of holy water and another of perfume. I pour a little of the latter upon the child, and then, whilst its mother holds it out without suspicion, I change the flasks, and sprinkle the water that regenerates, unknown to any one but myself.' After this piece of mummery, the child is accounted a Christian.

Whether M. Moerenhout became, on his visit to France, the agent of the Picpus society or not, certain it is that he has ever since appeared strenuously to espouse their cause, and they have manifested very benevolent intentions towards him. From Tahiti he doubtless kept up a constant correspondence with the priests of the Gambier Islands. At any rate, in 1836 the Irishman, Murphy, landed at Papeëte disguised as a carpenter, a downright wolf in sheep's clothing, to spy out the nakedness of the land. He soon wrote for auxiliaries, and Caret and Laval prepared to tread in his footsteps. On the 20th of November, in the same year, they embarked in a little vessel which had come from Tahiti to the Gambier Islands for commercial purposes, and having been informed by Murphy that no strangers were allowed to leave without permission, caused themselves, in order, if possible, to evade the law,* to be put on shore on an unfrequented part of the peninsula of Tairabu. From thence they proceeded by land towards Papeëte, preaching all the way, by their own avowal, *against the Protestant missionaries*,† representing them as impostors, and endeavouring to incite the people to expel them. M. Moerenhout, the American consul, was ready to receive them. Immediately on their arrival, they endeavoured, by a series of unworthy artifices, to obtain permission to reside on the island. For this purpose it was requisite to pay sixty piastres to the queen. They were offered and refused. They made presents, equal in amount, but presents of the same value were returned. In spite, however, of this they and the French government maintain that the price of admission was offered and accepted.‡

After much negotiation a meeting was called, at which the

* Dumont d'Urville, t. iii., p. 205.

† 'Annales de la Propagation de la Foi' No. lvi., p. 212.

‡ Dupetit-Thouars, t. ii., p. 394.—'Révues des Deux Mondes,' 15 Avril, 1843, p. 217.

priests formally urged their demand to remain, comparing themselves to St. Peter and the Protestants to Simon the Magician. M. Moerenhout, warmly espousing their cause, pretended that he had never heard of the law which rendered the queen's permission necessary before strangers could reside. This disgraceful conduct of the consul of the United States, if it had not been promptly disavowed, would have engaged the honour of the government under whose protection it was ventured on. In spite, however, of his meddling interference, the demand of the priests was rejected, and they were ordered to quit the island. This they refused to do, and shut themselves up in their house. The police at length were sent to dislodge them, and, finding the door locked, returned to the queen for further instructions. They now received positive orders from her exasperated majesty to employ force if necessary, and, unwilling to break open the door, removed a few of the leaves which formed the roof, and penetrated into the interior, where they found MM. Laval and Caret, who still refusing to use their own legs, were quietly lifted off the ground and carried to a boat, declaiming all the way in favour of universal tolerance. To complete the scene Moerenhout ran to meet them, and with tears in his eyes, says one account, compassionated their case, exclaiming in a theatrical attitude: 'It shall some day be known that I am indeed consul of the United States.'

Had the English Protestant missionaries any thing directly to do with this expulsion? Nothing. True, they had created the state of society which rendered necessary, or at least excusable, the law, in virtue of which Caret and Laval were sent away; but they did not appear at all in the transaction. The unscrupulous young priests themselves, in their account of the matter, endeavour, it is true, to implicate Mr. Pritchard, but according even to them every thing was discussed and decided in an open assembly of the chiefs. The only *fact* they have to advance is this, that, by a certain latitude of expression, the spot where they were forced into the boat might be said to be nearly opposite the British consul's residence. On this slender foundation what a superstructure of abuse and calumny has been built! That the missionaries did not interfere in favour of the priests is certain. It would have been absurd, suicidal in them to do so. These strangers came not to preach virtue and religion, but to destroy their work. 'The Catholic priests,' says a French writer, in favour of the occupation of Tahiti, 'instead of going in search of new lands to conquer, and civilising nations still barbarous, among whom cannibalism and debauchery riot unchecked, seem, on the contrary, to be constantly desirous of becoming rivals to the Protestant ministers,

and of decoying away their proselytes.* The same work is full of testimonies in still stronger language; and the confessions of Laval and Caret themselves corroborate these remarks. However this may be, the latter gentleman was soon on his way to France for the purpose of soliciting the interference of the government. When he arrived a series of voyages between Rome and Paris took place, the result of which was an order despatched to Captain Dupetit Thouars at Valparaiso, to proceed immediately to Tahiti and demand reparation for the insult said to have been offered to the dignity of France.

Dupetit was precisely the man to undertake such a task. Coarse, violent, and unscrupulous, he was actuated by an eager desire to do something to make a noise in the world. He had, in 1840, despatched a memorial to M. Thiers, offering, with a small squadron, to sail up the Thames and burn every vessel between the Nore and London Bridge. He was not destined, however, to founder off Tilbury fort, and, compelled to bate the wing of his ambition, he scudded towards a little island in the Pacific. The sphere was certainly a more congenial one. With his breast swelling with the thoughts of miniature conquest, the gallant captain sailed with a prosperous breeze for the harbour of Papeëte. It must be remembered, however, to the honour of Thouars, that fanaticism was not among his vices. What did he care for liberty of conscience? In 1837 he was in negotiation with Tamahamaha, the King of the Sandwich Islands, who had, like poor Queen Pomare, got into a quarrel with a catholic priest and wished to get rid of him. Dupetit Thouars actually compelled M. Bachelot to leave the island, and engaged that he should not preach during the time he was waiting for a ship—‘*En attendant il ne prêchera pas.*’† Thouars had, therefore, practically recognised the right of the island princes to control the doctrines preached in their territories.

Towards the end of the year 1837, Mr. Pritchard, in consequence of his firm and temperate conduct at the time of the intrusion of the Catholic priests, was appointed British consul, at which period his official connexion with the Missionary Society ceased, he abandoned the title of reverend, and became in every respect a layman. His exertions, however, in the cause of Christianity did not slacken. They only took another form and direction. About the same time, in consequence of a letter from Queen Pomare, the American government having taken into consideration the conduct of Moerenhout, in the affair of the priests, dismissed him from his post with disgrace. They were not so much

* ‘*Iles Taïti*,’ p. 13.

† Dupetit Thouars, t. I., p. 345.

offended at his espousing the cause of Laval and his companion, as at the gross breach of trust of which he was guilty, in forwarding despatches and memorials to the French authorities instead of to them. It afterwards came out that the Catholic missionaries in return for his services had agreed to allow him the monopoly of the pearl fishery of the Gambier Islands.*

Shortly before the arrival of Dupetit Thouars an attempt was made to murder M. Moerenhout. A Spanish negro broke into his house to rob; he was overheard, and the master running to protect his property, was instantly felled by a blow from a hatchet. Madame Moerenhout coming to the assistance of her husband, was also struck, and her skull fractured. The murderer was taken up, and accused an Englishman of being his accomplice. The latter, having been apprehended and examined, was dismissed for want of proof. There was nothing but his bad character against him. The authorities kept the negro four months, until Madame Moerenhout died of her wounds, and then hanged him. This was a simple case of burglary and murder, but the French attributed the whole to Mr. Pritchard and his friends. Even the squeamish '*Journal des Débats*'† did not blush to give currency to these calumnies. Yes, the paper which lately exhibited such virtuous indignation at the publication, by the '*Times*,' of certain letters, impugning the skill and courage of some French naval officers, actually opened its columns to a communication in which grave and virtuous English missionaries were accused of murdering a woman and attempting to murder her husband. A M. Reybaud also, in the '*Révue des Deux Mondes*,'‡ had the effrontery to assert that this Spanish Catholic negro was actuated by a desire to serve the Lutheran faith in assassinating Moerenhout. Dupetit Thouars§ attributes the act to political motives; Dumont d'Urville|| to the declamations of the Protestant missionaries. It may be as well to observe that the negro having been kept for four months chained in a hut, was visited by a number of French officers, to none of whom he complained of having been sacrificed to the Machiavellian policy of unscrupulous Englishmen. Fancy Mr. Pritchard, like another Macbeth, exclaiming aside to the murderer in the court of justice—

"There's blood upon thy face—"

for by such a sign was he detected—then adding,

"'Tis better thee without than him within;"

and yet consigning this second Ravallac to the gallows!

* Note of M. Desgraz in Dumont d'Urville, t. iii., p. 403.

† 27 Mars, 1843.

§ T. ii., p. 396.

‡ 15 Mai, 1843, p. 574.

|| T. iv., p. 65.

When Dupetit Thouars arrived at Tahiti in 1838, the grog dealer had scarcely recovered from his wounds; and it appears that he determined to claim the honour of semi-martyrdom to excite the sympathy of the heathenish sailor, who after being closeted with him for about an hour, came forth breathing fire and fury. He officially informed the English consul and M. Moerenhout, who, however, as he well knew, had ceased to represent the United States,* that the port of Papeëte was in a state of blockade, and that they had better bring their families on board his vessel. This was before he deigned to notice the existence of the Tahitian government, or had inquired whether or not his demands would be acceded to. He now despatched his *ultimatum* to the queen, who fortunately enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Pritchard's advice. His demands were two thousand dollars, a letter of apology, and the hoisting of the French flag on the national flagstaff. In case these conditions were not complied with, Papeëte was to be converted into a Tangier, and a creature of Moerenhout's placed on the throne. Various diplomatic arts were resorted to in order to bring the discussion to a speedy close—the frigate cleared for action, and sundry gun-boats were disposed along the shore. We can easily believe that a taste for dramatic effect had much to do with these arrangements. The scene was calculated to inspire the imagination. Towering towards the centre of the island rose the great peak of Tahiti seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; a vast drapery of trees clothed its sides, and descended to the very edge of the marine plain in which stood Papeëte. The white houses of this town cover a great space of ground, and seem built in the midst of a grove of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The inhabitants, on learning the hostile intentions of the French, flocked down to the shore, and a desire to 'show off' before them probably influenced our doughty commander in his warlike demonstrations. At any rate they were perfectly needless. The natives were unarmed and taken by surprise. The only question was how to fulfil the required conditions. It was easy to write a letter and salute a flag, but where was the money to come from? The queen, who had not so much money in the world, thought all was over with her; but Messrs. Pritchard, Vaughan, and Bicknell, came forward and paid the whole into the Frenchman's hands. A more barefaced piece of robbery was never committed even by the notorious Captain Morgan. The queen was then compelled to sign a convention, granting free ingress and egress to all French subjects; but when she objected to allow a new faith to be preached in her dominions, Dupetit Thouars, the

* Dumont d'Urville, t. iv., p. 65.

hero of the Propagand, exclaimed, with an oath, that it was not his business to protect priests, but Frenchmen. 'If you object to Catholic doctrines being preached, make a law forbidding the practice, but take care only to respect the persons of my countrymen.' In consequence of this suggestion the law was passed, which Laplace, not long after, came in the *Artemise* to abrogate. Damont d'Urville, who arrived before Thouars left, reiterated the advice to the queen to forbid 'all public sign of a new faith.*' It must not be supposed, however, that our gallant Frenchmen made these observations out of tenderness for the queen. They flowed merely from their perfect indifference to any faith. D'Urville is obliged to confess that the speech in which he uttered his sentiments was so *severe* that it brought tears into Pomare's eyes, and so affected her that even the bullying Thouars thought it necessary to soften its effects by 'quelques petites niches amicales,' as gently pulling her hair and patting her cheek.

But the act most offensive to Queen Pomare is yet to be mentioned. This was the appointment of the discarded consul of the United States, who had published a book filled with the grossest calumnies against her, and overwhelmed her with daily insults, to the post of French consul. To Captain Dupetit Thouars it fell to communicate this appointment to the queen. She listened with surprise and anger, and ventured to remonstrate; but no attention was paid to her, and the man, who had long sworn her ruin, was placed in exactly the position he coveted, with every opportunity of prosecuting his base designs. He had, by this time, become the head of a sort of faction composed of a few discontented chiefs, escaped convicts from our penal colonies, deserters from ships of all nations, and a corrupt rabble, forming, however, not more than a few hundred individuals, who had grown tired of the wholesome discipline enforced by the missionaries.

In April, 1839, Captain Laplace arrived off Tahiti in the *Artemise*, which, as she was making for the port, struck upon a reef, and was damaged to such an extent that some difficulty was experienced in bringing her ashore. A regular careening was, therefore, rendered necessary, which lasted till the month of June. The islanders all this time behaved with the utmost kindness towards the strangers, and these, in their turn, although wantonly cutting down the bread-fruit trees in the neighbourhood of Papeëte, professed nothing but friendship. When, however, the vessel was tight and trim once more, he resolved to test its efficacy upon his benefactor, and, pointing his guns upon the town, demanded the abrogation of the law passed at the suggestion of

* T. iv., p. 69.

Dupetit Thouars, by which Catholic priests were forbidden to preach on the island. Might again prevailed, and the law was abrogated. It is worthy of remark that one of the historians of this transaction, having described the frightful debaucheries to which the French sailors gave themselves up *after their vessel had been repaired*—from which we must infer that they used force to accomplish their wishes—begins the narration of what followed by these characteristic words:—‘*Au milieu de cette vie doucement occupée,*’ &c. It is scarcely credible that the preceding pages are of a nature absolutely to defy republication even in a mangled state.* The finishing touch to the whole is, that ‘in the midst of this delightful existence,’ M. Laplace was stipulating for liberty of conscience, and the cession of a piece of land whereon to build a Catholic church.

We must pass rapidly over the events of the next year. Moerenhout persevered in his intrigues; and the missionaries—now, however, no longer supported by the advice of Mr. Pritchard, who had left for England on a diplomatic mission—redoubled their efforts to arrest the torrent of vice which the civilising agents of France were pouring over the island. Two Catholic priests, duly armed, no doubt, with their alternate bottles of scent and holy water, arrived to claim the piece of ground which had been granted them to build a chapel; but the French consul, fearful that this would put an end to the quarrel, actually contrived to cheat them out of their land, which he appropriated for the purpose of building a house himself. He pretended that the queen had presented it to him in a moment of generosity for his own use. This so exasperated Mr. Murphy, that he chartered a vessel expressly to Valparaiso to carry the news of Moerenhout’s treachery, sending despatches to the Picpus Society, requesting them to withhold the present they had promised Moerenhout for his services to the Catholic faith at the time of the intrusion of the priests.† Another incident must not be passed over. By Mr. Pritchard’s advice a police had been established on the island to prevent rioting and disorder. One evening a dog belonging to the queen fell foul of a cur belonging to a French whaler, M. Mauruc. Moia, the superintendent of the police, ran to separate the belligerents. In doing so, it seems, he accidentally hustled Captain Mauruc, who was encouraging his quadruped to the combat, and was a little out of temper that he had the worst of it. Happening to have a huge key in his hand, he instantly felled Moia to the ground with such violence that he laid his head open. Next morning, Moerenhout

* Louis Reyband, ‘*La Polynésie et les Iles Marquises,*’ pp. 121, 128, 138.

† Williams’s ‘*Appeal,*’ &c., p. 6.

caused the policeman to be tried, or rather had him dragged before a judge, and insisted on his condemnation. The judge wished to know how he could punish the fellow, since the Frenchman was in fault, but the consul threatening violently, he, at length, fined the innocent Moia, who stood by with his head bound up, the sum of eight dollars. 'Eight dollars!' exclaimed the arrogant Belgian, 'I insist on his being found guilty of high treason, and punished accordingly.' The judge remonstrated, but in vain, and he was compelled to pronounce sentence of banishment. This was carried into effect; but the queen some time after issued a free pardon; and on the arrival of Dupetit Thouars, in 1842, one of the principal grievances he complained of was, that 'the infamous Moia, the assassin of a Frenchman,' was suffered to go at large. 'Malgré la promesse toute recente de la reine au commandant de la corvette l'Aube, l'infâme Moia, l'assassin d'un Français, est encore ici.' &c.* The poor murdered Mauruc was, after his decease, married to an English lady in the consulate. What terms can be selected harsh enough to characterise this affair? Could any man, having the slightest feelings of honour, be guilty of conduct so disgraceful? No gentleman, no one who expects to be admitted into decent society, would dare to act thus in this country; and yet the French government has adopted this achievement as its own, and the French nation has applauded the man who performed it as almost a demigod.

In September, 1841, the indefatigable Morenhout succeeded in prevailing on four chiefs—Paraita, Paëte, Itoti, and Tati—to sign a document, asking for the protection of the French. This was in the absence of the queen, who was on a visit to the Leeward Islands. When asked to give her consent, she indignantly refused; and wrote a letter to Louis Philippe, the President of the United States, and Queen Victoria, asserting that she had no wish for French protection, or 'overshadowing,' as the idea is expressed in her language. The most remarkable part of the whole history of the Tahitian question is that which follows. In the summer of 1842, Captain Dubouzet arrived in the Aube, compelled the disbanding of the police, and the reconstruction of another, and then communicated a letter to Pomare from the commodore commanding the station of the Pacific, stating, that the French had no intention of offering protection to Tahiti, that they were amply satisfied with the reparation made by the queen, that France had no further demands to make, &c., &c. Dubouzet followed this up by a letter from himself, reiterating the assertion that nothing more was required from Pomare, and thanking her for her ex-

* Dupetit Thouars' Letter to the Queen, dated Sept. 8, 1842.

trepreneur kindness and civility. 'I beg distinctly to assure your majesty,' said he, 'that I consider your late conduct perfectly satisfactory, and I am authorised to state that France has no further demands to make upon your majesty.' The words of the commodore were: 'I assure your majesty that France has no intention of imposing a protectorate.' This was towards the end of August. On September 1st, Admiral Dupetit Thouars arrived, and proceeded forthwith, the French ministry has declared without instructions, to seek occasion for a quarrel. M. Moerenhout took care, as soon as the 'Reine Blanche' was in the offing, to go out in a boat to tutor the burly old admiral, proud of his new rank, and anxious to add some new 'illustration' to it. Their conversation was brief but decisive. It was determined, at once, instantly to deprive Pomare of her sovereignty.

Dupetit Thouars in his report, the French press, the French chambers, the French government, have solemnly asserted in the face of all Europe that on this occasion the Queen of Tahiti *spontaneously* ('de plein gré et spontanément') demanded the protection of the French. In the face of all Europe we assert that this is a deliberate lie. Not at present to dwell on the private information we have received from persons present at the time, we shall refer only to the letter of Thouars himself, dated September 8, 1842, in which he offers to the queen three alternatives: first, the payment of 10,000 dollars, which he knew she did not possess; second, the provisional occupation of the island; third, by a nice distinction, the complete occupation. For eight days the good people of Tahiti had been lulled into a false security by the friendly profession of the admiral. They imagined, good people, that this time at least they were not to be insulted and pillaged, and had begun to sleep tranquilly at night when their pleasing speculations were—

“—— Interrupted by a knife.

With 'd— your eyes! your money or your life!'”

The quiet old gentleman who hands out his money when a pistol is clapped to his ribs does so, according to the French view of the matter, 'spontaneously.' However, having threatened very fiercely, Dupetit Thouars proceeds to suggest an amicable settlement. 'Nevertheless,' he says, 'as a proof of my unwillingness to push matters to extremities, I authorise the queen and the principal chiefs to submit to me, within twenty-four hours, any proposition calculated to appease the just resentment of my country.' The protectorate is here distinctly alluded to; and it will be evident that if in consequence of this the queen had proposed an arrangement, her proposal could not by any means have been called 'spontaneous.'

But Pomare was at this time absent at Mourea (Eimeo), and no message or agent was sent to her. No notice was taken of her existence. The letter was written, dated, and its substance verbally communicated to the chiefs, accompanied by threats and menaces. The explanation of this conduct is simple. Had Mr. Pritchard, backed by an English frigate, been present at the time, the blustering Thouars would have sneaked out of the harbour as peacefully as he entered it. But the English consul had departed to endeavour to obtain from his government a guarantee for the independence of Tahiti. It is not to be doubted that his intercession would have been successful; but, says a French writer, with the exquisite faculty for blundering peculiar to his nation, '*Il arriva à Londres vers la fin du règne du malencontreux ministère TORY, vers le temps où Sir Robert Peel fut appelé à la direction des affaires.*'* The tory ministry had fallen and Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office. Lord Aberdeen occupied the place of Lord Palmerston—a dwarf in the armour of a giant.

To return, however, to the Pacific. In the absence of the queen's adviser the admiral determined to act vigorously. Had he obeyed his own heroic impulses he would have commenced the bombardment immediately—a conflagration would have had a pretty effect in that beautiful bay—but the long-headed Moerenhout suggested a better expedient. By his advice, four chiefs—Paraita, Utami, Itoti, and Tati—were invited in the evening on board the *Reine Blanche*, and by the promise of one thousand dollars each, backed by threats, induced, in a state of intoxication, to affix their names to a document praying for French protection. This fact is confessed in an affidavit signed by two of these chiefs.

Next day, September 9, 1842, about twelve o'clock, a boat was despatched to Eimeo, distant fifteen miles, with a peremptory order to the queen to sign the document within twenty-four hours, that is to say, the next day by twelve o'clock. It was evening before the boat reached the place whither Pomare had retired with her family. Her situation was one in which it is the custom for women to receive the most anxious and respectful attention from all of the opposite sex, especially if they call themselves gentlemen. She was every moment expected to give birth to a child; and, according to custom, had come to lie-in at Eimeo, leaving Paraita, who basely betrayed his trust, regent in her absence. On learning the demand made by Thouars, the queen, surprised and alarmed, sent for Mr. Simpson, the missionary of the island, and a long and painful consultation ensued. Armed resistance was obviously impossible. The only alternative was between de-

* '*Iles Taïti*,' p. 937.

thronement and protection. Pomare at first determined to choose the former, but her friends pressing round her, represented that Great Britain, the court of appeal whither all the grievances of the world are carried for redress, would certainly interfere, that subjection would be but temporary, and that she would ultimately triumph. Stretched on her couch, in the first pangs of labour, the unfortunate queen withstood all supplications until near morning. Mr. Simpson observes, that this was indeed 'a night of tears.' Many hours were passed in silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the suffering Pomare.

Let us leave her for a while, and turn to consider in what manner the French buccaneer and his crew passed the same night. We refer to no inimical statement. Our authority is a letter which went the round of all the Paris papers,* written by an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, who did not seem to perceive any thing at all immoral in what he related. His intention was merely to excite the envy of his fellow-countrymen by detailing the delights that were to be found in the New Cythera of Bougainville. We dare not follow him into his details. It will be enough to state that more than a hundred women were enticed on board the ship, and there compelled to remain all night, under pretence that it would be dangerous to row them back in the dark. Some were taken to the officers' cabin, others were sent to the youthful midshipmen, the rest to the crew. When this account made its appearance, the government, alarmed at the effect it might produce, published an official declaration in the '*Moniteur*' (30 Mars), addressed to 'French mothers,' denying the truth of the statement. But M. Guizot, or whoever directed this disavowal, merely argued from the silence of his own despatches—if they were silent—and not long before, in the voyage of Dumont d'Urville, published by royal 'ordonnance,' a description of conduct still more atrocious had been given to the world.†

Towards morning the sufferings of Pomare increasing, her resolution began to fail her, and at length she signed the fatal document. Then bursting into a flood of tears, she took her eldest son, aged six years, in her arms and exclaimed, "My child, my child, I have signed away your birthright!" In another hour, with almost indescribable pangs, she was delivered of her fourth child. Meanwhile the boat which carried the news of her yielding, sped for the port of Papeëte. The sea was rough, and the wind threatened every moment to shift. The white sail was beheld afar off by the lookout on the mast of the *Reine Blanche*, and it was thought

* Of the 27 of March, 1843.

† '*Voyage au Pôle Sud et dans l'Océanie*,' t. iv., pp. 6, 17, 18, 274, &c. &c.

impossible she could reach by the appointed time. Thouars, however, troubled himself but little about all these things. He was fixed in his resolve, that if the answer did not arrive before twelve he would bombard Papeëte. The guns were loaded, gun-boats stationed along the shore; and whilst the frightened inhabitants crowded down to the beach beseeching with uplifted hands that their dwellings might be spared, the ruthless pirate, bearing the commission of the King of France, was giving his orders, and burning to emulate the exploits of Stopford and Napier at St. Jean d'Acre, by destroying a few white-washed cottages on the shore of a little island in the Pacific. Hero, worthy the grand cross of the legion of honour which was bestowed on him for this achievement; worthy the sword raised by farthing subscriptions among 'haters of the English,' which was presented to him for so distinguished an exploit! What exultation must have filled his breast as he beheld the white sail of the boat scud for a moment past the entrance of the port; and what sorrow, when by a skilful tack it bore manfully along the very skirts of the breakers, and rushed through the hissing and boiling waters into the placid bay of Papeëte, exactly one half-hour before midday!

We must pass rapidly over the arrangements which followed. The treaty of protection professed to secure the external sovereignty to the French, but to leave the internal to the queen. The former, however, were empowered 'to take whatever measures they might judge necessary for the preservation of harmony and peace.' When we learn that the ever-recurring M. Morenhout was appointed royal commissioner to carry out this treaty, we at once perceive that Pomare had in reality ceased to reign. How this base person employed his power may be discovered from the fact, that it became his constant habit, when he desired to obtain the signature of the queen to any distasteful document, to vituperate her in the lowest language, and shake his fist in her face.

It has been asserted, in this country and elsewhere, that the passive resistance of the queen and people to the proper establishment of the protectorate, did not begin until the arrival of Mr. Pritchard on the 25th of February, 1843. The object of this has been to attribute all the subsequent difficulties experienced by the French to him. But the fact is well known, that before he made his appearance the queen had written to the principal European powers, stating that she had been compelled against her will to accept the protectorate of France. On the 9th of February also, a great public meeting, presided by the queen, was held, in which speeches of the most violent description were made. It was resolved, however, that by no overt act the French should be furnished

with an excuse for further arbitrary proceedings. The determination came to was to write for the opinion of Great Britain.

The morning after this meeting Mœrenhout went to the queen and acted in a manner so gross and insulting that she determined to complain to Sir Thomas Thompson of the Talbot frigate, who promised her protection. All this happened, as we have seen, before the arrival of Mr. Pritchard, who in truth, instead of proving a firebrand, introduced moderation and caution into the councils of Pomare. Sir Toup Nicholas, it is true, commanding the *Vindictive*, which brought our consul to Tahiti, did go so far, despising some of the forms which were perhaps necessary, as to threaten that unless the French ceased to molest British subjects, he would employ force to compel them. He is even said to have cleared for action. When we consider what was daily passing under his eyes, there was some excuse for this gallant captain's warmth. Setting aside the insults offered to our own countrymen, he was the spectator of constant tyrannical conduct towards the queen. Messrs. Reine and Vrignaud, under whose name all this was done, were but instruments in the hands of the sagacious Mœrenhout. The following letter of Queen Pomare, hitherto, we believe, unpublished, will throw some light on his conduct. It is addressed to Toup Nicholas, who took measures to fulfil the wishes it contains.

" O Commodore,

Paöfäë, March 5, 1844.

" I make known unto you that I have oftentimes been troubled by the French consul, and on account of his threatening language I have left my house. His angry words to me have been very strong. I have hitherto only verbally told you of his ill-actions towards me; but now I clearly make these known to you, O Commodore, that the French consul may not trouble me again. I look to you to protect me now at the present time, and you will seek the way how to do it.

" This is my wish, that if M. Mœrenhout, and all other foreigners, want to come to me, they must first make known to me their desire, that they may be informed whether it is, or is not, agreeable to me to see them.

" Health and peace to you,

" O servant of the Queen of Britain,

(Signed)

" POMARE,

" Queen of Tahiti, Mourea, &c. &c."

During the time that elapsed between the establishment of the protectorate and the third visit of Dupetit Thouars to Tahiti, the only overt act which the French could complain of was the hoisting of a fancy flag by the queen over her house. Whatever difficulties existed at the outset had been in reality overcome in spite of the 'intriguing Mr. Pritchard.' Even M. Guizot* has declared

* February 28, 1844.

in his place in the Chamber of Deputies: 'There existed on the admiral's arrival none of those difficulties which are not to be surmounted by good conduct, by prudence, by perseverance, by time, or which require the immediate application of force.' Nevertheless, on the first of November, 1843, our buccaneering admiral entered the harbour of Papeëte, and wrote immediately to inform the queen that unless she pulled down the flag she had hoisted he would do so for her, and at the same time depose her. In spite of his threats, however, she refused compliance; and Lieutenant D'Aubigny landed at the head of five hundred men, to occupy the island. The speech in which this person inaugurated French dominion in Tahiti was one of the richest specimens of bombast and braggadocio ever uttered. Much merriment might be excited by its repetition; but it has already caused the sides of Europe to ache more than once. We are not at present in a laughing mood. Suffice it to say that the deposed queen fled on board the British ship of war, the *Dublin*, commanded by Captain Tucker—the *Vindictive* had unfortunately been recalled—and Papeëte was for many days like a town taken by storm. Drunkenness, debauchery, rioting filled its streets, and every means were taken to undo what the English missionaries had by half a century of labour accomplished. We have the satisfaction to reflect, therefore, that all the treasure we have expended in the Pacific has been in vain. A population converted by our means, yet tottering on the verge of the abyss from which it had escaped, was given over on the 1st of November, 1843, to be corrupted, murdered, and plundered by the most corrupt, cruel, and rapacious nation in Europe.

What in the meantime had become of Mr. Pritchard? No sooner had the usurpation been consummated than he hauled down his flag, and informed the Frenchmen who had perpetrated the acts of injustice we have detailed, that not considering them legally constituted authorities he could hold no official communication with them. Lord Palmerston has so clearly exposed the miserable sophistry by which this act has been interpreted into a resignation of consular functions, that it will be unnecessary to dwell on the point. Every body now perceives that up to the moment when Mr. Pritchard received intelligence of his appointment to the Navigator's Islands he remained consul of Tahiti. His credentials, if published, would prove this fact incontestably. This being granted, let us ask: Did he by any act of his justify the assumption that he had ceased to consider himself a consul—did he excite the people to rise against the French? We declare that he did not. Even the French ministry make no more than vague charges against him. It has never been advanced 'that on such and such

a day Mr. Pritchard did or said such and such a thing.' All that is maintained is that he intrigued in general, that he excited the natives in general, that he declaimed in general, but how, where, when, no one ventures to determine. He seems to have acted by supernatural agency. His mere presence sufficed to stir the passions of all the population of Tahiti. Every gesture, every motion was interpreted into a condemnation of French tyranny. He could not walk without shaking their fabric of oppression to its basis. His very cough was a call to arms.

From November to February many little events took place without much changing the relative position of parties. The Dublin had departed, leaving only the *Basilisk* ketch and a steamer to represent the British navy. The queen sometimes ventured ashore, whence, however, she was at length finally driven on board the *Basilisk*, the commander of which was informed that if he landed her on any of the Society Islands it would be considered as a hostile demonstration. She, meanwhile, still advised by Mr. Pritchard, refrained from taking advantage of the gradually increasing excitement of her people to attempt to recover her authority by force. She waited patiently for news from Europe, confidently expecting that the act by which she had been deprived of her dominions would not be ratified.

We might here enlarge on the savage conduct of the licentious French soldiery since the complete occupation of the island;* we might describe them carrying off men's wives and shooting the husbands when they attempted to resist; we might detail the measures by which all the cattle in the island were confiscated by M. Bruat in order to insure a supply of provisions to the 'Army of Occupation.' This, however, would but obscure the real state of the question. It is acknowledged by the whole world that it is lawful and virtuous to resist injustice. All the patriotic songs which stir so violently the passions of every nation in Europe, are based on this conviction, that if an armed force unjustly invade the territory of a people, that people is bound to resist, if possible, by force, and that it can do no act more worthy of universal sympathy than to exterminate its oppressors. The Tahitians were precisely in this position. It is not we alone that declare it. M. Guizot has vehemently proclaimed this truth. We cannot

* A society called the Aborigines Protection Society has been established in London. The idea is philanthropic and beautiful, but its objects can never be accomplished, whilst the French system is tolerated in the world. We recommend the high-minded and benevolent men who have founded this society to exert themselves in favour of the unfortunate Tahitians. Perhaps, however, the time is past; and this wretched people is irrecoverably lost.

quote the whole of his observations. A few, however, will suffice.* 'French force encountered there no rival, no obstacle; it was bound at least to keep right on its side. We think that it did not do so. * * * There were no instructions, there was no utility or necessity, neither was there justice towards the queen and the natives. We are of opinion that the establishment of France in new regions should not be accompanied by an act of violence towards the people among whom it appears for the first time.† * * * There existed, seriously speaking, neither necessity nor right.‡

By the showing, therefore, of the government of Louis Philippe themselves, the Tahitians were placed perfectly in the right, the creatures of Dupetit Thouars in the wrong. It became the duty of the former on the 1st of November to take up arms; it became their duty to expel or put to death every Frenchman on the island; if they had not attempted to do so, considerations of prudence could alone have withheld them; their right was evident, of the expediency they were the best judges; if they had quietly submitted we might have pitied without respecting them. It is certain that the English missionaries on the island, probably from the same motives which induced them soon after their first landing to send away their fire-arms, preached peace and patience; and their well-meant efforts would probably have proved successful, had not the brutality of the French soldiers at length exasperated the people beyond endurance. Fathers, whose daughters had been torn from their arms, hurried from village to village, beseeching their countrymen to revenge their wrongs: husbands, whose wives had been violently carried off, echoed the appeal to arms. These were the preachers of insurrection; these were the intriguers who rendered the French uncomfortable in their position; these were the ambitious and turbulent spirits who caused hill and valley to ring with shouts of vengeance. Now was the moment to exhibit courage; this was the time when the men who had provoked the danger were bound to meet it manfully. But M. Bruat was made of different mettle. He began to be frightened at the storm he had raised, grew moody and fretful, posted sentinels all over Papeëte, never moved abroad without a guard. So far did his fears carry him that he declared publicly

* "La force Française n'avait là aucun rival, aucun obstacle; elle pouvait bien garder pour elle le droit. Nous pensons qu'elle ne l'a pas fait. * * * Il n'y avait pas d'instructions, il n'y avait pas utilité, nécessité; il n'y avait pas non plus justice envers la reine et les indigènes. Nous pensons que l'établissement de la France dans des mers nouvelles ne doit pas s'inaugurer par un acte de violence contre les peuples au milieu desquels elle arrive. * * * Il n'y avait, sérieusement parlant, ni nécessité, ni droit."

† Séance du 1er Mars.

‡ Séance du 29 Février.

in a state of piteous nervous excitement, with pale face and faltering voice, that if a rising really took place he would pistol Mr. Pritchard with his own hand. Instead of meeting the enemy, he would shoot an unarmed English consul. This is the gallant man with whom the French government, urged on by a people as bloodthirsty now as in 1793, a people whose character never has changed since the massacre of St. Bartholomew, reckless of slaughter, incapable of comprehending the idea of justice, and which has chosen to identify itself all over the world with blasphemy and infidelity—this is the man, we say, whom the French government takes under its protection; and this is the man whose presence Lord Aberdeen has consented to tolerate in Tahiti, and who is to remain unpunished, nay, applauded, for imprisoning and expelling a British consul, in virtue of authority acquired by an act of the most flagrant injustice ever perpetrated even by a French officer.

Not content with taking the precautions we have above alluded to, M. Bruat began to erect fortifications, and batteries, and redoubts, and sent off in all haste to the Marquisas for a reinforcement. He then started, surrounded by four hundred men, to build a fort at some distance from the capital, leaving, as his substitute, Lieutenant d'Aubigny, who had rendered himself conspicuous by constant asseverations that he was ready to die for the tri-coloured flag. This person was instantly intoxicated by the possession of supreme authority, and resolved to do something to make a noise in the world. One of his sentinels having, it is said, been attacked by an unarmed native—what fire-eaters these Tahitians must be!—he thought the opportunity had arrived for distinguishing himself. Accordingly, next day (March 3rd, 1844,) as Mr. Pritchard was going to pay a visit to the commander of the Cormorant steamer, four or five soldiers rushed, with a sort of desperate courage, pell-mell out of a guard-house, some with, some without their hats, but all well armed, and, seizing him by the collar, uttered a sort of timid imitation of the Iroquois war-hoop. We have been assured, by an eye-witness, that the scene would have been infinitely ludicrous had not the savage character of the French soldiers been known. But it was immediately understood that Mr. Pritchard's life was in danger, and the utmost alarm manifested itself. Two officers of the Cormorant waited on M. d'Aubigny to demand an explanation, and to inquire whither the British consul had been conveyed. They were at first refused an answer; but at length the lieutenant condescended to read a proclamation, which was soon afterwards posted up against all the walls of Papeète. It ran as follows:

"FRENCH ESTABLISHMENTS IN OCEANIA.

"A sentinel was attacked on the night of the second of March. In reprisal I have arrested one Pritchard, the sole agent and instigator of the revolts of the natives. His property shall answer for all damage which the insurgents may occasion to our establishments; and if French blood flow, every drop of that blood shall be visited on his head.

"Papeete, March 3. (Signed) D'AUBIGNY."

The tyrannical and absurd regulations which were now made have been often laughed at; but it is fit that the public should know that some have had cause to weep through them. It was ordered that, after a certain hour, no light should be burned in any house. A Mr. Jackson, whose wife was far advanced in pregnancy, applied to be made an exception to the rule. Not only was he refused, but his demand attracted the attention of the French, who made it thenceforth a practice to come and thrust their heads through his window and jeer at his wife as she lay in bed. This disgusting conduct so alarmed the poor woman that she insisted, in spite of her delicate state, on leaving the island. Embarking, therefore, on board a little vessel bound for Valparaiso, she had a stormy passage to that place, and, overcome by fatigue, acting on her constitution already injured by the shock she had received, three days after her arrival died a victim to the brutality of the French conquerors of Tahiti.

When M. Bruat returned he did not, as has been stated, reprimand M. D'Aubigny. On the contrary, he approved of his conduct, and would have persisted in imitating him, had not the commander of the English steamer, the *Cormorant*, not having yet been made acquainted with the tone of his government, waited upon him and solemnly warned him of the consequences of his proceedings. Bruat then consented to liberate Mr. Pritchard on condition of his leaving the island. Our consul, therefore, was withdrawn from his damp dungeon, in a state of such weakness, produced by harsh treatment, that he could scarcely stand, and hurried on board the *Cormorant*, which was then ordered to be off. This is the plain unvarnished statement of the 'gross outrage, accompanied by gross indignity,' which has made the world ring for the last two months.

We cannot enlarge on the present prospect of the complete extermination of the French force in Tahiti by the enraged natives. We should rejoice from the bottom of our hearts if it were to take place, were we not certain that fresh forces would be poured into the island, and that the unfortunate population would ultimately succumb and be perhaps annihilated. Let us turn from the contemplation of these tragic scenes. Would that our eyes could repose on another picture! Would that we had to describe England assuming her proper position of protectress of the oppressed, and

stepping forward to intercede in behalf of this unhappy people who have always regarded her with something of the affection of children towards a parent! But this country must no longer pretend to revenge the wrongs of others when she cannot obtain redress for her own. It is useless to conceal the fact. We have been baffled and laughed at. An island converted by our missionaries, and which we have always assured of our friendship and goodwill, has been invaded and devastated by a French force; our consul, who protested against this outrageous conduct, has been assaulted, thrust into a dungeon, threatened with murder, and then banished; Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Wellington have blustered; public opinion has made itself heard; and a French officer is to be scolded, like a spoilt child, by his smiling government, and an indemnity is promised for Mr Pritchard's fatted pigs which were slaughtered to grace the Apician table of Messrs Bruat and d'Aubigny!

ART. IX.—1. *Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in 1844.* Colburn. 1844.

2. *Notes of a Recent Traveller on the Armies and the Military Power of Russia.* MS.

THE recently published work, of which the title stands above, is evidently the production of one who has seen much of every part of Russia, who has read much on the history of that country, and who speaks out the whole truth of his reading, observation, and experience, freely and unreservedly. It strongly claims, and no doubt will receive, the eager and deep attention of this country. Of the authenticity of the details, and of the general truth of the statements in these volumes, we entertain no shadow of doubt. They are in the main corroborated in a remarkable manner by the calm, painstaking, and observant Kohl, by the somewhat conceited and loquacious, yet shrewd and penetrating Custine, and by the manuscript journal of a recent traveller which has been placed at our disposal.

But the 'Revelations' are characterised by one cardinal fault;—the work is anonymous. Though it bears on its front the impress of sincerity and truth—though it affords in every page internal evidence of authenticity—yet it is to be feared that the mere fact of its being given to the world anonymously will detract from its usefulness and authority. There will not be wanting those who will loudly proclaim that it is the production of some expatriated Pole, or some discharged official, who vents his malice against a government in calumny and misrepresentation. There may be, and we dare say there are, cogent reasons for preserving an anonymous character, but, if it be not so—if the work be the production of an Engli-

man, or a foreigner, not in the Russian service—the sooner the volumes are avowed by the able author the better. For though for the moment all likelihood of immediate collision between England and France has passed away, yet in the present temper of the French nation, and while the affairs of this great empire are in the hands of what Father Tom Maguire aptly calls ‘the tinkering ministry,’ he would be a bold man who would speculate largely on the long continuance of the general peace. Under these circumstances it behoves the people of England to consider well the military and naval strength of the great monarchies of the continent. On the character and composition of the Russian army, the ‘Revelations of Russia’ shed a flood of welcome light; but as the statements of an anonymous author, whatever be their intrinsic value, must always be received with a certain reserve and caution, we shall draw our materials for this paper first and chiefly from the MS. of an English traveller personally known to us; who, in addition to the advantages of sound education and much travel, possessed unusual opportunities for observation. The fruits of this gentleman’s researches may hereafter be given to the public in a more extended shape. For the present we shall content ourselves with giving an abstract of the rough notes he has put into our hands ‘on the Armies and the Military Power of Russia.’

The military power of Russia is no doubt the vital source of its strength. But of the real extent and efficiency of that power it is difficult to form an exact estimate. Neither the boastful exaggerations of the Russian boyars, nor the coarse and ill-disguised lies of official persons, are to be depended on. In a country where there is no freedom of the press, and where the indiscreet revelation of a fact may subject the loose-tongued official to the gentle correctives of dismissal, the knout, or Siberia, the ‘best public instructors’ are apt to be public deceivers, and private confidence cannot, and does not, exist. But even though there were facilities for reference and information, yet the constant changes introduced by a monarch, whose mania is military, set accuracy at defiance, and from their number and variety, indeed almost transcend human belief. Without some knowledge, however, of the Russian military system, it is impossible to know any thing of Russia. The whole civil institutions are modelled after, while they are subservient to, the military system. The highest civil power in Petersburg and Moscow is vested in the military governor, next under whom is the head of the police. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the army is a career unfliningly sought after by the highest youth of Russia. In order to possess serfs, which is but another name for property, or to have gratiation at court or in society, the young nobles of Russia are

absolutely obliged to serve the crown either in a civil or a military capacity. This regulation dates from the time of Peter the Great. Under him every officer was noble from his profession alone; there was no hereditary rank but by service. Much of the numerical force of Russia is nominal, and on *paper* only. In order, however, to give that weight to the power of the czar which he is always anxious to claim in the politics of the east and west, this paper army is pompously and periodically paraded in the columns of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' the 'Augsburg Gazette,' and the 'Frankfort Journal,' one and all in the pay of Russia. But it is not from such authorities that the British public can gain any accurate or impartial accounts. Though Russia extends over a surface embracing thirty-five degrees of latitude, though it comprises within it a territory of 9200 English miles in length, and 2000 in breadth, with a population amounting to 60,000,000, though the empire is divided into fifty-one governments, and is administered by eleven governor-generals, yet this organisation, however imposing and magnificent on paper, is really more showy than strong, more extended and diffused than compact or powerful. The sterile and thinly-peopled provinces of Archangel, Olonetz and Vologdo, furnish few recruits. The scattered tribes peopling the Siberias comprising the Kamschatkans, Aleutians, Ostiaks, Samoiedes, Ischonkets, Koniaks, Yakouts, and Tungusians form but an ill-compacted mass of men, differing in races, habits, and feelings; while the Manshurs, and remnants of the Mongols, whose names are barely known in Europe, add little to the population, and nothing at all to the military power of Russia. A tribute of furs and skins they undoubtedly pay, but the chief use of their country seems to be that it serves as a prison for convicts and exiles, 2000 of whom escape every year to the steppes or plains around, where they are left unmolested. Orenburg, a province larger than most European kingdoms, has within it a population of 1,000,000 souls; but in Iskontz, on the other hand, there are only four men to the square mile.

The distant provinces, therefore, furnish few recruits for the army, and even though the numbers were more considerable, it would be difficult to move such levies, not only from the want of means, but from the necessity of leaving a military force in their place. The desert tribes of the Ural, comprising the Baskirs and Kirghises, though fully as pastoral as the inhabitants of Meath or Tipperary, have none of O'Connell's peace preservers among them, and not even the head pacificator himself could keep the Abazeks, Kabardians, Lesgees, Cherkesses, Ossitans, Taschkents, Khists, Ingoshes, Charaboulacks, or even the Georgians in order without the presence of a large military force.

In Georgia, in time of peace, travellers proceed with a large escort, and field pieces, to back them in their distant perigrinations. It is hence apparent that the army must be chiefly supplied from the central provinces of Russia proper. These, as well as Little Russia and the Ukraine, are well peopled and fertile, but Finland, on the other hand, does not furnish more than 20,000 men for the service.

The difficulty of obtaining levies is, therefore, undoubtedly great, but these difficulties are small in comparison to the wide expanse of duty and service which opens out before the eye of the Russian soldier the moment he enters on actual service. He may have to defend the forts and coast on the Black Sea—in order to watch every movement on the part of the Turks—to guard the frontiers on the side of Persia on the Oral—to repress the Circassians and other warlike tribes of the Caucasus—to keep in bounds the roving families on the borders of the Caspian—or to repress the just discontent of his brave, warlike, and oppressed Slavonian brother in unhappy Poland. And for all these varied and vexatious duties, neither Siberia, nor New Russia, nor the Crimea, nor Georgia, nor the Caucasus, furnishes one soldier to the imperial government. The campaigns of 1812 and 1813—the Turkish war—and the insurrection of Poland—will abundantly prove our assertions, that the distant provinces are not an ‘*officina hominum*.’ When it is known, from authentic documents, that only 120,000 soldiers could be collected at one point, with which force the battle of Borodino or the Mosqua was fought, and of whom from 20,000 to 30,000 were men who had just been collected, clad in their sheepskins, from the lands of their masters, we shall be better able to form a just opinion of the military power of Russia.

The following may be taken as an accurate muster roll of the Russian army in 1812. There were:—

“30,653	under Steugell in Finland,
34,290 . . .	Wittgenstein in Livonia and Courland,
47,520 . . .	Baggawoth at Wilna and Witespk,
41,045 . . .	Essen at Grodno, Minsk, and Mohilem,
140,322 . . .	Bagration, including Platow and his Cossacks, 12,000 in Volhynia and Podolia,
28,526 . . .	the Grand Duke Constantine at St. Petersburg,
10,041 . . .	reserve of recruits at Moscow,
20,000	say recruits at Novgorod,
19,501	under Richlieu in the Crimea,
9,928 . . .	R-titcheff on the Caucasus,
23,745 . . .	Paulucci in Georgia,
87,026 . . .	Kutozow with the army of the Danube in Moldavia.

493,197 Total.”

Of these 493,000 men, however, (87,000 of whom were enabled to join in the struggle, through the influence of England, who obtained the ratification of the treaty of Bucharest), not more than 120,000, as we have previously stated, were ever enabled to act on one point, although this extraordinary military force (on paper) had received the addition of a levy, *en masse*, and of a militia (*opolchinie*), amounting, according to Russian authorities, to 900,000 men. It seems incredible, after these grand paper displays, but it is nevertheless true, that only 35,000 (and not 40,000) were marched into Warsaw on the commencement of the Russian campaign in Germany; and it is equally true and is indeed an admitted fact that the Russian army was filled up on its entry into Paris, by the Cossacks and Bashkirs, and that the levy thus raised was the last that could have been resorted to, had the war been prolonged. If any doubt remained as to the exaggerated estimate of Russian armies it would be effectually removed by the history of the next campaign. The Turkish war under Diebitch, cost the Russians 200,000 men, of whom one half were carried off in the first campaign. The panic, as well as the financial drain caused by this war compelled the government to put an end to all the public works throughout the kingdom, as well as to the exertions made to set on foot another force. In the second campaign, before the treaty of Adrianople was signed, Diebitch could only muster 18,000 effective men, so much had his army suffered, not from war, but dysentery, the badness of the commissariat, and the wretched medical staff. It is to the tact and management of Baron Muffling, the Prussian ambassador, rather than to the prowess or efficacy of her military force, or the skill of her generals, that Russia owes her chief successes against the Turks. It was this Prussian ambassador, who by his reports increased the panic of the Divan, and imposed on the ignorant credulity of England and France. Peace was at length signed, and so highly was this service looked on by the Russian emperor, that Muffling obtained his highest military order but one, and of the first class, as well as a regiment in his own country, through the influence which the Czar exercised over his father-in-law, the late King of Prussia. During the campaign in Poland, the cabinet of St. Petersburg was only able to send 110,000 men across the frontier, of whom 25,000 perished within three weeks, not bravely fighting against an enemy, but from forced marches, from the inclemency of the weather, the badness of the provisions, the corruption of the commissariat, and the ignorance, inefficacy, and inattention of the hospital staff,—evils always hitherto incident to the march, and, it would seem, inseparable from the existence and organisation of a Russian army. Throughout the whole of the

Polish war, the Russians were never enabled to bring into the field a larger body than 80,000 men; and these were opposed by 70,000 Poles, of whom one-seventh were employed in garrison duty. One-third of the remaining portion were peasants, badly armed and undisciplined, and who learnt their duty by hard fighting in the field.

These two facts sufficiently prove to our mind, both the inefficiency of the Russian tactics, and the exaggeration as to the really effective amount of the Russian army; but if additional evidence were needed, proof is not wanting in the successful opposition of the Circassians, a nation of 200,000 men, who, though surrounded by Russia, have contrived for the last fifteen years, not only to resist the power of the empire, but to become the victors in many engagements.

Though we are ready to concede the valour of the Circassian people, and to admit the difficult nature of their country—though we are free to allow that their mode of warfare is peculiar and harassing, and that they have been aided to some extent by fugitive Poles, still we contend that Circassia would be to either England or France, though not perhaps an easy, still a certain conquest, and that her people, more troublesome than formidable, would within a given time have been eventually subdued.

But this people, though not supplied to any considerable extent with ammunition—though entirely surrounded by Russia, who holds possession of both seas on her flanks—have kept the czar and his armies in check, and have still managed to retain their independence. It cannot be denied that fifteen or sixteen years ago, owing to the efforts of Yermoloff and Paskewitch, the Russian arms made some progress in Circassia, but since that period little has been gained beyond what was ceded by Turkey herself, and this part is even now contested. But the force entrusted to these two generals in Georgia and the Caucasus was the very best in the empire. It amounted in the former country to 40,000 men, of which 32,000 were infantry, 1200 dragoons, and 6000 cossacks. In the Caucasus were two batteries of artillery with a corps of 24,000. Over these armies the military governor of the province had the power of life and death. He was independent of the ministers—corresponded directly with the emperor, and sent in what accounts he pleased. But even with this despotical and czar-like power accorded to the generals, and a quicker promotion conceded to the army, the Russian troops made little progress, and under Rosen and Williamow the war is a mere affair of outposts. From all this it may be inferred that the military power of Russia is not so formidable as it is generally deemed in England and France, and it may be further concluded that there

is something radically vicious and defective in the military organisation of Russia. Nor is this inefficiency, in fact, and exaggeration as to numbers of the Russian army, redeemed or obviated by a better arrangement or organisation of the force than prevails in other countries. The following account of that organisation is, we have every reason to think, as nearly accurate as the nature of circumstances will permit:

Four regiments of sixteen battalions form a division, and three divisions one corps. Each regiment of the line, with its war complement, is rated at 4000, and is divided into four battalions.

"To each regiment also are four colonels, or more properly lieutenant-colonels, one of whom is always with the reserve, as the regiment is commanded by one officer only. Those of the cavalry have eight squadrons on service, and one hundred men in each, with a reserve of two squadrons, which are always quartered in the south of Russia. There are three lieutenant-colonels to each regiment. The numerical strength of these regiments depends much upon their being in actual service, those quartered in the distant parts of the empire not being always filled up, though the colonels are said always to take the benefit of their complement by drawing the full pay. The sole advantage of the arrangement is, that there is one colonel instead of two, but this again is counterbalanced by its putting a stop to promotion, and rendering the officers discontented with the service. The size of the regiment is an imitation of the Austrian system, and was even carried to a greater height in the time of the Czar Peter, whose regular army at first was composed of only two regiments, commanded by Gordon and Lefort, the one amounting to 12,000, the other to 5000 men.

The regiments are thus divided:

The Imperial Guard.

The Grenadier Corps — including three divisions of infantry of twelve regiments; one division of light cavalry of four regiments; two batteries of horse artillery and fifteen of foot.

Six corps of the line—each of three divisions of infantry of four regiments (two being of a regiment of four active battalions), one division of light cavalry of four regiments, fifteen batteries of foot, and two of horse artillery; comprising in all twenty-four regiments of light cavalry, seventy-two of infantry, twelve batteries of horse, and ninety of foot artillery.

Three corps of cavalry of the reserve—each corps has two divisions, each of four regiments; in all twenty-four regiments, with seventy-two batteries of horse artillery. *Two*, or perhaps three reserve corps of the line, each of three divisions of *three*, or perhaps four battalions, with two batteries of horse and two of foot artillery; each battalion in war time amounts to 1000 men, but only half as much in time of peace.

Corps of the Caucasus—three divisions of infantry, one regiment of dragoons, and sixteen batteries of foot artillery.

Corps of Orenberg—one division of infantry of sixteen battalions, sixteen battalions of foot artillery.

Corps of Siberia—one division of infantry.

Corps of Finland—one division of infantry.

Troops of the Interior—fifty battalions of militia, ten battalions of sappers, and one division of horse artillery of nine battalions.”—*M.S. Notes.*

There is also a skeleton battalion in the recruiting districts to supply the reserve. It is in the imperial guard that the steadiness, precision of movement, and discipline of the Russian army is chiefly exhibited. The parades of this regiment in the riding-schools, both of St. Petersburg and Moscow, are under the eye of the emperor himself. It is his favourite amusement to make these regiments go through their exercises, and it must be admitted, that the steadiness, carriage, and exactness of the infantry of the guard *en parade*, come as near to perfection as possible. But soldiers on parade, and in the field, we need not tell our readers, are two very different things. The minuteness of a Russian drill is carried to a most incredible extent. It is an indispensable regulation, that the cartouche-box should hang on the same spot during their marching, and that their hand and finger should remain in one and the same position to keep it so. They have, also, a peculiar marching step, which, though it appears well enough on a parade-ground, would be impossible on a ploughed field. It consists, not only in taking a long step, but lifting up each foot alternately to a higher level than the knee. The identity of movement through a line of 1800 men is, notwithstanding, astonishing. Their hands, feet, and eyes, are so simultaneously brought into play, that it has to a spectator the effect of a puppet moved into action by the pulling of a spring. It may be freely admitted, that neither the English nor the French soldiery practise these trifling *minutiae*, which harass and perplex the soldier without adding to his science, skill, or efficiency, but whether, on this account, they are less brave or efficient, it would be idle to inquire. The Russian line have not that perfection of soldier-like appearance which is apparent in the guard, neither have they their *physique*, or carriage. They are coarsely and indifferently clad, their dress hanging loosely about them, while the guard, padded and pinched in, are under heavy obligations to the tailor's art. But the armies of the line are well kept; they have a steady tread and look, and appear hardy and capable of much endurance. Whether from the influence of the climate, or from the severity of the service, they have, as well as the guards, a dried tawny complexion, which, however, is not observable among the serfs. As the Russian guards are the picked men and most disciplined force in the Russian service, it will be necessary to give a more detailed account of their organisation.

"The Russian Imperial Guard of Infantry consists of three divisions, each regiment of which has three battalions, and is composed in war time of 5000 men, one fifth of which form a reserve.

FIRST DIVISION.

1st Brigade :

Regiment (*polk*) *Predvazinsky* (*polk*) was originally formed by Peter the Great, and composed of all his youthful associates. It was in this regiment that he rose from the rank of a drummer to that of an officer—a rule of promotion which he caused to be observed by all the nobility who served.

Regiment *Simionofsky polk*, also instituted by the Czar for the attendants of the above nobles.

2nd Brigade :

Ismailofsky, raised to commemorate the capture of Ismail from the Turks, under Suwarrow.

Iagerski—battalion of sappers and miners.

SECOND DIVISION.

3rd Brigade :

Moscovski polk, regiment of Moscow.

Grenaderski polk, " Grenadiers.

4th Brigade :

Paulofski, or regiment of Paul, formed by him, when he was Grand Duke, at Gatschina, and one of his playthings. On his accession he incorporated it with the guards, much to their disgust. They wear a sugar-loaf cap, of the time of Frederick the Great, with a brass plate in front, which is pierced with one or two musket holes, 'just for the look of the thing'; another whim of Paul's.

Finlands polk.—These also wear similar caps.

THIRD DIVISION.

5th Brigade :

Litorski polk, i. e. (Lithuania.)

Volynski (Volhynia.)

Regiment of Marines.

Battalion of Finland Riflemen. *Chasseurs*.

Battalion of Veterans of the Garrison.

Foot Artillery. Three Brigades (with a drill battalion) each Brigade of four battalions.

Regiment of Engineers.

Company of Congreve Rockets.

The Cavalry of the Imperial Guard consists of one division of *Cuirassiers* and two of Light Cavalry. Each regiment is composed of six squadrons, 120 men in each, with one squadron (as they call it) of young horses for a reserve. A certain number in each regiment of *Cuirassiers* are armed, besides the usual weapons, with a lance, which, however, is too short, and has no counterpoise, so that it is grasped in the middle, by which the advantage of its length is lost.

FIRST DIVISION OF CUIRASSIERS.

1st Brigade :

Regiment of *Chevalier Guards*, or Life Guards of the Empress. They have no less than five uniforms, one resembling much our own Life Guards. Their ordinary one is of blue and silver.

Regiment of *Garde à Cheval*, or Horse Guards. These have the *entrée* to and guard of the emperor's apartments. Their full dress is of blue and gold.

2d Brigade :

Regiment of Cuirassiers of the Emperor.

Regiment of *Pontooneers* and Pioneers.

FIRST DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

1st Brigade :

Regiment of Horse Grenadiers.

Regiment of Hulus Lancers.

Regiment of Cossacks of the Don (*Atamanski polk*, or Regiment of the Hetman—the heir-apparent of Russia). This regiment is relieved by another every year, of which all the men and officers must be Cossacks. Their seat is just like that of a jockey, for they support themselves on their stirrups, and their usual pace is a long trot. They ride, what is called *short*.

Company, *i. e.*, Squadron of Cossacks of the Black Sea.

Company of Circassians, or Tcherkess; all are *khans*, and rank as *ecuyers*, or nobles. They come from the Caucasus and serve three years, and are then sent back to their homes, and relieved by their countrymen. They are clad in chain-armour, and are remarkable for their feats of horsemanship and skill with their weapons; for instance, they place a piece of paper on the ground and send a ball through it at full gallop; they jump on and off their horse when at full speed, in which they are much assisted by their seat, the stirrup on one side being much shorter than the other; and they perform various other feats, such as are practised by the Irregular Horse in India. The officers are distinguished by a quiver of arrows at their side.

Company of the Tartars of the Crimea.

Both the last two corps are Mussulmanns, and have only the pay not the privileges of the Guards.

SECOND DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

1st Brigade :

Regiment of Dragoons (which Lord Londonderry considered, when he was at St. Petersburg, to be the most perfect, and best appointed regiment of the Guards).

Regiment of Hulus of the Grand Duke Michael.

2d Brigade :

Regiment of Hulus of Grodvo.

Company of Cossacks of the Ural.

Company of Troopers which have not the privilege of the Guards.

Company of Gendarmes."—*MS. Notes*.

The guard has not in peace time its full complement, for three or four of the regiments of infantry and cavalry do not properly belong to that corps. These regiments have, therefore, not the privileges, but only the pay of the guards during their stay at St. Petersburg, so that the total number of guards may be computed at 42,000 men only. To this force are added, in war-time, or even on the occasion of a review, several supernumerary regiments which swell the force to 60,000 men. Among the additions may be reckoned two *regimens de modèle*, or drill regiments, one of cavalry and one of infantry, each being composed of two officers and ten men from every several regiment throughout the army. They have triple pay, and are changed every year and

sent back to their respective corps to teach them the improvements of the capital. The privates are promoted to the rank of *sous-officers*, i. e. non-commissioned officers. A regiment of carabineers is sometimes added to the corps. It occasionally happens that the regiment of the Emperor of Austria, of the King and Prince Royal of Prussia, are appointed to this duty; for these royal and princely personages not only give their names but command as colonels their own regiments; and there is also a regiment, among the rest, belonging to, and bearing the name of the Duke of Wellington.

The Cossacks are said to be divided into 146 regiments, each of 800 men. To these may be added the irregular force composed of Bashkirs and Calmucks, whose number has been computed to be about as much again. But the numerical strength of this force is uncertain, and the force itself not to be depended upon. Before we proceed to sum up the total and effective force of Russia, it will be necessary to give some account of the irregular tribes that swell the amount; and first among them we must reckon the Kozak or Cossack, a Turkish word for Tartar, or robber on horseback, and now used for any irregular body of horse, and sometimes even for militia. The Cossacks are divided into several distinct tribes. Having been transported from their original resting place on the Don to other localities where they might be employed as a defence of the boundaries of the empire, their numbers were gradually increased by fugitives, driven to lead a wandering life either for crime or conscience sake. The Cossacks were, within the last twenty years composed of Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Tartars, and Turks. Each tribe had, till within the last century, to perform military service, in consideration for which they enjoyed certain privileges, elected their own officers, and especially their attaman or hetman. But they received no pay, lived altogether by plunder, and made themselves notorious only for the daring and predatory services which they performed, in the wake of the Russian armies. Attracting, however, the notice of the military authorities, they were ultimately formed into regiments, disciplined, and mixed with Russians. In losing, however, their distinctive character and nationality, they lost their chief merits. The receipt of regular pay led them to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and caused them to enter into all the frivolous and turbulent gaieties of these capitals. They soon became voluptuous and enervated, incurred debts, and were thenceforth in the power and under the thumb-screw of the government. Flattered by military decorations and orders, some among the leaders surrendered the last remnant of their independence; and at the death of Platow yielded to the crown the

appointment of attamen or hetman. This title is now conferred on the heir apparent. It may be answered that in the time of Catherine, Potemkin had held the office of hetman of the Cossacks. But Potemkin had shared their perils and fatigues, had raised the character of the Russian army, gained the confidence of the Russian soldier, and secured the lasting affections of the Cossacks by allowing them to fight with their own weapons in their own fashion. The greatest proportion of the aboriginal Cossack tribes now occupy themselves in fishing, in tending cattle, and breeding horses. They have entirely lost their military character. They are looked on by the best Russian officers as an inefficient and cowardly body, and are said to retain nothing of their former character but a love of plunder. They are principally employed at present in performing the duties of police and gendarmes. Their uniform is light, easy, and soldier-like, and is sought to be generally introduced throughout the cavalry by Field Marshal Sacken, who is desirous of transforming that branch of the service into a body of light horse. The remaining tribes of the Cossacks, including those of the Don, who were a distinct race have now spread to the Ukraine. The Bog and the Black Sea or Tchernomorskoi Cossacks have been of great use in the wars against Turkey, and more recently have done good service against the Circassians, whom they are said to resemble in stratagem and address.

The Cossacks of the Volga have mostly transformed themselves into peaceable burghers, but the tribes of Grubenskoi, Orenburg, the Ural mountains, and of Siberia, retain all their wild and savage propensities. They are now so numerous and extended that they are looked upon by Russia as a great engine, to be worked in case of any attempt on India. They dwell, or are rather encamped, on the farthest and south-west boundaries of the empire, and have, also, been of great service against the Circassians, as well as against the roving tribes around and in the deserts. They are able to distinguish their own men at a great distance by certain signs, such as wheeling their horses in a peculiar manner, so that, at any visible distance, they know whether the party approaching are friends or foes. They have all the acuteness of their race. This is exemplified by an anecdote often related in Moscow by General Prince Troubetzkoi, who held a command before Schumla in 1811. On visiting the outposts, he was told by a cossack sentry that the Turkish force had been augmented. The general, however, was incredulous, for he could see no indication of such an event, but the Cossack insisted that there had been a reinforcement during the night, and gave as a reason that he had marked a spot of ground before him, with a tree between him and the enemy, and

that one branch, the day before, just reached to the end of the camp, but that it was now a little way beyond it. The sequel proved that he was correct, for the Russians found an overwhelming force opposed to them, and were obliged to retire in disgrace. The greatest management is required to keep these different Cossack tribes in order. The future peace, safety, and prosperity of Russia depend in a great degree on their civilization. Of unsettled character, lovers of change, and of the marvellous, they have, hitherto, given an eager support to every impostor who has appeared among them. They afforded a ready aid to the Strelitz, supported the cause of the false Demetrius, and of the Pugatchef, as well as the bolder design of the rebel Shenko Rosan, whose object it was to establish an independent sovereignty at Astracan.

The Calmoucks, another of the principal tribes, have now become civilized, education being now general among them. They can read and write, and are said to be acute and even eloquent. They have still retained some of their warlike propensities and their personal courage; qualities which ought almost to be hereditary to them, as they are descended of the Huns of old, and of the Mongols of Gingham Khan. They are, luckily, restrained within the salt deserts and the tract of country about the Caspian Sea.

The Bashkirs are a wandering and warlike tribe, Mussulmans by religion, and plunderers by profession. They lead a pastoral life, and are rich in flocks. Their weapons are bows and arrows, and many of them wear armour. The Khirgizes, from the borders of China, are similarly armed, and have the same pursuits. They are rich in flocks and herds, and dwell in their deserts, 280 leagues from the Attock.

Among the foreign auxiliaries incorporated with the Russian army are a few regiments raised by Paskevitch in Persia. These, though Mussulmans in religion, did good service against the Turks. Two of these regiments were quartered at Warsaw a few years ago. They still retained their native dress and seat on horseback. There is also a body of Circassians incorporated in the Russian service. As an irregular force they have distinguished themselves by their courage, address, and ferocity, both against the Poles and the Turks. While serving with the Russian army they have various privileges, and are, after a certain service, sent back to their own tribes, now in subjection to Russia, and are replaced by others of their countrymen, to whom they can enlarge upon the wealth, luxury, and power of the Imperial Court. This corps, which is of the tribe of Tcherkasses, is under the command of its own sultann, or chief. Some idea of the lives and habitudes of these men before their subjection to Russia may be formed from

the confession of the old sultaun or chief, who declared that he had not taken off his armour for twenty-five years, having been all that time in a state of perpetual warfare, not only with his immediate neighbours, but with Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Ferocity and disregard of life are prominent traits in the character of these Circassians. During the Polish insurrection a village had been roused to revolt by its pastor, and had in a skirmish killed one of the principal Circassian khans. The body was borne off with some difficulty and risk, but the attempt was to be made, as the Circassians consider it a disgrace to leave the dead body of one of their tribe in the hands of an enemy. On the following night a signal was sent round the Russian camp, and a body of five hundred Tcherkasses was soon collected. They proceeded to the village, and after cutting to pieces a battalion of one thousand Polish infantry, not only burnt the village to the ground, but put all its inhabitants, men, women, and children to the sword. For some time after they were occupied in selling for a mere trifle the spoil of ear-rings, trinkets, &c., which they had collected, and to which were appended the ears and fingers of their former possessors. Some of these khans speak very tolerable French, enter into society and adopt European manners.

Having given the best account we could procure of the different regiments and supernumerary troops, we will now enter on the question of the numerical strength which Russia is able to bring forward. One of the reasons why Russia is generally but erroneously considered as the most gigantic power in Europe, arises from the circumstance of her maintaining the greatest portion of her force, and the most complete in discipline and *matériel* on her frontiers; a policy that took its rise in the time of Elizabeth, whose minister, Bestuchef impoverished the kingdom, and weakened its centre by the large force he kept upon the borders. It should also be recollected that it was formerly the custom, and indeed the habit has prevailed till within the last thirty years, to include under the head of military, all who drew pay under a military title. And when it is considered that most of the titles conferred by the emperor are of a military nature, it is not difficult to divine by what means the amount of the Russian armies is swelled out. The official returns raise the numerical force of Russia to the astonishing amount of 1,020,000 men, and not including the reserves, to 989,000, though there is another statement which reduces it to 862,000. Some military writers there are indeed, who would reduce the army of Russia to 400,000 men, but this is an obvious error; for it cannot be supposed that with her population and extent of territory, Russia is inferior in numerical strength to either France, Austria, or Prussia, whose

forces, with their national guard or landwehr, approach to, if they do not amount to that compliment. When moreover it is remembered that Russia has been acquiring not only an immense increase of territory, but also of population,—that her finances have increased—as well as her mineral and material wealth—we may well accord to her a number of efficient troops amounting to from 600,000 or to 640,000 men at the very utmost.

The official accounts from 1818 to the present time would almost double that number.

To begin with that of the year 1818, we find no less than 102 regiments of infantry, not including 58 battalions in garrison, and the army in Poland, and which are thus summed up.

11 Regiments of grenadiers, 4075 each	51,048
3 " " from 1000 to 3000 each	
59 " of musketeers	139,592
15 " of ditto	16,653
2 " of arquebusiers	5,879
9 Corps of chasseurs	35,928
3 Battalions of ditto	2,994

Of cavalry there are 48 regiments, and 22 of disciplined Cossacks, with 19 of artillery. The irregular force is not here brought in.

5 Regiments cuirassiers	5,490
12 Dragoon squadrons	23,573
16 Carabineers	16,352
6 Hussar squadrons	2,722
4 Chasseurs à cheval	7,352
5 Light horse	6,282
6 Ukraine regiments	6,282
16 Cossack "	30,888

Let us now compare this statement with that of Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa; and with the aid of a little recapitulation we shall be able to draw up a table wherein the several amounts of forces may be summed up together. We must first bear in mind that the *full complement* ought to be 4000 men in four battalions, one of which is supposed to be in reserve; and of cavalry 1000, and in ten squadrons, of which two form a reserve; that four regiments of infantry of sixteen battalions make one division (16,000 men), and the same number of regiments make one division of cavalry of 4000 men, which gives to the corps (made up of three divisions) 48,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. Of these corps there ought to be twelve of infantry (two of which, however, have each but three battalions, and make up only 3600). To this may be added of extra troops, such as militia and sappers, 24,000 of the

one and 10,000 of the other; but neither the army in Poland nor the guard is included. There are also thirteen divisions of cavalry, not including the forty-six regiments of Cossacks, each of 800 men, Of the artillery, engineers, &c., there are twenty-nine regiments, which make up 150 batteries of foot and forty-one of horse, including twelve of the former and four of the latter, which form a part of the Imperial Guard. The whole may be thus summed up:

	1818.	Statement of the Duke de Ragusa.	Official.	Official.	Probable Amount.
Infantry	252,094	552,000	641,354	520,000	330,000
Ditto in garrison	82,393	...	77,000	300,000	
Army in Poland.....	46,000	56,000	50,000	50,000	50,000
The guard.....	...	60,000	50,000	50,000	50,000
Cavalry	...	10,000			
Cavalry.....	58,724	40,000	118,141	240,000	170,000
Ditto, Cossack regu- lars of the Don, and the Ukraine.....	37,170				
Cossack Gendarmes..	22,216	...	...	10,000	
Cossacks of the Don..	249,76				
Bashkirs, Calmucks, and Cossacks	121,625	86,800	105,534		
Artillery	38,110	40,000	47,088	60,000	40,000
Totals.....	683,308	838,800	1,089,117	1,230,000	640,000

This force is recruited by a conscription, or rather an ukase, an order emanating from the emperor himself, stating the number of serfs required from each noble proprietor. The number used to be two in five hundred every third year, but the amount of course depends upon the exigencies of the service. Should there not be men enough in one estate for furnishing its share of the quota, the representative of the nobles causes the proprietors to draw lots, in order to supply the deficiency, and the proprietor on whom the lot falls receives a compensation (in money) from the rest of the nobles. Neither does he lose any thing by his serfs being selected, for the remaining serfs are obliged to make up the annual sum that they have agreed to pay him, and every village has a common chest for furnishing clothes, &c., for the recruits. Every serf on entering the army is nominally free, that is, he belongs only to the emperor. His beard is cut off, and he is looked upon by his friends as lost to them. The very worst set are picked out by their masters. The soundness of their teeth as well as of their limbs is essential to their being accepted, but the pay of the Russian soldier is so small—he is treated so badly—the commissariat and the medical staff are so neglected—the difference of climate from one end of the kingdom to the other is so great—(for

it is the custom here (as elsewhere, in Austria, &c.) to send the recruits of one country to another very distant one) that many are not fit for regimental duty after the fifth year, and the service is naturally so disliked on that account that the serfs often maim themselves to avoid it. When this is discovered the offending party incurs the penalty of exile and hard labour in Siberia. The period of service in the guards is twenty years (lately twenty-two), but after eighteen years, if the soldier has behaved well, he is allowed to return on an extended furlough. The service in the line is twenty-five years, but they also may be *en retraite* after twenty. In the guards the last ten years are passed in fulfilling the duties of sergeant or non-commissioned officer, which afterwards gives to the guardsman the rank of an officer. Twenty years service was formerly required in the line to attain to that rank, but now if a peasant has served twelve years, and can read and write, he gets promotion: but this very rarely happens. There are places in military hospitals and government offices for the retired veterans with small pensions. The officers however, are not thus provided for. On attaining the rank of general officer they become superannuated, and are put aside so many every year. The army list would, under any other circumstances, be swelled to an immense extent with generals. These officers are sometimes allowed certain privileges, have the right of wearing the uniform, and if they have interest are placed in the various boards, military, naval, and civil. It is not therefore necessary that the official should have the least aptitude for the duties imposed upon him. Sometimes a major-general who had never seen a ship in his life is placed in a naval office, while occasionally an admiral is transformed into a general officer. Prince Menzikof, governor of Finland, and Prince Tchitchagof, the blundering opponent of Napoleon, are instances of these magical transformations not brought about by the wand of harlequin, but the right divine operation of an imperial ukase. The retired soldiers are also placed in the military colonies. Their children as well as those of the sailors are educated in the regimental schools by government. They are born free, an illusory privilege which they derive from their parents.

The military colonies owe their origin to General Arachief, who was originally a drill sergeant in the reign of Catharine, and was made adjutant of the Grand Duke Paul's artillery, when it amounted to *two pieces*. On the accession of the imperial madman, he was advanced to the rank of general. After the murder of the czar, Arachief erected a monument to his memory. This attracted the notice of Alexander, who admired his fidelity, and employed him in consequence during the French invasion,

in which he is said to have distinguished himself. He then got a contract for making a portion of the Moscow road, whereon he obliged his serfs to work on a military system. Alexander went to inspect his grounds, and was so well pleased with what he saw, that he gave orders for adopting the same plan on the crown lands. Arachief soon became his greatest favourite. He was the only person in Russia who wore the emperor's portrait, which takes precedence of all orders, and became ultimately the most powerful person in the empire next to the emperor himself. In the present reign, he fell into disgrace, and is now living in retirement in some part of the continent—furnishing not an uncommon example of the rise and downfall of favouritism, whether in the East or in Russia. The object of the military colonies was to form a substitute for the system of recruiting by a kind of militia. This militia were dispersed in villages on the crown lands, 200 men forming a village. Four villages made up a battalion. Each soldier had a cottage and piece of ground, with a wife provided for him; the boys were to fill vacancies in the army, and the girls were to be married to the new colonists. These were, at the same time, to be agriculturalists, so as to be enabled by their husbandry to maintain their families, and to cost the government nothing. Two days were given up by them to working on the public roads or buildings. Every thing was conducted by military rule and method. It was calculated that if 100,000 men were so colonised, the government could have, in forty years, an immense number of soldiers ready trained. But the colonists were not allowed to follow their own plans in husbandry, and were subjected to such severe discipline, that finding themselves with arms in their hands, they rose in a body in two or three instances, once, for example, in 1831, after the Polish war, when they had been much oppressed by the regulations taken to avoid the cholera. The colonies in Europe were those at Novgorod, where there were 40,000 foot, and at Cherson and Poltawa, which had each 1500 horse. These establishments, as may be imagined, have proved failures. Nothing is now heard on the subject of colonies, and every thing connected with the scheme is hushed up by government. Another plan adopted by the government was that of having males of fifty years of age as master colonists, to each of whom were allotted forty acres of ground, to support a soldier and his family who assisted him. This soldier had three days' duty for a period of twenty-five years; and, moreover, had to support another soldier to supply his place, with a view to form an army of reserve.

Every officer in the Russian army has to serve a certain time as a private, with the single exception of the son of Prince Paskevitch, who, in consideration of the merits of his father, received

his *brevet d'officier* when at school. Each officer has also to go through the duties of a *bas officier*, or *porte enseigne*, for two years before he can become an officer, but if he has a degree from an university, which is gained by a year's residence, the probationary period is shortened to six months. A merchant's son is obliged to wait four years, and twelve are requisite before he can rank as a *sous officier*, or subaltern. These changes have been introduced during the reign of Nicholas, the present emperor. Before his time the rank of the father was a claim for the son on entering the service. For instance, if a general had a son when he was corporal, the latter could only enter as a corporal, but his younger brother, born after his father was a lieutenant, entered as a noble, and the son of a staff officer was entitled to the rank of a superior officer.

The army is paid in silver roubles whenever they pass the frontiers of Russia; and as the value of the silver rouble is four times that of the paper rouble, which is only worth a franc, every war is more or less popular, as well as more expensive to government. By this the spirit of aggression and the desire for active service are kept up. The ordinary rate of pay for the privates of the guards is thirty-eight roubles, thirty-seven shillings and seven pence per year, of which a third is received every four months. The guardsman has a grade and allowance above those of the line. The pay of the line is according to their standing and character, the best receiving twenty-seven roubles, and the inferior getting only twenty-one. This is, however, an increased rate of pay, for it was originally as low as six, and was then augmented to ten roubles twelve kopecks, making about eight shillings and six pence!!!

The ensign's (*Praporshik*) pay amounts to 450, or 18*l.*, with 300 for quarters, out of which his uniform costs him 150. The cornet receives 500 and the same allowance for quarters, which is the usual sum given to the first and second lieutenants, the second and first captains, and the second majors. The former receives also 500, the first lieutenant 600, and the other three each 100 more than the other, which raises the second major's pay to 900. A lieutenant-colonel and major, if *chef d'bataillon*, is allowed 900 with 500 for quarters and forage. A lieutenant-colonel commandant has 1000, with 2000 for his table, for he is expected to entertain his officers, and 500 for quarters; while the colonel (*Polkovnik*) receives 1200, with 3000 for his table, as there is no mess, and his aides-de-camp generally live with him. He has, moreover, 600 for quarters, a sum but little exceeding that received by a captain in the guards, who is allowed, as colonel, 4000 roubles per annum. The major-generals receive 2000 as pay, 4000 for their tables, and 1500 for quarters, amounting in all to

about 300*l.* a year. No officer is admitted into the guards unless he can prove that he has enough to maintain himself independently of his pay. Many officers of the guards hardly ever touch their miserable stipend, as it is mostly expended in treating their men whenever they are on duty, and what remains is swallowed up in regimental expenses, including the doctor!! chaplain! band, and the better equipment of the soldiers, especially those promoted to be officers.

In the cavalry they send their richest subs for remounts. They are allowed 360 roubles for each animal, but they seldom get any horses at a cost below 1500 to 1000. This charge they pay out of their own pockets. Surprising as it may appear, this is an appointment eagerly sought for by the subs. Promotions are made by seniority and service, and the rank of two of the same class depends, as with us, on the date of their commission. Most of these officers are in debt, but they have every facility for raising money from there being no *majorats*, or entails, in the country, all the children sharing alike.

The privates of the guard are all picked men, selected from all the regiments, and if not approved they are exchanged at the expense of the colonel who sent them, for formerly, indeed, not twenty years ago, the colonels were, naturally, anxious to keep their best men, and, in order to do so, made them personal servants, or sent them for a pretence into hospitals, or made them affect lameness, &c.

Each recruit is obliged to learn some trade. By this means he earns sufficient for his private comforts; but, though an artisan, he must always be in uniform. The same strict rule applies to his officer. If the latter were ever seen by his colonel or by any of superior rank in the army, out of uniform, he would be degraded by a court-martial to the rank of a private. If the recruits are quartered in the provinces living is cheap to them, especially at Tobolsk in Siberia, where the soil is fertile, and the climate mild and equal. They receive rations of black bread, of rye, barley, lard, pork, rice, and salt, much of which is withheld from them by their officers, who billet them in towns, and force the landlords to feed them. Once a year each man gets cloth for two shirts and white trousers, with leather for their boots; but so great is their management, that by dint of patching, they contrive to make the old boots last a long time, and dispose of most of their leather. If a button, or any part of his metal appointments is lost, the soldier is obliged to replace it. He has also to furnish himself with pipe-clay, blacking, and pumice-stone. They are allowed two suits a year in the guards, while one in the line is made to last two years; and the colonel receives a sum of

money instead from the contractor, as well as for the hay and corn provided for his men. Each regiment has what is called an economy-chest, made up of the savings of rations, forage, appointments, and plunder in the field of battle, and this also is robbed by their colonels, who, with fraudulent contracts, false muster-rolls, &c., make up for the original scantiness of their pay, and are thus enabled to keep up the appearance of men of fortune. This is no exaggeration, but is proved daily. It were needless to dilate upon the well-known case of General Gendre in 1821, who kept back the money given him to furnish horses for the light cavalry; but it may be allowed to us to bring forward two cases that occurred, the one during the grand review at Kalisz, in 1835, the other at the cavalry review at Vosnosensk, two years later. In the former, the emperor happened to be passing down the encampment, when two soldiers presented themselves before him, and in the name of their regiment complained that they got only bread for their rations, and that of an inferior quality. They were ordered to prove the charge the next day on parade. When the time came they were not forthcoming, and could not be found. The emperor was furious, ordered any one in the ranks who could give evidence to come forward, and declared that he would protect him. Two soldiers at once stepped out, and repeated the charge. They were given over to the especial charge of one of the czar's own aides-de-camp, who was to answer with his person for their safety. On examination their statement was found to be perfectly correct. The colonels of that and of some other regiments were degraded and sent off to Siberia. The same thing happened to three general officers at Vosnosensk, who underwent the same punishment. It is, however, it appears, a dangerous game to play, for the weaker is sure to suffer, while the more powerful have sufficient interest to prevent any charge being brought before the emperor against themselves.

The leading principle of Russian military justice is, as we learn from the 'Revelations of Russia,' that the superior officer can never be in the wrong. An instance of this was shown in the case of Major-General Timofieff, who was notorious not only for his cruelties, but for his gambling propensities. Timofieff used to compel the officers of his brigade to pay him for his losses. Colonel Descours, and some others, remonstrated. An inquiry was ordered, and the infamous conduct of Timofieff clearly proved. But the minister of war decided, that military discipline did not allow of a superior officer's being punished for his conduct to those under him. Descours and his party were, therefore, all cashiered, and some of them degraded, while Timofieff was made a lieutenant-general. The respect and adulation paid by scions of the

highest families to their superior officers, even in the salons and ball-rooms, would scarcely be credited. Subalterns assume the parade attitude on being addressed by a superior officer. Indeed, so much are the minutiae of the service looked to, even in society, that between the quadrilles the officers are frequently seen to buckle on their swords again, and hold their hats by their sides in military precision. This respect or fear towards superiors is carried throughout the whole service. The life of a military man is one long perpetual drill. No private dares to be covered within the sight of an officer, though the street may be a mile long. After the bell hung in front of every *corps de garde* has rung, the guard on duty is obliged to turn out at a moment's notice, and salute his superior. The common military punishment inflicted on the soldier, independent of the blows or kicks he may get from his officers, is by blows of the sabre, by the 'verges,' or switches, or by the baton, stripped to his shirt. The rewards are distributed in the shape of medals, orders, and ribbons, which though common to a proverb, are yet eagerly sought for by all. The miniature of the emperor, set in diamonds, takes precedence over all orders. It is only worn by Marshal Paskewitz, Prince of Erivan and Warsaw, and Prince Pierre Volkonski, chamberlain of the imperial household. Volkonski commands a company of grenadiers who have served without fault for twenty-five years; and none of whom have less than six medals, commemorating their campaigns in France, Paris, Finland, Poland, Turkey, and Persia. They are a remarkably fine body of veterans.

The great cross of St. Andrew gives you a right to wear all the orders, except the first class of St. George, which is only given to a commander-in-chief who has won a battle over another of the same rank. These honours ascend in this succession, the first and lowest being the ribbon, the next above the star, the third, the cross around the neck, and the fourth, the highest, being the star on the left breast. The nationality of the Polish order has been done away with since the last struggle. It is now conferred on all Russians who have served in the campaign of 1831 against the Poles, and consists of a medal with a blue and black ribbon and a cross. There is, also, a separate medal for those who were present at the surrender of Warsaw.

The privates wear 'gallons,' or stripes on their arms, denoting the period of their service after five years, and, as well as their officers, have medals with their number marked on it. So great is the value of military rank, and so numerous are those who bear it, that the wives of none beneath the rank of general officers can be presented at court, though they may have been there before

marriage from the hereditary rank of their family. There is an instance of this mentioned in the 'Revelations of Russia,' in the person of Mademoiselle Kikine, at Moscow, a daughter of Sir R. K. Porter, who as Princess Scherbatof, had always been received, but could not be so any longer after her marriage with a captain of the guard. A straw flung up (to use the words of Lord Bacon) will serve to indicate which way the wind blows, and so this anecdote, trifling in itself, may serve to indicate how the institution and usages of private society are formed in Russia to react on the army. It is military rank which obtains for the officer or wife the *entrée* at court—it is military rank which gives you the privilege of buying and selling serfs—it is military rank which allows you to transfer or dispose of property—it is military rank which gives you even civil station—for the civil service itself is distinguished by, and has a hierarchy, of military titles. Without military rank you are below zero—a cypher—a nonentity. The Russians themselves consider you as regards every social advantage, in a helpless state of infancy, a *nedorostok*, or one who has not done growing.

Whatever may be the character of the Russian soldier of the present day as an aggressive engine beyond his own frontier, there can be no doubt of his steadiness, patriotism, and devotion, as portion of a defensive force within the limits of his fatherland. Though his country, considering its extent, is comparatively bare of fortresses, yet perhaps its very extension is its security against an invading enemy. The Russians can always lay waste all the approaches to their own territory, and then fall back on their own resources. The courage of the Russian soldier was heretofore at least stern and steady. They distinguished themselves under Suwarof against the Poles and Turks, and also in Italy and Switzerland. Friedland, Eylau, and Borodino are almost within our own memory. The conduct of the Russian troops on these occasions requires no eulogium, though it certainly does not justify the character of them given by Frederick the Great, who used to say that to conquer a Russian you must first kill him. We are, however, inclined to think that the character of the Russian as a soldier has greatly degenerated since the days of Frederick, and the author of the 'Revelations in Russia' maintains with great show of reason that it has woefully deteriorated within the last twenty or thirty years. But however opinions may differ as to the value and valour of the Russian soldier *abroad*, all agree in thinking that he would bravely and successfully defend his Hyperborean frontier against any invader. There is a great hatred of foreigners in Russia, and should a foreign army ever march over its frontiers the 'whole of Russia Proper would rise as a man to

repel the invaders.' But, notwithstanding this prevalent national spirit, it is remarkable that the Russians have been mainly indebted for their military successes to the talent and energy of strangers. From the time of Peter the Great to the present day Russia can only count seven natives who rank even respectably as generals, namely, Galitzin, Dolgorucki, Romanzof, Suwarof, Kutusof, Yermoloff, and Paskewitz. Of the Russian marshals now living, the names of Wittgenstein, Sacken, Paskewitz, stand prominent, the two former for their services against Napoleon. Yermoloff and Schakowski are, however, the favourite generals of the Russian army. Yermoloff is thoroughly national. He governed Georgia with absolute power, and was the most successful general against the Georgians and Circassians.

But he was considered too formidable to be left there by the present emperor, and was replaced by Paskewitz. His disgrace was nominally owing to his allowing his soldiers to wear, because of the heat, the peculiar costume of the country, with sheepskins to protect them from the thick nightly dews, instead of the stiff buckled-up uniform. Paskewitz was sent to bring back things to accordance with the regulations prescribed at St. Petersburg. A great mortality ensued which obliged him to try the effect of the two plans; when it was found that those who were clothed after Yermoloff's system stood the climate, while the others died off. Three years after Yermoloff had been recalled, his costume was re-adopted. His character stands high as a soldier, though his fame is tarnished by many cruel and oppressive acts. Like all the Russians, when in military possession of a country, he was not over particular about the conduct of his soldiers. The women of Georgia and the religious prejudices of the people were insulted and set at naught. On one or two occasions a Russian battalion was fired at on their march. In the first instance he cut off the right hand of the males in a whole village; in another he put them to the sword. Some idea of his power may be formed when it is stated that orders were sent to him from the Emperor Alexander to raise the price of posting, which he refused to execute, considering the measure to be impolitic. No notice was taken of this refusal in a country where the orders of the emperor must be obeyed like those of God. In another instance, according to the author of the 'Revelations,' after he had won an engagement, he wrote to the emperor, demanding certain orders and rewards for his men, and one of the first class for his own aide-de-camp. They were sent in due course of time, but an inferior order to the one asked for was forwarded instead for the aide-de-camp, the emperor's order being destined for another, who happened to be of high family. Yermoloff, however, disposed of the order according

to his own will and pleasure, and wrote to the emperor informing him of his mistake! Nor was any notice taken of this second dangerous interference with the despot's authority. Yermoloff was supposed to be implicated in the conspiracy of Pestel, was placed under surveillance, and retired from the service. But when the emperor visited Moscow he was desired by him to resume his rank and uniform. While he was employed in Georgia he sent one or two missions to explore the nature of the country and the character of the people among the deserts towards Bokhara, and he has drawn up with his own hand a plan for the invasion of India through Georgia, by means of the occupation of Constantinople. He is a fair-intentioned, well-informed, soldier-like man.

His rival, Paskewitz, who has been successively victor over the Persians, Circassians, Turks, and Poles, is called by the emperor the father marshal. He is a short, small man, nearly sixty-eight years of age, with small features and mean appearance. He is by some called a native of Little Russia, whilst others affirm that he is a Servian by birth. His sway in Poland is fully as absolute as that of the czar in Russia. He is perfectly independent of the Arch Chancellor Nesselrode (concerning whose history the 'Times' fell into such a series of blunders), corresponds personally with the emperor, and merely sends the gross total of the revenue and expenses of his vice-royalty without any of the accounts. Though strict in his military rule he is not harsh or oppressive over the people, but is said to be as fair and just as a Russian can be.

The other Russian generals best known to travellers are Czernicheff, minister of war, the two Orloffs, Denizoff and Davidoff. Czernicheff has the reputation of being equally unprincipled and ambitious. He is reported to have denounced one of his friends to the emperor as having been acquainted with Pestel's conspiracy, and then to have asked for his estate. He is a handsome, soldier-like man. It was owing to these qualities that he was so well received in the salons of Paris, where he contrived to worm out the secrets of the War Office. He is even said to have been a favourite of Josephine herself. The Orloffs are men of no talent, civil or military.

The distinguished officers of foreign origin or birth amount to more than double the number of native Russians. Such are Wittgenstein, Sacken Benkendorf (an honest but not over clever man), Roth, Rudiger Toll (an excellent engineer), Geismar, De Witt, Gerstenzweig, Berg, Jomini, and Rautenstrauch, commandant of Warsaw. These, with the exception of one (Jomini) are all Germans, and the introduction of so many officers of that nation deeply wounds the old Muscovite spirit. When Alexander asked Yermoloff how he could reward him after one of his successes, the

bitter old Muscovite spirit broke out in the curt and contumelious reply of: 'Make me a German.'

The hasty sketch which we have given of the organisation and *personnel* of the Russian army, does not profess to be full or complete, (for we have extracted it hastily from a mass of disjointed matter,) but it will afford to the reader a bird's-eye view of a power with whom the complications of events may perhaps sooner or later bring us in contact, whether as friends or foes. The national prejudices and superstitions of the Russian soldier are now in no degree less inveterate than they were half a century ago. He exhibits now as then the same blind, passive, unreasoning obedience, and looks on his czar as little less than his God, and on his general as the vicegerent of his czar. Believing that if he dies in battle fighting against his enemy he will be eternally rewarded in the world to come, he exhibits, when seconded by his officers, steadiness and resolution; but if his immediate superior falter or play the coward, there is little reliance to be placed on his own steadiness or valour. The Russian generals—even the best of them—have committed innumerable faults in the most warlike periods of their history, and less dependence ought undoubtedly to be placed at the present moment on the science and skill and valour of the officers of the Russian army, sensual and corrupt as they in the most part are, than at a juncture when they were barbarous and superstitious, without the disadvantages of being enervated, luxurious, and corrupt.

During the last hundred years the successes of Russia have been fully as much owing to the purse as to the sword, and to the knowledge that these generals were always supported, to use the words of a recent writer in the 'Morning Chronicle,' well-informed on the subject of Russia, 'by a command of money, by the most unprincipled means, and by unblushing perfidy.'

Such is the account which we have received from the journal of a friend of the Russian army and military system, and though not a very favourable one, still it is far more favourable, and in some respects more minute and detailed in its statements, than the three chapters dedicated to the subject in the 'Revelations of Russia.' The author of this latter work, the most complete and perfect that ever has been published on Russia, fairly admits that the Russian infantry had attained great steadiness under Suwarof, but he denies that they exhibit this steadiness now, and maintains that, timid in their disposition, and feeble in their constitution, they can neither endure long marches nor resist the hardship of a campaign. Accustomed to a watery food, of which they require great quantities, they soon fall victims to famine, and diseases and epidemics rapidly thin their numbers when

exposed to scarcity or fatigue. The officers are, he maintains, deficient in personal gallantry and intelligence (vol. ii. p. 42), insensible to honour, shamefully hiding themselves from fire (p. 45). Nor is it the higher officers only who exhibit these baser qualities; for neither do the Russian subalterns do their duty (p. 54). According to this author, indifferent as is the infantry, the cavalry is still more inferior (p. 60), nay even the vaunted guardsman is a miserable creature when not made up into shape and substance by the tailor's art (p. 63). The spirit of the army is, if possible, worse than the *physique*. Generally no Russian will accept a challenge, and men, therefore, find themselves obliged to put up with the grossest insults without any means of redress (p. 80). And since they do not lose *caste* by this unmerited dishonour, that which they may have merited, does not exclude them from the very circle which has witnessed it. Generally all ranks in the army are ignorant of their profession (p. 86), but the gaudy gilt gingerbread guardsmen are thorough feather-bed soldiers, laugh at pretensions to hardihood, and ridicule the idea of men exposing themselves to more personal danger than can possibly be avoided in actual warfare;—a sentiment supplying the hidden thought to which no one dares give utterance, 'That it is folly to expose oneself for the advantage of one's worst enemy' (p. 86). Few volunteer for a distant dangerous service. The quality which is most esteemed, and insures promotion, is the martinet spirit and buckram stiffness;—but the Russian troops are, notwithstanding, far from going through the great manœuvres with precision (p. 96). In all their formations they are slower and looser than the British (p. 96). Men pointed out as clever men in the artillery and engineer corps are often incredibly ignorant and unintelligent, though they can talk with fluency on any subject connected with their profession without compromising themselves (p. 97). That the Russian soldiers are even wretched manœuverers at a review, is plain from the fact that more men were accidentally killed and wounded in the sham battle at the camp of Kalisch, than in all the British operations on the coast of Syria, inclusive of the storming of Acre (p. 96). It is true the Russian soldier is cheap, and costs but 5*l.* a year, but, as the author of the 'Revelations' judiciously remarks, 'in the estimation taken of European soldiers we are to calculate the cost of labour, and not the rate of wages; more work is done for a given price by the English soldier than by any in the world. Russia most strongly exemplifies the paradoxical truth which so many continental states more or less demonstrate, namely, how dear the low priced soldiers may be.'

It is the opinion of this author, too, that the actual military strength of Russia has diminished. It is doubtful whether she

could now send forth an army as powerful as that which overran the north of Italy half a century ago. This is certainly no very flattering picture, but we believe it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In the complications of war, we may peradventure find the Russian soldier by our side, but though we may battle in the same cause, this circumstance cannot induce us to extend our approval to his military system or organisation, still less to the spirit which actuates his army. Nor can the domestic constitution of Russia ever enlist the sympathy of Great Britain. The blood runs cold in reading the horrible details in these volumes—details almost incredible, had they not been given, to use a legal phrase, with all ‘convenient certainty of time and place.’ The subject is of too important and engrossing a character to touch on now, but we shall, in a future number, treat of the internal administration of Russia, and disabuse the public as to the gross errors set afloat by the ‘Times,’ concerning the Russian navy—errors disgraceful to any journalist, provincial or metropolitan, but criminal in a paper professing—whether for good or ill—to guide and govern public opinion.

- ART. X.—1. *An Appeal to the British Nation in behalf of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, now in Captivity in Bokhara.* By CAPTAIN GROVER, Unattached. London: Hatchard. 1843.
2. *Letters of Dr. Wolff, written in the course of his Mission to Bokhara.* MS.
3. *Nachrichten über Chiwa, Buchara, Chokand und den nord-westlichen Theil des chinesischen Staates, gesammelt von dem Präsidenten des Asiatischen Grenz-Commission in Orenburg, GENERAL MAJOR GENS, bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen versehen von GR. V. HELMERSEN.* (Information respecting Khiva, Bokhara, and the North-western part of the Chinese Empire, Collected by MAJOR GENERAL GENS, President of the Asiatic Frontier Commission in Orenburg, and edited and annotated by GR. V. HELMERSEN. St. Petersburg. 1839. From the Press of the Imperial Academy of the Sciences.)

WHEN an act of weakness or wickedness has been perpetrated, the consequences do not exhibit themselves all at once. The culprit, perhaps, for some time congratulates himself on his achievement, imagines he has performed something extraordinary, and, lending his own partialities and predilections to mankind, anticipates a golden harvest of fame. This appears to have been the

case with our Tory cabinet, when they relinquished the vantage ground which had been gained in Affghanistân. They regarded the matter in one light only, namely as a reversal of the policy of Lord Palmerston. To take views different from his was, they thought, to triumph over him, to prove him wrong, to undermine his reputation for statesmanship, and ultimately to give 'a heavy blow and great discouragement' to the party of which he is one of the most distinguished leaders. But, to borrow a phrase from Lord Castlereagh, they halloo'd before they were out of the wood. Of all the great politicians throughout Europe, not one was found to coincide in opinion with them. Common sense forbade it. The Affghan expedition, one of the boldest political schemes that ever was planned, had rendered us masters of the great central citadel of Asia from which we might have dictated the terms of peace or war to all surrounding states. Russia beheld her grand projects arrested in mid career; France stood literally paralyzed with envy; Persia, Beloochistan, and all the petty governments of independent Tartary, lay absolutely prostrate at our feet. Even the Chinese empire already felt the shadow of our colossal power flung across its frontier, and trembled at the aspect of the neighbour it had thus unexpectedly gained. Every man in Great Britain capable of reading accurately the signs of the times, and of looking ever so little forward into futurity was haunted by the most painful solicitude lest some event might happen to remove from the helm of government before the great and glorious work should be completed, the man who had laid its foundations and who alone apparently possessed the wisdom and energy necessary to put the finishing hand to it. Unhappily for our fame and fortunes as a people, the machinations of faction, when events had arrived at this stage, succeeded in overthrowing the Melbourne ministry, when a few months longer of power would have elevated us to a pitch of grandeur unexampled in the history of mankind. Our authority was rapidly consolidating itself in Affghanistân. Even the disasters at Kabul, supposing them still to have occurred, would not have shaken us in the least. We should have put down insurrection; we should have extirpated utterly the hopes of the disaffected; we should have planted ourselves firmly in every strong place in the country; we should have commanded the passes, conciliated the towns and plains, and transformed the ignorant and savage inhabitants into civilised, peaceful, and industrious men.

The accession of the Tories at this juncture to office blasted all these fair prospects. The governor-general whom they sent out to India, a vain, rash, unreflecting novice, intent on imitating Napoleon in his bulletins and in his retreats, was precisely the best instrument that could have been selected to undo in a few short

months what Lord Palmerston, by an extraordinary display of judgment and firmness had in the course of many years accomplished. Nor was Lord Ellenborough a cool perpetrator of mischief. He executed his task with enthusiasm, insomuch that he had scarcely landed on the shores of India before he concocted and issued a proclamation, ostentatiously insulting his predecessor, characterising his measures as unjust and impolitic, and professing his resolution to relinquish, as speedily as possible, all the great advantages, all the influence, all the territory, all the commercial outlets and facilities, all the military renown which had, within the few preceding years, been acquired. With the ignominious and humiliating scenes which followed the public are already but too well acquainted. Under the Liberals we had won empires, under the Tories we have lost them. Under the Liberals good fortune accompanied us everywhere, crowning our designs, political and military, with success; under the Tories all we have acquired beyond the Indus is infamy, since all we have achieved has been to run away. Many of the results of this new policy are already apparent, but let no man persuade himself that he beholds them all. They lie thick, layer below layer, throughout the political depths of Central Asia, and will only become visible one by one as misfortune succeeds misfortune, and disgrace, disgrace.

One striking illustration of this truth has recently occurred at Bokhara. It will be remembered that, in the year 1838, Colonel Stoddart was despatched, by our minister at Teheran, to the petty state above named on special service. He did not, as seems to be generally believed, receive his appointment immediately from Lord Palmerston. His lordship directed our ambassador at the court of Persia to select from among the officers under his control a person to be sent to Bokhara to perform a particular duty, the nature of which we shall explain. Russia, it is well known, has long been carrying on a vast and intricate system of intrigue in that part of the world for the purpose of approximating gradually its frontier to India, the conquest of which it has always looked forward to as the keystone of its political grandeur. The fact, we say, that such is the case must be obvious to everybody. Few, however, are acquainted with the interior working of that extraordinary system. Few are familiar with the strange host of emissaries, Affghans, Armenians, Greeks, French, Germans, Poles, ay, and even Mohammedans from India, which the gold of the czar disperses through Turkestan to collect information and pave the way for conquest. About the beginning of the year mentioned above, a rich and numerous kafila, having traversed the province of Mazanderan and the desert steppes west of the Oxus, appeared on the frontier of the Bokhara territory.

In this *kafila* there were three hundred Russians, the masters of much goods, designed, it was said, for the markets of Khokan, Kundooz, and Yarkand. It somehow or another transpired that these worthy traders, who exhibited, externally, few signs of wealth, were possessed, in reality, of immense treasures in gold. The news travelled like lightning through Turkestan. All the hordes of the desert were instantly in commotion, feeding their horses, furbishing their arms, and making all the necessary preparations for a dangerous *chupao*. Uzbeks, Kirghiz, Khivans, Toorks, even the mild and industrious Tajiks were, on this occasion, inspired by the lust of plunder. The very women and maidens of the tribes craved permission to accompany their lords. When this host of marauders had made themselves ready, they took post on either side of a defile through which the *kafila* had to pass, and, in the narrowest part of the gorge, at night, when defence was difficult or impossible, burst upon the unsuspecting wayfarers and made them prisoners to a man. No blood, on this occasion, we believe, was shed. The riches of the *kafila*, gold and all, were equally divided among the captors, and the merchants—all, by some extraordinary chance, in the flower of their age—supplied for some time with slaves the principal markets of Central Asia.

A very extraordinary fact was now accidentally discovered. The supposed merchants, for the most part, were not merchants, but Russian officers, who simultaneously conceived the idea of travelling through those parts of the world in disguise, and simultaneously obtained his imperial majesty's permission so to do. To speak plainly, they were commissioned by the czar with the aid of gold to ingratiate themselves with the various Khans and Amirs of Turkestan, whose forces they were, if possible, to drill and exercise, with a view, no doubt, to render them more peaceable neighbours of the British in India. When these circumstances came to the knowledge of the British government, the statesman best able to turn them to account was fortunately in the foreign office. With his accustomed sagacity he quickly comprehended the affair in all its bearings. Russia, he could not doubt, had foreseen the possibility of what had actually happened, and if sufficient time were permitted, would not fail to profit by it. Her honour, she would say, was at stake. She would maintain the inexpediency of any great state's deserting its citizens; nor, at that time, had it been for her interest to act otherwise, could she have pleaded the example of England, for Lord Ellenborough had not yet expounded his new theory of abandoning prisoners of war to their fate, nor had Lord Aberdeen pushed the principle to its utmost consequences by abstaining from demanding satisfaction for the murder of ambassadors. Lord Palmerston, in short, per-

ceived that Russia grievously wanted a pretext for moving a strong force upon the Oxus. He determined, therefore, to out-manceuvre the czar, and Colonel Stoddart was commissioned to ransom the Russian officers, or to prevail on the Amír to liberate them without ransom. The complete success of this undertaking deprived his imperial majesty, for the time, of all pretext for advancing upon Bokhara. This done, Colonel Stoddart had other duties to fulfil, the nature and extent of which it would be beside our purpose to explain. Very different, and in some cases conflicting, accounts have been given of his proceedings during the early part of his residence at Bokhara. Certain, however, it is, that he was alternately in the highest favour and in the utmost disgrace with the Amír; now his principal adviser, almost his oracle, and now thrust into a damp dungeon, supplied scantily with food, exposed to insult, and threatened perpetually with loss of life. But what, it may be asked, occasioned these extraordinary vicissitudes? Was the Amír of Bokhara a lunatic? Or did Colonel Stoddart's character and behaviour vary so wonderfully as to justify the striking changes in the prince's conduct towards him. The causes of these seemingly unintelligible fluctuations lay far beyond the frontiers of Bokhara. When the army of the Indus, forcing its way through those difficult passes in which it was predicted it would be cut off, established British supremacy in Affghanistân, the politic Amir Nasr-Ullah turned a friendly eye upon his prisoner, discovered his complete innocence, and sought by rewards and honours not only to efface the memory of past harshness, but if possible to attach him firmly to his interests. Affairs wore this aspect so long as our arms continued triumphant in Affghanistân. The Amir was a shrewd man. He felt that the torrent of war which had already swept over the Durani empire might next pound down the Hindu Koosh and devastate the plains of Turkestan. He was therefore a zealous English partisan, deaf as an adder to the charming of Russia and Persia and the Barukzai chiefs. His utmost ambition was to be the ally of England, and perhaps, like the actual minister of the Punjâb, he would have applied himself to the study of our language, had suitable teachers been found at Bokhara.

These things we mention not by way of illustrating the character of Nasr-Ullah, nor simply for the purpose of throwing light on the position of Colonel Stoddart, who had by this time been joined by his friend, Conolly. Our intention is to point out to the public the powerful influence which we exercised throughout Central Asia while we remained masters of Kabul; and that influence, far from decreasing, would have been greatly augmented by every year's occupation of

that commanding post. Nor should we insist at all upon this were it simply an honour barren of results. It was the very reverse. By modifying the opinions, thoughts, feelings, and tastes of those vast hordes and nations who have in every age been the fabricators of empire in Asia, we should in all human probability have surrounded ourselves with friends and allies ready to carry out our political designs, to be supplied with innumerable necessities by our commerce, and to constitute the impregnable outposts of our Asiatic dominions. It is impossible to contemplate without mingled pride and shame the revolution we might have brought about in that part of the world, a revolution peaceable and progressive, effected rather by the force of our example than by the terror of our arms. It began to be felt that to be the enemy of England was synonymous with obscurity, poverty, exile. Dost Mohammed and his sons, driven from the thrones they had usurped, first wanderers in Turkestan, then prisoners, then captives in India, subsisting on our bounty, afforded living examples of this truth. Our friendship on the other hand carried every earthly blessing along with it. As we pulled down so we could build up thrones and kingdoms. The belief of invincibility attached to us. Up to that moment nothing in the East had ever been able to withstand our power. Then came the disasters of Kabul. All Asia seemed darkened by the news. The greatest state known to living men, or recorded in the annals of authentic history, was smitten and appeared to stagger under the blow. But even in the acmé of the calamity, even when to ignorant observers we might have appeared prostrate, did the hordes of Central Asia accept the interpretation which many sought to give to the events that had occurred? Far from it. The Amir of Bokhara may be regarded as their representative. The Barukzai chiefs, in the intoxication of unlooked-for success, despatched couriers to Nasr-Ullah, announcing the massacre which they denominated a victory, and conjuring him to join with them in utterly extirpating the English from Central Asia. They had many prisoners, they said, whom they designed immediately to put to death, and they exhorted him to follow the same policy and sacrifice the English officers then in his service. Nasr-Ullah followed their example and not their advice. Instead of killing he imprisoned the English officers, thinking it more than probable that other British armies would traverse the Indus, before which the Affghans would again be compelled to bend, and a detachment of which might peradventure call him to account for his proceedings, and reduce Bokhara and its dependent towns to ashes. What language he held on these occasions to Stoddart and Conolly we do not exactly know; probably he represented to them that it would be im-

prudent in a prince situated as he was to incur the resentment of the Barukzais, who, sanguinary and revengeful as they were, might resolve, even at the hazard of ruin to themselves, to punish what they would regard as a lack on his part of religious zeal. Be this as it may, such was the conduct of the Amir.

Then succeeded the operations in the Khyber pass, the recapture of Kabul and Ghuzni, and all that brilliant succession of victories which have imparted an historical character to the names of Nott and Pollock and Sale. Our star it seemed plain was once more in the ascendant, and the Tartars, sullen, rapacious, and calculating, were ready once more to crouch at our feet, and to become, for good or for evil, the instruments of our power. The emissaries of Russia, who, during the temporary cloud under which we moved, had come forth from their hiding places and resumed their habitual occupations of traducing our national character, misrepresenting our motives, depreciating our power, and infinitely exaggerating the calamity that had befallen us, now once more shrunk back into obscurity. No comparison, it was clear, could justly be instituted between the armies of Great Britain, which, composed partly of Englishmen, partly of the gallant natives of Hindustân, had made good their entrance into the most difficult country in the world, and the forces of the Muscovite czar, which even at the distance of a few hundred miles from their own frontier, supported by a squadron of ships of war, supplied with an abundant commissariat, and led on by one of the most experienced generals in the empire, had failed, and fallen miserably before a handful of the irregular cavalry of Khiva. In the eyes of the Asiatics our name was once more invested with all its original glory. There was nothing which they would thenceforward think impossible to an Englishman. The days of Jenghis and Timour seemed to be come again; but with this difference, that the new conquerors sought not to destroy but to build up and beautify, not to desolate but to people, not to barbarise but to refine, not to scatter around them distress and famine and appalling and infinite misery, but, on the contrary, to secure to the subjugated people the possession of their property, and calm and quiet days in which to enjoy and be happy. Throughout Afghanistan the peasant cultivated his field, and blessed the Englishman who enabled him to enjoy the produce of it. There in those rude mountains, as here at home, every man's house under the English flag was his castle, so that in a short time, had the wisdom of the British cabinet equalled the valour of the British armies and the prudence and humanity of British officers, Afghanistan and the surrounding countries would have been covered with a loyal and attached population.

Among other effects produced by this change was the restoration of our envoys at Bokhara to liberty. Colonel Stoddart and his friend sat once more at the Amir's right hand, and heard nothing but the most friendly professions and the most flattering promises. The hollowness and worthlessness of these they may have possibly seen, and it may at first sight seem surprising that they did not seize upon this fortunate moment to effect their escape. But they were not at Bokhara as mere travellers. Their country had sent them thither, and it was for their country to recall them if it considered their lives in danger. No step, however, was taken towards withdrawing them from their perilous post. By Lord Ellenborough they were probably forgotten altogether as well as by Lord Aberdeen. It is well known that these magnanimous statesmen for many months contemplated the desertion of the chivalrous and patriotic Eyre, Lady Sale, and all those other ladies and officers who had fallen into the power of the Affghans. We need not, therefore, greatly wonder if the envoys Stoddart and Conolly, removed to a far greater distance, and kept in no prominent position by the press, were wholly overlooked. Overlooked, at all events, they were. Not an effort was made, not a courier despatched, not a letter written, with a view to save them. The Tories were too full of joy and exultation at the idea of escaping alive from Affghanistân to care for any thing or any person not forced irresistibly upon their notice. They retreated within the Sutledge, and the guns fired in the rejoicings for their return, sounded the knell of our unhappy ambassadors at Bokhara. All the fierce barbarians north of the Hindu Koosh now adopted per force the belief that, by some invisible agency which they could neither perceive nor understand, Great Britain had indeed been vanquished. How it was no one could explain; even the Russians, who joyfully chronicled our misfortunes, felt wholly at a loss when they were required to account for them. But the fact, stubborn and undeniable, stared them in the face. No more was the English cannon heard pealing through the passes of the mountains; the roll of her victorious drum no longer roused soldier and Sipahi to parade in the Durani capital; the glitter of her arms no more lighted up the gloomy dells and dusky defiles of the Sulimani range; the 'meteor flag of England,' that a few short months before had flapped proudly in the breeze from the summits of the towers of Kandahar, and Ghuzni, and Kâbul, had ceased to glad the eye of the traveller with assurance of protection, and shot down the rugged slopes of the mountains to bury itself in the plains of Hindustân. To the bright gleam of civilisation which our transient supremacy had cast over the Affghan territory had

succeeded the darkness of barbarism rendered doubly fearful by the deeds of ruthless violence and revenge perpetrated beneath the shelter of its obscurity. Could a people, like that of England, delight in the relish of vengeance, we might look with pleasure on the awful state of demoralisation into which Affghanistân has relapsed since our departure.

We have observed above, that the Tories, both in Europe and Asia, forgot, after their flight from the mountains, the very existence of our envoys at Bokhara, and made no effort whatever to save their lives. We crave pardon of the magnanimous leaders of that party. We have done them wrong. Lord Ellenborough, shortly after his arrival in India, did, on the contrary, remember the existence of Stoddart and Conolly, and wrote a letter to the Amir of Bokhara, a copy of which, we believe, may still be found in the foreign office. But what was its purport? We blush for Lord Ellenborough: it contained but one statement of any moment, and that one was false. Nay more, such were the contents of that brief letter that, had it reached its destination (which we trust it did not), there can scarcely on any man's mind remain the shadow of a doubt that it precipitated, if it did not occasion, the sanguinary execution that, in the month of July, 1843, left a stain on the city of Bokhara, which, had her Majesty's present ministers been any thing but what they are, would have, ere now, been washed out by the blood of Nasr Ullah Khan. Lord Ellenborough, in that most dastardly letter, described Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly as 'innocent travellers,' that is, denounced them to the Khan as liars and impostors, who, during a series of years, had been palming themselves off upon him as British officers accredited to him by their government, receiving the pay of that government, holding commissions from the Queen of England, and enjoying, of course, the benefit of her utmost protection. The scene which could scarcely fail to have taken place in the Amir's palace, supposing that wretched composition to have reached Bokhara, has been so vividly imagined and so admirably described by Captain Grover, that the public will thank us for laying the picture before them.

"The reader will have the goodness to imagine the hall of state in the palace; near the wall at the far end, lounging upon some cushions, with his face turned towards Mecca and the door, as they happen to be in the same direction, is seen the Amir. The room is crowded with all that is noble in Bokhara: at the monarch's left hand, half a brigade-major's distance in the rear, stands an important minister of state who, in France, is politely called *le maître des hautes œuvres*.

"This gentleman looks complacently at a cimetar which reposes quietly on his right arm, and ever and anon glances sily at the end of a 'bow-

string' which peeps out of his left sleeve. Imagine two fatigued messengers crouched in one corner, with the perspiration in large drops running down their black beards.

"The Amir is violently excited, but, being told that Stoddart Sahib approaches, he strokes his beard and endeavours to look perfectly cool and indifferent.

"Stoddart Sahib advances respectfully but gaily, glancing with a little pride at the 'Cloak of Sables,' and he perceives the messengers crouched in a corner, and knows by their dress that they are from Hindustân. Thoughts of dear absent friends pass rapidly across his mind; he feels at once that he has not been *abandoned by his country*; that he is not forgotten; scenes of liberty, honour, recompenses for his past sufferings, become so vivid, appear so real, that he can hardly master his emotions. Now, indeed, he feels thankful that he had the resolution to refuse the interference of Russia. He, however, becomes agitated, flushed, and pale by turns.

"The Amir pretends not to perceive Stoddart's emotions, casts a glance at him that seems to pierce his innermost soul; he receives him, however, with a complacent smile, and in a bland tone, desires him to approach.

"The following dialogue then takes place:

"STODDART (*with profound reverence*), 'Salaam Alikoom!'

"THE AMIR. 'Alikoom Salaam! The sight of those strangers seems to affect thee, Stoddart Sahib.'

"STODDART. 'It does, may it please your gracious majesty. This sight is more welcome to my soul than the cool spring to the wanderer in the desert. By their attire, I see they come from Hindustân; by the sweat that hangs upon their brow, I see they have come in haste, like messengers of joyful tidings. Oh! Allah Kerreem! (God is merciful!) Have they not come to negotiate my release? Your good and gracious majesty has sent for me to bless me with that word, so short, but oh! how precious—liberty! Bismallah! (In the name of God!) I entreat your majesty—say it!'

"AMIR. 'Compose thyself, O Stoddart Sahib, and listen to my voice. They say they are thy friends, and come in thy behalf; but I suspect they are vile impostors—rascally spies. I have sent for thee, O Stoddart Sahib, to have thy opinion; brush away, therefore, the cobwebs from thine eyelids, and tell me what thou seest.' (*The Amir takes from a splendid blue satin bag a large letter, gives the envelope to Colonel Stoddart and retains the inclosed letter.*)

"AMIR (*with a pause.*) 'Well, good Stoddart Sahib, thou hast examined that seal and writing, now tell me truly, as thou hopest thy mother's grave may never be defiled, the contents of this despatch, may they be received with confidence?'

"STODDART. 'Oh! indeed they may. This letter comes from the good, the great, the pious, and virtuous Amir, Lord Ellenborough, who now represents my most gracious sovereign in Hindustân. May his shadow never be less!' (*Stoddart kisses the envelope three times with respectful affection.*)

"AMIR (*in a furious tone.*) 'Listen, now, O Stoddart Sahib; or rather O son of Sheitan! for such indeed thou must be. Whose dog art thou, son of an unclean quadruped, that thou shouldst come so far to laugh at our sacred beard?—In this letter, which thou sayest is as worthy of belief as the sacred volume of our Holy Prophet, know then *thou art denounced by thine own chief as a spy!* Look and satisfy thyself—I will then hear patiently what thou hast to say before I determine upon thy sentence.'

"STODDART (*in great agitation.*) 'There is some extraordinary mistake in this despatch. Your majesty will perceive that Conolly Sahib and myself are said to be '*innocent travellers*,' and then the Amir Ellenborough adds, that if your majesty will order our release, *he* will undertake that we shall never more enter your majesty's dominion. Now your majesty, who knows all things, must be aware the Amir Ellenborough can have no power over us, were we '*innocent travellers.*' It is only as servants of the government that he can exercise any control whatever and prevent our re-entering your majesty's dominion. Your majesty is, however, so well acquainted with the British constitution that it would be useless to say any thing further on that point.'

"AMIR. 'One thing is quite clear, either Lord Ellenborough or thou hast said the *thing which is not.* When, however, I think of thy noble conduct in refusing to accept liberty at the solicitation of the Russian eelchie, Petrowski Sahib, my heart softens towards thee, and I cannot bring myself to think that *thou art base enough to lie.*'"

In the above passage there are some expressions which require explanation. They relate to the interference of a Russian ambassador at Bokhara in behalf of Colonel Stoddart. Far be it from us to impute to General Petrowski any unworthy motives. He may have been actuated by mere humanity. Being a gentleman he may have had none but gentlemanly feelings. This, we say, is very possible. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the general was not, as Lord Ellenborough phrases it, '*an innocent traveller*,' but an envoy from the court of St. Petersburg, acting in obedience to the stern orders of the czar, wont, we believe, to be but little modified by sentiment or generosity. For this reason we are apt to suspect that the Russian envoy desired to use his influence with the Amir, not on private but on public grounds; and such being the case, it must be obvious that to serve England was, of all things, that which lay farthest from his thoughts. His object, if we may venture to interpret it, was to impress the sovereign of Central Asia with a magnificent idea of Russian power, under the shelter and shadow of which the ambassadors even of England herself, notwithstanding her sovereignty over Hindustân, were compelled to take refuge. This Colonel Stoddart perfectly understood. By what principle he regulated his conduct will appear from the following words of Captain Abbott, our envoy to the ruler of Khiva.

"Speaking of Colonel Stoddart the Khan said, I hear that the Russian ambassador at Bokhara applied to the Amir for Colonel Stoddart's freedom, and that he should be delivered for the purpose to the Russian government. Upon this the Amir summoned Colonel Stoddart, and asked him whether the Russians were likely to treat him well, and what he thought of the proposal. Colonel Stoddart replied, 'The Russians would, undoubtedly, treat me well, but, when my own government demands me, what will your highness answer?'

"The Amir was much struck with the nobleness of such an answer from one who was in prison, and in hourly danger of death; and, taking off his own rich 'cloak of sables,' made them clothe Colonel Stoddart in it, and lead him on horseback through Bokhara.

"General Petrowski afterwards confirmed the fact of his attempt to release Colonel Stoddart."

By all who bestow any attention on this subject, the question will certainly be asked, why the government of India, when our authority was paramount throughout the Affghan dominions up to the very borders of Turkestân, did not despatch two or three thousand men to deliver our envoys from cruel captivity in Bokhara? There existed no obstacle to such an undertaking. After issuing from the passes of the Hindu Koosh, which were, for the time, in our own power, our troops would have had nothing but one vast plain, with some few undulations before them. They would have traversed the Oxus in the manner of the country, according to which the horses of the cavalry are harnessed to large ferry boats, and made to traverse the stream by swimming. No effectual resistance could have been offered them, so that they would either have restored our countrymen to liberty, or if any harm had befallen them, would have avenged their death. To have done this was the imperative duty of the governor-general, and he must have been fully aware of it from the moment that he had determined to evacuate Affghanistân. Till then, they were in little danger. Imprisoned they might be, because prisoners are always forthcoming; but dread of our vengeance must have preserved their lives. Lord Ellenborough, however, cared for none of these things. When he should have been reflecting on them, he was probably engaged in profound meditations on the gates of Somnauth, or considering how he should mimic the grandiloquence of Napoleon, and launch forth his fulsome gallicisms which have since stunk so offensively in the nostrils of the public.

But what the Tory rulers of India so basely neglected, was sought, at least, to be accomplished by a private gentleman in England, Captain John Grover, whose enthusiastic and indefatigable exertions have carried his name throughout the civilised world. In former years he had enjoyed the friendship of Colonel

Stoddart, and he now conceived the design of liberating him from prison at the peril, at least, of his own life. He was by no means anxious, however, to augment the number of Nasr Ullah's prisoners or victims. He, therefore, applied to Lord Aberdeen, and to the principal authorities at the Horse Guards, to be permitted to proceed to Bokhara, as a British officer dressed in his uniform, and authorised by government to demand the release of our envoys. Our foreign secretary, who appears to be thrown into a paroxysm of perplexity by every application made to him, fearing he might offend or compromise somebody, though he knew not distinctly whom, refused Captain Grover's request. He would not, because he could not, oppose his proceeding to Bokhara as an 'innocent traveller;' but the captain knowing that 'innocence' in those parts of the world is no protection to a man, declined to embark in the enterprise under such circumstances. This was in the month of June, 1843, when both Stoddart and Conolly were still undoubtedly alive. The Foreign-office, however, anxious to be rid of the responsibility arising from their persevering existence, caught with marvellous eagerness at every report, wheresoever, and by whomsoever fabricated, which appeared to promise it deliverance from this source of annoyance. Lord Aberdeen refused to see Captain Grover, but his subalterns, Mr. Addington and Mr. Hammond, who proved more accessible, laboured strenuously to persuade him that the objects of his solicitude were dead, and that, consequently, it was exceedingly unnecessary for him to trouble himself about them. The reasons, however, upon which they based their negligent faith, appeared infinitely absurd to Captain Grover, who proved that no ingenuity could reconcile them together, and that if one of them were true, all the others must be false. Still, the gentlemen of the Foreign-office, whether convinced or unconvinced, would not stir in the business. Lord Aberdeen washed his hands of it. He had not sent Colonel Stoddart to Bokhara, and the noble lord, who indirectly did send him, was one the wisdom of whose policy he was no way concerned to demonstrate.

Such being the views of ministers the next step appeared to be to appeal to the public. No doubt this was a strange proceeding. There existed a cabinet, and among that cabinet's most unquestionable duties was that of watching over and protecting our envoys to foreign states. Our Tory foreign secretary refused to recognise the force of this obligation, and carelessly cast off the burden from himself to the country. At this stage of the affair Dr. Joseph Wolff stepped forward, and in a letter published in the 'Morning Herald' announced his readiness, without reward or prospect of reward, to undertake the long and perilous journey to Bok-

hara, for the purpose of endeavouring at least to liberate Stoddart and Conolly. All he stipulated for was that the expenses of his journey should be paid. With this offer Captain Grover immediately closed and furnished from his own pocket the five hundred pounds, which it was supposed would be necessary to enable Dr. Wolff to perform his undertaking. A committee of officers and others was then formed, which in an exceedingly brief space of time collected sufficient funds both to repay Captain Grover and to meet every additional expense that might be incurred. Into the details of this transaction, so highly honourable to all engaged in it, but more especially to Dr. Wolff, we cannot at present enter. In the course of a few weeks the single-hearted missionary was on his way. He traversed the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and landing upon terra-firma at Trebizond, hurried forward, in spite of the severities of a most inclement winter, towards the goal of his sad journey. As he advanced reports of all kinds assailed him, some affirming that the two officers were yet alive, others that they had been long ago executed. To whatever was related to him he listened patiently, but continued to push on, his anxiety increasing at every step to unravel the painful mystery. Meanwhile, as letters from him reached England they were published in the journals, and kept up in the minds of all who took an interest in eastern affairs, a solicitude scarcely inferior to his own. Even the Foreign Office now considered it prudent occasionally to appear in the matter, though always for the purpose of disseminating doubts and throwing a damper on expectation. That this was the feeling by which it was actuated is proved by one single circumstance: a despatch from Count Medem, Russian ambassador in Persia, announcing the execution of the two British officers, was without delay communicated to the public through the newspapers; but a despatch of a contrary import arriving a few days later from Colonel Sheil, our own envoy at Teheran, though shown to Captain Grover, was not sent to the journals. At Meshed Dr. Wolff discovered an agent of Colonel Stoddart, who held property belonging to that officer to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds in rich shawls, &c. Several letters, also, were found in this man's possession, intended to have been forwarded to Colonel Stoddart, but, for reasons not difficult to be conjectured, kept back by him. He was, of course, very positive that the execution of the two officers had taken place, because, in that case, he hoped by skilful manœuvring to be able to appropriate the colonel's property to his own use. From an attentive perusal of Dr. Wolff's letters it appears but too evident that in proportion as he approached nearer and nearer to Bokhara his hopes and his confidence diminished. He was, nevertheless, resolved on no consideration to stop short in his journey.

He, therefore, protected by an escort of Turkomans, traversed the desert and arrived at the capital of Nasr Ullah Khan. The public generally are aware of the intelligence which he has, from that city, communicated to the Stoddart and Conolly committee. By command of the Amir, he writes that, in the month of July, 1843, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were publicly executed by order of that sovereign, on grounds and for reasons which we presume appeared satisfactory to him. At length, then, it may be said, it is certain that our envoys have been murdered, and that we need feel no further solicitude respecting them. It happens, however, strangely enough, that even this positive assurance is not quite satisfactory. Before Dr. Wolff left London it was privately agreed between him and Captain Grover that if, on arriving at Bokhara, he found the ambassadors to be really dead, he should on no account write a single line from that place. 'If then,' said he, 'I should write, even though it were to say that they had been executed, and that I had seen their dead bodies, you will still refuse to believe the assertion, and be persuaded that there is some mystery in the matter, which circumstances will not allow me to explain.' On the other hand, what Dr. Wolff wrote he did not write voluntarily, but by the express command of the Amir, and that circumstance may account for his not adhering strictly to his engagement with Captain Grover, supposing Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to be really dead. A fresh source of anxiety, however, is now opened up. Instead of dismissing Dr. Wolff to carry back to England the information he had collected to confirm by his oral testimony the strange accounts he had transmitted in writing, Nasr Ullah retains him also as a prisoner, probably with the intention that he shall share the same fate with the objects of his inquiry, whatever that may have been.

From the foregoing facts it would undoubtedly appear to be the duty of Great Britain to visit with condign punishment the infamous ruler of Bokhara, who, having poisoned his own brother, can scarcely be expected to display greater humanity towards strangers. But it is now, it may be said, beyond our power to chastise him. We are no longer in possession of Affghanistán, and no longer exercise any influence in Central Asia. It is true that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, as far as in them lies, have made our name a bye-word in those countries, and exposed us on all hands to contempt and insult. Still, it is difficult for an empire like that of Great Britain to lose all at once its hold on public opinion, so that the belief still prevails in several parts of the east that we could do something yet if delivered from the yoke of the Tories. Under this persuasion Ussuf-ud-Dowlah, uncle to the King of Persia, and actual governor of Khorassan,

wrote a letter to Captain Grover, supposing him to be somehow or another connected with the ministry, offering, if Great Britain would only countenance the movement, to invade the Bokhara territories with eight thousand Turkoman horse, make the Amir prisoner, and deliver him up for punishment into our hands. In order to prove to the world, however, that he acted under our direction, he required that a British officer should be sent him with a small body of troops, and eight pieces of cannon. He affirmed at the same time that the subjects of the Amir would consider the interference of Great Britain and Persia as a blessing, that they would none of them consequently rise to fight in his behalf, and that whatever resistance was to be expected would be made by the small disciplined army, created within the last few years by a Persian, who, having fled his own country for notorious crimes, and been driven from Hindustân for the same cause, took refuge at Bokhara, and ingratiated himself with the Khan by casting cannon and disciplining his soldiers. This offer was immediately communicated to Lord Aberdeen, who, after due deliberation, rejected it.

It is unfortunately extremely seldom that we can offer his lordship the tribute of our humble praise. But in this particular case our conviction is that he acted wisely and well. It is not from factious motives that we at any time differ from his lordship. It would be far more pleasant to us, far more gratifying to our pride as Englishmen, to have to compliment him often on the success of his policy, because that success would be the success of the empire. We single out, therefore, this act of his for commendation, and shall proceed to show why we commend it. Persia, it is well known, has for many years past been subservient in all her movements to Russia, so that wheresoever she extends her sway, Russia also must be understood to have established hers. Scarcely, therefore, can it be doubted that the Ussuf-ud-Dowlah was prompted by Count Nesselrode to endeavour to entrap England, not only into approval but into co-operation with the attack upon Bokhara. Some persons perhaps will inquire why Russia should adopt this tortuous method of accomplishing her designs instead of marching an army at once into the coveted regions, or inciting Persia to do so under her direction. The reasons of this policy by no means lie far beneath the surface of things. It is not for the interest of Russia to break at present with Great Britain, more especially for the effecting of an object comparatively so insignificant as the conquest of Bokhara. She would rather for the present not advance her line of frontier than do so at the expense of a rupture with us. Besides were the option left her, the interest equal, the chances of war or peace the same, she would, at any time,

prefer infinitely to carry her point clandestinely by intrigue, than frankly in a manly manner by negotiation and treaty or by war. In fact, the great strength of Russia lies not in her military resources; to be convinced of which we need but direct our attention to what has been going on for years among the roots of the Caucasus, where a handful of Circassians, inspired with genuine courage by freedom, have set the whole power of the empire at defiance, won over its armies victory after victory, and threatened more than once to descend from their fastnesses and carry fire and sword through the steppes of the Kuban. Considerations like these fully account for the system of policy which the ministers of the czar carry on in central Asia. Lord Aberdeen's predecessor had enriched the foreign office with abundant proofs and illustrations of this fact. His lordship, accordingly, would have been without excuse had he suffered himself to be caught in the trap laid for him at the instigation of Russia by Ussuf-ud-Dowlah. It is something that the present cabinet comprehends at length their own insignificance in that part of the world, together, perhaps, with the full value of the unrivalled position won for the country by the Liberals and sacrificed by them. They perceive that the loss of Affghanistân has placed them completely at the mercy of circumstances. We cannot blame them, therefore, for refusing to attempt the chastisement of Nasr-Ullah Khan. They could not do it if they would. They have voluntarily abdicated the power to avenge themselves; and there is consequently not a petty chief in Turkestan, however paltry or pettifogging, who may not, if he pleases, laugh at their beards. Such is the pass to which this country has been brought, by acquiring what the Tory journals used to denominate a strong government, under which we have undergone more humiliations, and submitted to more disgrace than any great country ever suffered before.

Nevertheless we have yet to mention the most extraordinary illustration of our weakness that events have hitherto supplied. Dr. Wolff, now a prisoner at Bokhara, if he be not poisoned, or otherwise made away with, is a British subject and a minister of the church of England. The Khan knows this. Nay, common report has rendered the fact familiar to the whole population of Asia as well as to the civilised world. To say the least of it, therefore, it is a deep mortification to Great Britain to admit, as admit she must, her utter inability to afford him protection, or even to mitigate directly the bitterness of the insults that may be heaped upon him. She feels, however, that she can do nothing. To what power then, in this dilemma, does she have recourse? Why to the object of her greatest jealousy, to Russia, to the Czar Nicholas himself! By this time, in all probability,

Captain Grover has arrived at St. Petersburg, furnished with letters from Lord Aberdeen to the British ambassador there, as well as to Count Woronzof, requesting their good offices in his behalf with the emperor. And what is the favour that he has gone to solicit? Is it for a free passage through his imperial majesty's dominions to go in search of Dr. Wolff and add a fresh flower to the bloody wreath which already encircles the brows of Nasr-Ullah Khan? Nothing of all this. The object of Captain Grover's mission to St. Petersburg is humbly to entreat the Emperor Nicholas that he will, out of mere grace and favour, undertake the deliverance of a British subject from captivity! We cannot otherwise than wish him success. Dr. Wolff has given too many proofs of his noble and generous self-devotion in the cause of one whom he regarded as his dear friend: for Captain Conolly, be it remembered, met Dr. Wolff in extreme poverty and distress when he had escaped penniless from captivity, and enacted the good Samaritan towards him, taking him in and clothing him and feeding him, and in all respects behaving towards him like a Christian and a brother. And Dr. Wolff has since shown that he deserved this treatment. The flame of gratitude kindled in his heart, burned on for years until the time came when the man who had behaved kindly towards him was himself in affliction. Then the missionary came forward and remembering who it was that said, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' quitted his home, his wife, and his only child, and cast fearlessly his bread upon the waters, confident that he should find it after many days. And to rescue such a man from thralldom, Great Britain is compelled to have recourse to the Emperor of Russia! Compelled, did we say? The necessity is of her own creating: she suffered the men who zealously guarded her power to be driven from office, and replaced by individuals ignorant of her best interests, and incapable, if it were otherwise, of properly promoting them. We are weak, because we are factious, because statesmen are sent into retirement to make way for quacks. When Lord Palmerston was in Downing Street, British subjects were never constrained to crave the protection of Russia. But such is our condition at present, that we shall feel but too happy if his imperial majesty will deign to send an envoy to Bokhara for the purpose of demonstrating to the world how completely his policy has triumphed over Tory ridden England.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal to the kingdom of Shoa. By CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. C. S. 2 Vols. Madden and Co. 1844.

It is by all means desirable that every traveller whose lot it has been to visit regions remote and little known, should, to the best of his abilities, impart to his countrymen the knowledge he may have so acquired; but it is not in every instance desirable that he should fill two octavo volumes with the tale of his doings and his reflections. Had Mr. Johnston properly applied this axiom to his own case, it would have been better for himself and for the public. The British mission had already arrived in the capital of Shoa, when he set out to join it as a volunteer, traversing the same route which has been so fully described by Sir Cornwallis Harris, Messrs. Krapf and Isenberg, &c.; and Angolahlah was the most eastern point he reached. Thus his opportunities for geographical discovery were extremely limited; nor do the qualifications, natural or acquired, which he took with him into the field of African inquiry, appear to have been in any respect of a high order. He may possibly possess fair talents, sound judgment, good temper, and discretion; but his book, we are sorry to say, gives little evidence of these endowments. Of general information, and of science not strictly connected with his profession, he has but a scanty stock; his knowledge of Amharic, and even of Arabic, is confined to a very few words; and, indeed, seeing how grossly imperfect is his acquaintance with his mother tongue, it may very reasonably be inferred that he is, to all practical intents and purposes, ignorant of every other language, living or dead.

Yet notwithstanding all these deficiencies on Mr. Johnston's part, nothing but his unfortunate vanity and his wish to gratify a private pique, has prevented him from producing an agreeable and instructive book, and one that would have commanded extensive and lasting popularity. There are in his two octavos materials, which if sifted out from the surrounding rubbish, and put into decent English, would be sufficient to furnish forth a very acceptable duodecimo. He visited a region which, as regards its physical features, is among the most singular on the face of the globe, and he was thrown for many months into close and hourly contact with tribes, respecting whom curiosity, recently-awakened from a long repose, is fresh, strong, and eager. His personal narrative, therefore, or that of any European of ordinary intelligence who had enjoyed similar opportunities, could not but contain much to interest and instruct the reader; and we freely acknowledge that we have found so much to

commend (style and grammar excepted) in these ill-starred volumes, as to make it matter of deep regret to us, that their author did not commit the publication of his manuscript to some editor more judicious and more competent than himself. He is not without a certain quickness of observation, and he has some share of the elements that constitute a good storyteller: accordingly, so long as he confines himself to the narration of what he has seen, we go along with him tolerably well. But—‘optat ephippia bos piger;’ he is not content to earn praise in this humble way; he must be the Humboldt of Abyssinian travel; he must descant and dissert, and dive into archæology, and soar into theology, and talk moonshine about philology and ethnology, and cleave mountains five or six thousand feet high in twain with a touch of his goose-quill, and twist the course of rivers half round the compass, making those that flow into the Indian ocean send their waters to the Mediterranean, and *vice versa*. It would be a weary and unprofitable task to expose his vagaries in geography. Take the following as a specimen of the erudition he is so fond of affecting.

“The Abyssinian word for thread, ‘fatalah,’ has something in its sound that recalls the idea of the three spinners typical of man’s destiny. If, as is probable, the mythological representation of the Greeks be of Egyptian origin, then the word ‘fatalah’ may have some connexion with our word fate.”

From this we learn, to our great surprise, that our English word ‘fate’ is derived from the Greek, and not, as we have hitherto supposed, from the Latin. Yet, among all the Greek synonyms for the word, such as *aisa*, *moira*, *kēr*, &c. (we will not be so unkind to Mr. Johnston as to use the crabbed old heathen letters), we know not one that has the least resemblance in sound to *fatum*, or fate.

But probably what our author most values himself upon is, that he is a man with a grievance. He would have us to understand that our ambassador at the Shoon court used him vilely. This is very sad if true; and the British public, always prompt to sympathise with the injured, is unfairly treated when so grave a charge is preferred before its bar, without a tittle of evidence, without the least clue to guide its judgment as to the merits of the case. The rabid, yet timorous animosity that pervades the pages of this writer, argues a foregone conclusion: somebody has surely been guilty of gross misconduct;—but who? Here the accuser leaves us wholly in the dark. He is liberal of invective and insinuation; but when we expect him to produce his facts, he ‘wraps his dark saying in a parable.’ “Some respect, however,” (these are his words), “I do owe to myself, and feeling annoyed at being the subject of unworthy imputations, I have abstained from making any explanation whatever.” He has singular notions of self-respect.

The cause of this mysterious quarrel, he tells us, occurred the very day he joined the British mission at Angolahlah. We have a melancholy satisfaction in learning from him that he spent ‘a very pleasant evening’ under the ambassador’s tent, and made himself exceedingly comfortable with ‘the luxuries and conveniences so abundantly supplied to the embassy by the indulgent care of a liberal government.’ But

alas for the perils that lurk for the too ingenuous in these moments of social effusion! Hear the sequel.

"Unfortunately, amidst all his kindness, Captain Harris considered it to be his duty to take notes of my conversation without my being aware in the least degree of such a step, or being conscious of the least necessity for his doing so. On my becoming aware of this circumstance a few weeks after, by the distortion of a *most innocent remark* of mine, which was imputed to me in a sense that I never dreamt of employing it, I retorted in a manner that led to further proceedings; and from that time all intercourse between the members of the embassy and myself ceased for some months."

It is a pity that his transcendental theory of self-respect forbids him to explain the nature of his 'most innocent remark,'—some playful proposal belike, some humorous project for astonishing the natives. Did he offer to set the Hawash on fire, or to turn the course of the Blue Nile, and cut off Mohammed Ali's water, or to kidnap Sahela Selassie, or to pick a quarrel with any body or every body at Tadjura or elsewhere, and so to effect the purposes of the embassy by the quick diplomacy of muskets, swords, and pistols? Who knows? We are left without chart or compass upon a boundless sea of conjecture.

Nevertheless we are led by the internal evidence of Mr. Johnston's book to surmise that his presence in Shoa was far from desirable, at a time when a British embassy was patiently and earnestly labouring to establish there important relations, which it needed the nicest discretion to bring to maturity. A man who even in a wanton joke could for a moment wilfully sink the British character in the eyes of bloodthirsty and treacherous barbarians, to their own detested level, must have been a most dangerous person to place in irresponsible connexion with our embassy at the court of Sahela Selassie. Whether or not Mr. Johnston could do this let his own words testify. First hear what he says of the Dankalli:

"I am bound to add my testimony to that of every other traveller to the proneness of the Dankalli to shed human blood, and the little value they seem to attach to human life. By a distortion of moral and natural ideas of right and wrong, unparalleled in the history of any other people, murder is considered by them to be highly honourable. Every fresh assassination is rewarded by an additional personal ornament, and the destruction of a sleeping guest or of a fighting foe, contribute alike to the credit and reputation of the brave."

No right-minded man could mistake for a moment the line of conduct it became him to pursue, with jealous, undeviating precision, in the midst of beings whose moral sense was thus awfully corrupted. Shame on the Englishman who could tamper in such circumstances with his sacred duty, dally with foul, treacherous, cowardly bloodshed, and for the sake of a stupid jest confirm the darkened mind of the savage in the error of its ways! Who can read the following unblushing confession without scorn and indignation?

"On leaving the line of march with Ohmed Medina to examine the stream more closely, we found in its dry bed, very soundly sleeping, a man wrapt up in his tobe, his shield being secured by it over his stomach and bowels. Instinct, or something like it, had taught me the very same method of partially

securing myself from assassination whenever I expected foul play, or have had reason to suspect those, whom I well knew would have been glad of an opportunity to take away my life, without danger to themselves from my fire-arms. Putting my hand to the heavy Adal knife I wore in my girdle, I turned to Ohmed Medina, to ask him if I should bury it in the heart of the unconscious sleeper. He, taking my proposal to be serious, instantly interposed with the common Arabic negative, 'La! la!' but which, in the usual amusing manner of an Adal interpretation, he prolonged to five or six repetitions. This awoke the man, who certainly looked as if he thought he were about to be put to death, and scowled most desperately, as, in a moment, he put himself behind his shield, and raised his spear for the attack. Ohmed Medina calmed his apprehensions by a word or two, but he also took care to drop behind his shield as he spoke from the overhanging bank. The man, however, recovered his confidence, let fall his weapon to the ground, and stood upright, and in a very short time we were all three walking back to the Hy Soumaalee, some of whom came to meet us to inquire from whence our new friend had sprung. It seemed he belonged to the Wahama tribe, but from some cause or other was obliged to be very select in his lodgings, probably from having had a recent quarrel, which would have ensured his death, had he been discovered by his enemy asleep."—Vol. i., p. 385.

Mr. Johnston tries hard to make his readers believe that the embassy to Shoa was an utter failure, and that Major (now Sir W. Cornwallis) Harris, was dismissed in dudgeon by the monarch of Shoa. Both these statements are untrue. That Sahela Selassie to the last regarded the embassy with no unfriendly feelings, is proved by the fact that he made two of his own chiefs accompany it to Bombay, for the purpose of cultivating friendly relations with the British government. The treaty of commerce, which Major Harris was commissioned to negotiate, was obtained for us by his firm, temperate, and judicious exertions, in the teeth of manifold natural difficulties, which the presence of Mr. Johnston himself in Shoa did certainly not tend to diminish. This gentleman cannot rail the king's seal from off the bond: it was obtained in spite of his own mischievous meddling; and it exists in full validity, though jealousy and sloth may combine to make the drones of Downing-street neglectful of the advantages it offers to British commerce. Meanwhile, we rejoice to say that, despite the Johnstons, Aberdeens, et hoc genus omne, the fruits of Sir Cornwallis Harris's masterly researches are not likely to be altogether lost for his country. Private enterprise is now vigorously and hopefully directed into the channels opened for it by his genius. The Foreign Office may sleep on; it will be wakened up by and by.

Mémoire Autographe de M. de Barentin, Chancelier et Garde des Sceaux, sur les derniers conseils du roi Louis XVI., etc. etc. (An Autograph Memoir of M. de Barentin, Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals at the last Councils of Louis XVI., &c.) Par M. MAURICE CHAMPION. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 324. Paris. 1844.

THIS volume, which has been published at Paris within the last few days, is curious in two points of view. But unfortunately neither of

these is the point of view in which its editor, M. Maurice Champion, deems it to be interesting.

M. Champion tells us in his preface, that being frequently led by the course of his studies to visit the collection of manuscripts in the king's library at Paris, he chanced there to find a small folio volume, entitled "A Refutation of the Errors and Inexactitudes, or Falsehoods, disseminated in a work published by M. Necker in 1796, entitled 'On the French Revolution;' by M. de Barentin, chancellor." The perusal of this manuscript, he says, proved to him that it was highly interesting with regard to the last measures of Louis XVI., and that the narrative of an eye-witness, who was keeper of the seals, and a minister of the crown, would throw much light 'on the events of that fatal year, which saw the commencement of the French Revolution; facts unworthily misrepresented by M. Necker and by the majority of historians after him.'

We cannot agree with M. Champion in thinking that Chancellor de Barentin's pamphlet against his political adversary Necker—for such the work in fact is; and the editor is not justified in entitling it, evidently for mere catch-penny purposes, a 'Memoire' of M. Barentin,—a designation to which it does not make the slightest pretence,—we cannot think that the publication of this pamphlet, which apparently was not thought worth publication, when written, by those most interested in the cause it was intended to defend, is calculated to throw much new light on the conduct of men or the march of events, during a period more accurately known and thoroughly understood than most others in modern history.

It is not, therefore, in this point of view that we think M. Champion's book curious. No! To us it is curious in the first place as affording a *naïve* self-exhibition of M. de Barentin. Such were the men, such the calibre of mind, that strove to withstand, and ought to have in some degree guided that stupendous convulsion, that fearful breaking up of the mighty deeps of the social ocean,—the French Revolution! Infants in swaddling clothes attempting to bridle wild horses! It is curious to observe the utter and entire ignorance of the nature and amount of the impetus they were attempting to control and repress, which prevailed among the advisers of the ill-starred Louis. Very curious it is to find M. de Barentin, *after* the catastrophe has happened, when the mighty volcano has burst forth, and changed the entire face of the social world by its lava-flood, while Europe is yet trembling with the shock, still firmly persuaded that, had this or that bit of red-tapery been adopted instead of the other, the whole thing might have been avoided. The completeness of this monstrous hallucination is curious; and—as there is nothing new under the sun, and the thing which has been shall be—it may also be not uninteresting.

And this is the first point of view in which we regard M. Champion's book as not altogether without interest. The second is the proof it affords of the existence of such a person as M. Champion himself in this present year of grace 1844, far on towards the middle of the nineteenth century.

This gentleman tells us in his preface, that the name of De Barentin 'inspired him with a noble and pious curiosity,' when he saw it at the beginning of the MS. which he has edited. As for M. de Barentin's adversary Necker, he says: 'I have never had any great enthusiasm for revolutionary men or revolutionary deeds; and that is saying enough to show that M. Necker has always appeared to me one of those official mediocrities dashed with a tendency to theorising—('une de ces médiocrités de bureau avec un mélange d'idéologie')—who are fatal to the governments entrusted to their hands.' M. de Barentin, he conceives, to have been a veritable statesman, 'with a mind essentially practical,' and he thinks also that had his counsels been followed, 'France might have been saved!' M. de Barentin was a lawyer, a learned, very possibly a profound lawyer. He belonged to a family of lawyers—one of those 'ancient races devoted to the study of the laws, and consecrated to the management of public affairs, who existed,' says our author, in his biographical notice of M. de Barentin, 'in the days before the French Revolution;—those days so ill appreciated, when each family had its profession, and each social station its hereditary duty, and when *by a magnificent responsibility* (!) the son made it a point of honour to follow the traditions and the example of his father.'

Perhaps M. Maurice Champion is not aware that the state of things he so much regrets, may still be found flourishing, in very considerable perfection, among the caste-bound inhabitants of unrevolutionary India.

Such families devoted from generation to generation 'to the austere duties of study and justice,' says M. Champion, were those of Aguesseau, Lamoignon, Ormesson, Molé, Séguier, and Barentin. Chancellor Barentin was connected with most of these great parliamentary families; and was thus an hereditary lawyer from his cradle upwards, after the fashion so dear to M. Champion. But are such men likely to be of the kind needed in times of revolution—of pulling down and re-construction? Do we not know that the subject, which has employed a man's life-long labours, which has formed the object of his youthful ambition, and the dignity of his riper years, has ever a tendency to become sacred in his eyes, and to be invested with an exaggerated and undue importance? Thus when questions affecting the entire foundations, on which the edifice of society rests, were being mooted, we have worthy Chancellor Barentin coming forward with precedents, and cases in point, with 'le texte de la loi à la main,' as he triumphantly boasts on one occasion, and 'le témoignage des plus célèbres jurisconsultes,' and 'l'autorité du Chancelier d'Aguesseau!'

Poor Chancellor Barentin! The cause to be now decided is one for which thy books afford no precedent!—for which the well conned 'texte de la loi' thou bringest forward so nimbly has, unfortunately, in no wise provided; and 'the testimony of the most celebrated jurisconsults,' backed by 'the authority of Chancellor d'Aguesseau' himself, will hardly avail aught upon this occasion for 'the salvation of France.'

But let us see what the notions of this worthy lawyer, who, in the opinion of M. Champion, might have saved France from revolution, were on the fundamental principles of his country's constitution.

Necker finds fault in his book with the vagueness of the powers entrusted to the parliament, and the liability to collision, which resulted from the ill-defined attributes and confused jurisdictions of the various authorities. This rouses the ire of the old parliamentary lawyer, and he defines the proper limits of the power and duty of the parliament as follows:—

“Our kings,” says he, “have the sole charge of administering the empire, and the power of legislation also resides solely in them. A law, however, is not complete or obligatory on the people, until they have legal cognizance of it, that is to say, until it is enrolled in the registers of the courts which order it to be preserved there, at the same time that they command its publication. A law, however, emanating from the sovereign and previously discussed in his council, may appear to be contrary to the customs, usages, or privileges of a province, or to a law already in existence; or, in short, it may be found open to objections not perceived at the time it was drawn up. The superior courts are then bound to signify to the king the defects they find in it, when it is presented to them for registration. This they generally do by remonstrances. If his majesty deems their objections well founded, the law is withdrawn, or its defects remedied. If, on the contrary, his majesty is not struck with the observations submitted to him, he commands the court to proceed to register the law. The registry follows, or reiterated remonstrances are determined on. In this last case, if the king does not think proper to pay more attention to them than to the first, he again orders the law to be registered. Obedience then becomes a duty. Only the registry may be entered with the words—‘By the very express commands of the king.’ I am aware that the superior courts think themselves authorised to refuse to register. They are wrong. For by such a refusal they exceed their powers, and arrogate to themselves an authority which they have not. In fact the king would no longer be legislator if his will were liable to be sometimes restrained by the right of not obeying it.”

Such is Chancellor Barentin’s theory of a constitution—(not chargeable with *vagueness* certainly)—by means of which, he being a practical man and not given to ‘*ideology*,’ might, M. Champion thinks, had he but been listened to, have ‘saved France!’

‘M. de Barentin belonged to one of the old parliamentary families, who devoted themselves,’ says M. Champion, ‘to the austere study of justice.’ Let us see what were the fundamental notions of justice that resulted from this hereditary contemplation of its attributes.

Necker, speaking of the exemption from taxes enjoyed by the noblesse and clergy, said that ‘these privileges, unjust in themselves, but still connected with old ideas, threw the principal burden on that portion of the nation which required the most indulgence.’

This was attacking the privileged classes in their tenderest point. And great is the indignation of the hereditary devotee of austere justice. He enters on a laboured defence of this the most odious, perhaps, and most indefensible of all the abuses of ante-revolutionary France, and winds it up with the following logical, statesman-like, and profound argument. ‘Ought we to grudge them the benefit of a privilege which they employ for so useful a purpose as the education of their children!!’

Enough of M. de Barentin! Can one wonder that with such men,

striving to perpetuate such ideas, in such times, the storm swept them from the face of the country—they and their works?

But is it not a curiosity—the existence at the present day in modern France, of such men as this M. Champion?—Men, who veritably, *bonâ fide* regret—not the axioms of the revolution—but its operation in toto,—men who sigh yet for the days of *lettres de cachet*, *bastilles*, peasant-paid taxes, and irresponsible legislation! And it must be understood that this ‘*laudator temporis acti*,’—this M. Champion, is not one of the few remaining silver-headed old men, who may be excused for retaining an attachment, however unreasonable, for the regime of their youthful days. Not at all; he is one of the new generation. He belongs, as he tells us himself, ‘to an entirely new generation, serious and eager for studious pursuits, and, in this respect, better than that which preceded it, which was full of prejudices, of antipathies, and false tendencies.’

Well may there be a cry of ‘reaction’ in France, if M. Maurice Champion is a specimen of any large portion of the ‘new generation’ there.

Every strong *action* in human affairs is invariably followed by *reaction*, more or less strong and general. But nothing is more difficult to appreciate than the amount of this reaction. The tendency will generally be, in all probability, to over-estimate it. And it is important to guard ourselves as far as may be from doing so. That a certain portion of ‘the new generation’ in France, as well as in England, seem inclined to attract attention, by playing very ‘fantastic tricks before high heaven,’ none can deny. But the counterparts across the channel of our white waistcoated young legislators have succeeded in producing a far more widely spread effect on society there than has yet rewarded the efforts of ‘the new generation’ on our side of the water. The result should have been the reverse; for, though we are far from deeming the party in question powerful enough on either side of the channel, to force the march of society into the paths in which they would fain see it move, we yet are inclined to think that young England has more of earnest purpose, more of original thought, and more of visible energy, than that portion of young France which now fills the churches with white-gloved mass-goers, and would fain construct the future destinies of their country out of the scattered elements of its past.

Any attempt to compare the rise and progress of these two analogous portions of the new generation in England and France, would lead us far beyond the limits of this brief notice. The subject, however, is far from being an uninteresting one; and our principal object in drawing the attention of our readers to M. Maurice Champion’s volume, is to present to them that gentleman himself as a specimen of that newly risen party, which has caused and is causing, we cannot but think unnecessarily, so much alarm to many of the friends to social progress in France.

Introduction to a Scientific System of Mythology. By C. O. MÜLLER. Author of 'The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race, &c. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH. Longman and Co. London. 1844.

THE reputation of Müller is so well established in the learned world that it is scarcely necessary to do more than announce the appearance of this work. It will be eagerly read by all who have any taste for mythological studies, or much genuine admiration for the poetical literature of Greece. The theories new and strange, propounded in it, will doubtless excite discussion; for they have, at least, the merit of being the result of much thought, and of being well laid down and explained. Müller is a subtle logician (he sometimes, indeed, degenerates into the sophist), and maintains his opinions by closely connected chains of argument. Every page bristles with syllogisms false or true. The chapter on the method of determining the age of a mythus is really admirable; so is that on the interpretation of the mythus. But we cannot enter into any critical observations. We must content ourselves with observing that this brief volume will rather increase than otherwise the already well-earned reputation of Müller. It is translated by Mr. Leitch with elegance, spirit, and great correctness. In one or two places the German has been allowed to influence the construction of the English, but this fault, a general one with translators, is of comparatively rare occurrence. Müller, from his partiality for abstract expressions, is somewhat difficult to render into English that shall be neither crabbed nor dull. Mr. Leitch has overcome the difficulty, and presented us with a volume of important discussions in a pleasing and lucid style. We feel assured that all scholars will duly appreciate his labours, and encourage him to pursue the task of translation on which he has already so successfully entered.

Chaucer's Canterbury Erzählungen. Übersetzt, mit Einleitungen und Anmerkungen begleitet, von EDUARD FIEDLER. (Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, translated with Introductions and Notes. By E. FIEDLER.) Erster Band. Dessau. 1844. 8vo. pp. 230.

WE have here the first volume of what may be called the first attempt, or what is certainly the first successful attempt, to furnish the German reading world with a translation of the inimitable tales of the Father of English Poetry. A selection from the 'Canterbury Tales,' very imperfectly translated, appeared at Zwickau in 1827—in two small volumes; but strange as it may appear when we consider how frequently the 'Decameron' has formed translations into German, it has been reserved for Eduard Fiedler to lay before his countrymen a complete translation of Chaucer's masterpiece. This is, perhaps, fortunate for the translator, for the German public, and for Chaucer himself, since the work before is obviously the production of one possessing two of the es-

sential elements of success; namely, a thorough knowledge and an intense admiration of the poem he has undertaken to translate. His thorough knowledge of his subject is shown in the able and judicious introductions which he has prefixed to the work; and his success in imitating not only Chaucer's language and style, but in embodying so much of the original author's spirit into his version, is so great that we should not be surprised to find Chaucer speedily dividing with Shakspeare the admiration and attention of our critical brethren in Germany. A few lines from the opening of the poem, and the corresponding passage from Tyrwhitt's edition, will show that we have not given the translator greater credit than his work deserves.

“ Wenn der April mit seinen Schauern
mild
Des Märzes Durst hat durch und
durch gestillt,
Und jede Ader hat getränkt mit
Saft,
Dass Blumen sprossen vor aus dieser
Kraft;
Wenn Zephir auch mit seinem süssen
Hauch
Belebet hat in jedem Baum und
Strauch
Die zarten Knospen; wenn bereits
durchronnen
Zum Widder ist der halbe lauf der
Sonnen;
Wenn seinen Sang ein jeder Vogel
macht,
Der schläft mit off'nen Aug' die ganze
Nacht,
(Dem solchen Trieb Natur in ihnen
schaft):
Dann wendet sich das Volk zur
Pilgerschaft,
Und Pilger schiffen hin zu fernem
Strand,
Zum Dienst des Heiligen in manchem
Land;
Vornehmlich strömen sie aus allen
Gauen
Von England her, um Canterbury zu
schauen,
Zum heil'gen, sel'gen, Martyrer zu
siehn,
Der ihnen pflegt in Krankheit bei-
zustehn.”

“ Whanne that April with his showres
sote
The droughte of March hath perced
to the rote
And bathed every veine in swiche
licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the
flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote
brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and bethe

The tendre croppes, and the yonge
sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe course
yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie

That alepen alle night with open eye,

So pricketh hem nature in hir cora-
ges;
Than longen folke to gon on Pilgri-
mages,
And palmers for to seken strange
strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry
londes;
And specially, from every shire's ende

Of Englelond, to Canterbury they
wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke

That hem hath holpen, whan that
they were seke.”

Facts and Fictions Illustrative of Oriental Character. By Mrs. POSTANS. (Authoress of 'Cutch,' 'Western India.') 3 vols. Allen and Co. London: 1844.

In a series of highly interesting sketches and tales, Mrs. Postans has embodied the results of many years' observations of the East, assigning

to 'Fact' all those impressions produced by what she really beheld, and to 'Fiction' all those fanciful ideas conjured up by the rugged and wild scenery through which she continually passed. The stories are full of exciting adventure, perilous escapes, death, battle, and slaughter: a deep interest is mostly excited, which is always well sustained; the characters are, for the most part, ably drawn, and there are numerous scenes highly pathetic. From the perusal of these tales we should judge Mrs. Postans to be a very clever writer, but from her sketches we should pronounce her to be, what is far higher praise, an original thinker. One paper is really deserving of great admiration. It is that entitled 'Native Indian Society,' which embodies the result of much keen observation, and in which the several characters of the Hindu, the Moslem, the Parsee, and the Portuguese, are struck off in a most vigorous manner. There are many other papers highly deserving of attention, among which we may mention 'Sindh and its Ameers,' and 'Characteristics of Aden,' which latter is really a delightful and instructive sketch. The book is one which will add greatly to the knowledge we already possess concerning the East, and will deservedly extend its authoress's reputation.

The Calcutta Review. No. I. May, 1844. Calcutta.

THE contents of this number are as follows:—1. The English in India. 2. Lord Teignmouth. 3. Our Earliest Protestant Mission to India. 4. Ouchterloney's Chinese War. 5. Rural Life in Bengal. 6. The Ameers of Sind, &c. On many, perhaps most, of the subjects which it has discussed, the 'Calcutta Review' puts forward opinions different from ours; but that does not prevent our viewing its appearance with satisfaction, because on all points the more discussion the better. Besides, though the theoretical views of the publication should continue in many cases to be wrong, it cannot fail to supply us here in Europe with valuable information acquired fresh on the spot. We would beg to suggest to its conductor, however, that in every English publication addressed to the English people, an English spirit should be predominant, otherwise little good can ever be effected by it. For, if you begin by offending people, they will refuse to listen to you, and then whatever you may have to communicate will be lost. We would observe, moreover, that residence in a country does not always qualify men for writing dictatorially respecting it. People may be too near an object as well as too far from it. On a future occasion we may consider some of the doctrines maintained in the 'Calcutta Review,' the labours of which it will always afford us pleasure to make known in this country, however much we may object to the results towards which they seem to tend.

Skizzen aus dem Norden. (Sketches of the North.) Von THEODOR MÜGGE. 2 Bände. Hannover. 1844. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE title of this book is a misnomer: it holds out to the reader a promise of graphic delineations, and the work is lumpy and dull, full of tedious disquisitions, and sadly deficient in that personal interest which ought surely to belong to the narrative of travels in such a land and among such a people as Norway and her children. But the author is a painstaking, though a clumsy writer, and his labours are not without their value for those who may have a special vocation to study the actual condition of the Norwegians. Herr Mügge takes credit to himself for having carefully recorded in his book such particulars as may render it a useful manual for future travellers; his merits in this respect are, however, almost neutralised by the difficulty of sifting out the one grain of fact you may be in search of from the bushels of chaff in which it is hidden. A thousand pages written in the lumbering style of German journalism, and having neither table of contents, index, nor page or chapter headings, would not be eligible furniture for the knapsack of a mountain traveller.

Das Königreich Norwegen, statistisch beschrieben, &c. (Statistical Description of the Kingdom of Norway, with a Preface. By CARL RITTER.) Von GUSTAV PETER BLOM. Leipzig. 1843.

A WORK very different in character from the preceding one, than which it is much easier to read, although it makes no pretension to rank in the class of light literature. It is sufficient warrant of its intrinsic worth to know that it comes to us with the strong recommendation of the prince of geographers, Carl Ritter.

Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republik Mejico besonders in Beziehung auf Geographie, Ethnographie, und Statistik. (An Attempt at a Faithful Delineation of the Republic of Mexico, especially in regard to Geography, Ethnography, and Statistics.) Von EDUARD MÜHLENFFORDT. 2 Bände. Hannover. 1844. London: Williams and Norgate.

COMPREHENSIVE in plan, and copious in detail; written in a plain, perspicuous style; and free alike from verbosity and from pedantic dryness,—this work must take a prominent place among those regarded as indispensable by the assiduous inquirer into the condition and prospects of Mexico. The author, a civil engineer, spent upwards of seven years in the country he describes, and appears to have devoted himself with unwearied diligence to the task of collecting the most accurate and trustworthy information on all things pertaining to its physical, moral, and political circumstances. He has evidently made good use of his time, and as a practical man he has a due regard for the time of his readers, giving them into two moderate sized volumes an amount of multifarious information, rarely equalled in works of twice the bulk. We shall return to this book in a future number.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

GENEVA, Sept 9th, 1844.

A SERIES of literary reminiscences and associations, extending through several generations, has taught us to regard the city of Rousseau, of De Staël, and of Sismondi, as a community peculiarly devoted to the pursuits of literature. And though the last of these its greater lights has gone down after a long life of useful and honourable literary labour, and has left behind him in the city of his predilection no other name '*aut simile aut secundum*' to his own in the world of letters, yet Geneva may still boast her possession of a knot of literary men, remarkably numerous in proportion to the mass of her population. But the productions of the Genevese press are no longer any fair criterion of the amount and importance of the literary labours of her citizens. The quantity of publishing business done here has within the last few years fallen off to nothing in comparison with what it used to be. This decadence has been caused by the policy of France, who thought fit, a short time since, to impose a heavy duty on books entering her territory from Geneva. Not that France had any wish to deprive her citizens of the works produced by Genevese talent and labour; but that she wished to secure to her own paper manufacturers, printers, and publishers, the advantages arising from the publication of them. She was well aware, that so large a portion of the circulation on which a Genevese publisher could calculate for any work of general interest, was supplied by her own people, that the imposition of such duties as should deprive the Genevese bookseller of that market; would be fatal to the majority of publishing speculations. The result has perfectly corresponded to her expectations. The authors of Geneva publish their works at Paris; and their own more liberal country permits the copies, whose production has thus served to feed the trade of their rivals, to come into their own territory duty free.

Notwithstanding these all-sufficient reasons for a great falling-off in the amount of books published at Geneva, a quarter rarely elapses unmarked by the appearance of some work destined to take its place in the ranks of European literature. To this class of works unquestionably belongs M. F. J. Pictet's '*Elementary Treatise on Palæontology; or, Natural History of Fossil Animals*,' the first volume of which appeared about two months since. M. Pictet is Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the Academy of Geneva, and has already made himself favourably known to the scientific world by several smaller works. The treatise in question is to occupy three volumes; and from the manner in which the subject is handled in this first portion of the work, it is expected by those most competent to judge in such a matter, that M. Pictet's treatise will be one of the most complete and satisfactory works on the very interesting subject he has undertaken to elucidate.

M. Pictet has frequently been a contributor to the pages of the '*Bibliothèque Universelle*,' a monthly literary and scientific review published at Geneva, which may claim to be one of the eldest of the publications of this nature extant in Europe, having now attained its fiftieth year. It was

originally established under the title of the 'Revue Britannique,' a denomination which it retained till the French took Geneva. That title being then found not to be popular, was changed to that which the work has ever since retained. It still continues frequently to notice English works, and almost always in a spirit of fair, liberal, and unprejudiced criticism. Most of the leading literary men of Geneva contribute to its pages. But its circulation is much less than it was formerly; probably on account of the duty imposed on its entry into France. It is said, however, to find its way into Italy to a considerable extent; a fact sufficient to assure us that it is politically colourless.

A literary association, calling itself 'The Genevese Historical and Archaeological Society,' has recently been established here. It has already published three volumes of 'Memoires,' the last within a few weeks only. Its object, of course, is to illustrate and investigate, more especially, Genevese history; but it occasionally permits itself to stray over a wider field. And in all cases it professes to treat the particular points, which are the objects of its researches, 'in a general manner, by comparing the institutions which it studies, with those of neighbouring countries, and by connecting as much as possible the facts it investigates with analogous facts in the history of bordering states.' The third volume is decidedly an improvement on its two predecessors, at least as far as the general interest of its contents is concerned. The entire volume—a good sized octavo—is occupied with two memoirs; one, an exceedingly interesting detailed account of the prosecution of Michael Servetus, by Calvin, at Geneva, in 1553, by M. Rilliet de Candolle; and the other, a curious account of the hospitals of Geneva, before the Reformation, in the days when, here as elsewhere throughout Europe, such establishments were not places of permanent asylum for the sick; but, as their name imports, houses of universal and indiscriminate 'hospitality' for the wayfarers of all sorts, and more particularly pilgrims. This curious paper is the joint work of MM. Chaponnière and Sordet. The fourth volume, to be shortly issued by this young, and evidently vigorous society, is to contain the hitherto unpublished 'Chronicle of Jean Ballard,' the historian of that obscure portion of Genevese history immediately preceding the Reformation.

In the graver departments of science and history, Geneva can thus—all things considered—render a tolerably fair account of her doings. But what can be said for her *belles lettres*? A certain Marquis Gaston de Chaumont has just published here an octavo volume of poetry. On its title page is written, 'Le Jardin des Glaciers—Fleurs de Foi.' The first 'Flower of Faith,' in this icy garden, is entitled 'Hommage à Dieu;' and the second, 'Hommage à Charles Albert!' Both are printed twelve lines to the octavo page—a moderation, which there can be no doubt will be appreciated by the poet's readers. N. B. Charles Albert is the man, who plays at being king at Turin.

It is worth remarking, perhaps, in conclusion that, apparently, piracy can thrive, where honest trade cannot. For at Lausanne they are already printing a wonderfully cheap edition of 'Le Juif Errant,' notwithstanding the importation of rival piracies from Germany and from Belgium. When is this to cease?

BERLIN, Sept. 1844.

So completely have the minds of all classes here been for the last few months engrossed by events of a political nature, that the labourers in the fields of literature and science have become conscious of their inability to

command even the most moderate share of attention, and have been forced into a temporary suspension of their labours. With the exception of a new and handsome library edition of the works of Schiller, and a few other reprints of standard works, there is little to attract attention in the Leipsic catalogue. But even irrespective of the more than ordinary languor in the publishing world here, attributable to obvious causes, it may be with confidence affirmed, that an important change is at present passing over the face of the German literary world. The romantic spirit of adventurous speculation is fast dying away; and that play with hypotheses, which stamps every German philosophical system with the boldness, but immateriality, of one of Beethoven's symphonies, is becoming more and more rare. The popular mind is growing decidedly averse to abstract disquisition, and beginning to assume a much more practical tone than heretofore. Every theory, be its subject what it may, is now investigated with a keen eye to its political or national-economical results.

No system of transcendental philosophy can now command attention, from which canons may not be deduced, bearing directly on the necessity of popular representation or the Law of Divorce. No theory of Ethics can hope to find much favour, which does not assign to the political responsibility of ministers a prominent place amongst the moral responsibilities of man in a social state. Even the German annals are now ransacked for events whereon to hinge modern sympathies. The celebration a few days since, of the 300th anniversary of the foundation of the Königsberg University, was certainly altogether in this spirit, and far more a political demonstration than a display of filial veneration for an antiquated Alma Mater. In this instance, indeed, a collision took place between the Prussian Minister of Instruction, Dr. Eickhorn, and the Prorector of the University, Dr. Burdach, which sufficiently attests the presence of a strong polemical feeling. In the course of his address to the senate, the minister, after reprobating the oppositional spirit, which has long distinguished the acts of many members of this university, recommended them to amend their conduct, and for the future appeal for forgiveness of the past to the unbounded clemency of his Majesty, who had come in person to do honour to the occasion. He was here stopped by the prorector with the words—"Clemency is only for the criminal—I cannot permit such language in these halls." The damaging effect of this interlude to a minister, who has long been highly unpopular, can hardly be described; and the timidity which forces the censorship to suppress a correct statement of the facts, only provokes every species of exaggeration in the verbal accounts current.

Whilst on the subject of anniversaries, I may as well allude to a royal cabinet order which has just appeared, instituting a quinquennial prize of one thousand thalers, to be conferred on the author of the best historical work, in the German language, on any subject of German history, and vesting the decision in nine members of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. This royal foundation is stated to be in commemoration of the thousandth anniversary of the treaty of Verdun. There is, however, considerable ambiguity in the wording of the cabinet order. Thus it does not appear whether the same author is to continue to receive the prize until outstripped by some more fortunate competitor; nor whether recondite research or a popular style is to obtain the preference.

Amongst the many incidents which characterise the prevalent tone of feeling, a drama entitled 'Moritz von Sachsen,' from the pen of the poet Prutz, deserves mention. The author has long been one of the most decidedly liberal writers, and a prominent contributor to the 'Hallische Jahrbücher,' which were some years since suppressed. It was well known that the poli-

tical tendency of the drama was not the least of its perfections, and it therefore occasioned some surprise that it should be announced for representation on the stage of the Prussian capital. The piece was actually produced, after being subjected to some mutilation, and was too successful to admit of being a second time performed, though announced for repetition. In this instance success proved fatal.

A very amusing book has just appeared in Leipsic, and been confiscated by the Saxon government, out of courtesy to Prussia, entitled 'Humor auf der Anklagebank,' or 'Humour in the Dock,' being the defence of a popular satirical writer, Wallesrode, by himself, in which he seeks to vindicate himself against the charges of high treason, sedition, and other high crimes and misdemeanors, for which he is being at present under prosecution, in consequence of passages contained in a recent work, entitled 'Unterthänige Reden,' for which I can offer no English equivalent.

The subject of international copyright between England and Prussia is at present actively canvassed, and engages a considerable share of the attention of the Prussian government and British embassy here. It is, however, very difficult to see how any solid advantages are to be obtained without the concurrence of all the minor German states; and even then the subject presents difficulties which seem hardly surmountable.

Permit me now, before concluding, to glance at the leading events of a political nature, to which I have already alluded. Their mere recapitulation will tend to justify such meagre gleanings from the world of letters. Commencing with the visit or visitation of that imperial traveller, who has obtained throughout Germany the characteristic surname of 'The Sudden,' we find the memorable Castel convention for the extradition of Russian prisoners renewed. This is a point on which Germany is the more sensitive, as instead of concessions for so great a boon, four consecutive Ukases have since appeared of a more isolating character than ever. Next followed an almost unparalleled crisis in the monetary world, produced by the most unintelligible government measures connected with railway speculation, which had the effect of creating a rise and fall of about twenty per cent. in these securities within the space of a few weeks, and thereby entailing immense losses on a vast number of private individuals who had been tempted to invest their capital in this stock. On the heels of this catastrophe followed the serious disturbances in the manufacturing districts, from the contagion of which even the capital has not been altogether free, and then the insane attempt on the life of the king and queen. And then, to complete the sad catalogue, the frightful inundations in Silesia, which have deprived upwards of twelve thousand individuals of the ordinary means of sustenance. The sympathy with these unhappy sufferers is great, and his majesty has humanely withheld his annual donation of 100,000 thalers for the Cologne cathedral for this year, and devoted it to the relief of his afflicted subjects in Silesia.

The grand exhibition of German manufactures originally limited to the states belonging to the customs league, but subsequently made to embrace Germany in general, has been now open for public inspection for some weeks. It is held in a splendid arsenal, and is considered by some as not much inferior to its Parisian rival. There can be no question but it will give a vast impetus to German manufacturing industry, which now, through the recent convention with Belgium, has obtained a well situated port, and, under the auspices of the newly organised Prussian Board of Trade, cannot fail of becoming a still more dangerous rival of England. A slight reduction in the Prussian inland postage, to take effect from the 1st of October, is stated to be but the prelude of still more extensive reductions.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

DENMARK.

A COPENHAGEN journal has published the will of the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. The document bears the date of the 5th of December, 1838. One of the clauses is as follows :—‘ I bequeath to my native city, Copenhagen, all the objects of art belonging to me, those in Copenhagen as well as those in Rome, consisting of statues, bas-reliefs, antique vases, prints, &c. It is my wish that all should be collected together to form a museum, which shall bear my name.’ Next follow some behests relative to the heirs of the testator. On the 25th of January, 1843, the testator modified the first will bequeathing to the museum all the property he might die possessed of, except about 4000 rix-thalers to be otherwise disposed of. The works of art are to be placed in the museum, (as stated in the first will,) and the remaining property is to be sold and the capital invested :—the interest to be laid out in commissions to Danish artists, with the view of promoting the advancement of the fine arts in Denmark. The works commissioned are to belong to the museum, and a catalogue of the collection is to be printed. Thorwaldsen directs one of his executors, Professor Bissen, of Copenhagen, to complete the works he has left unfinished at his death ; the expense is to be defrayed out of the funds of the museum.

FRANCE.

Letters received in Paris from Constantinople, dated July, contain some interesting information relative to M. Botta's recent discoveries at Khorsabad, near Nineveh. Eugène Flandin, an artist, has been sent out by the French government for the purpose of making drawings of the excavations which are actively going on. Botta has discovered two doors uniformly adorned with bas-reliefs : on one side is represented a colossal bull, with a human head, and on the other a human figure with an eagle's head and wings. These doors are fifteen feet in height, and they open into a hall 120 feet long. The only wall which is yet cleared from rubbish (that on the south side), is covered with a series of bas-reliefs, representing battles, explained by inscriptions. The hill on which this building stands is surrounded by a stone wall, with bastions. Botta is now actively exploring these ruins ; he has fifty labourers at work, and it is hoped that in the space of ten months to lay open the whole. He has ascertained that there is, on the direct road from Nineveh to Khorsabad, a chain of hills covered with fragments of brick and marble bearing inscriptions. He infers that these hills were formerly the bases of palaces, and that Khorsabad was a fortress situated at the extremity of the city. The quadrangular space, which is surrounded by the wall, and which contains the hill of Jonas, has hitherto been supposed to include the whole extent of the city of Nineveh. But M. Botta considers it more probable that this space was only the great court of the palace, whilst the city extended as far as the hill of Khorsabad, a dis-

tance of five caravan stages. This conjecture accords with the possibility of the prophet Jonas having wandered for three days about the city, which would be incomprehensible if the limited space of the quadrangle on the Tigris be supposed to have been the whole extent of the city.

It is proposed to erect a bronze statue of the celebrated mathematician Laplace, at his birth-place, Beaumont en Auge, near Caen.

Lamartine has concluded a contract with a Parisian publisher, by which he has disposed of the copyright of his collected works, for the sum of 450,000 francs. Among them are eight volumes hitherto unpublished, consisting of the 'History of the Girondistes' and the tragedy of 'Toussaint l'Ouverture.'

M. Ducrotoy de Blainville, Member of the Institute, has succeeded the late Geoffrey de Sainte-Hilaire, as Professor of Zoology and Physiology in the Academy of Science.

The Paris papers record the death of the architect Lepère, who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and who, in conjunction with Gondouin, erected the column on the Place Vendôme. Paris is indebted to Lepère for several other architectural ornaments. The church of St. Vincent de Paule was his last work. He died on the 18th of July.

Intelligence has been received in Paris of the progress of M. de Castelnan's scientific expedition to the interior of South America, undertaken by direction of the French government. After a sojourn of some months in Rio de Janeiro, where the authorities of the country manifested an earnest desire to protect and facilitate the movements of the expedition, M. Castelnan and his companions crossed the Sierra de Estrella, and entered the province of Minas. In Barbacena they made some important astronomical and geographical observations, and after visiting the Topaz mines of Capan, proceeded to Uro Prito, the capital of the rich province of that name. Having crossed the vast desert of Rio San-Francisco, they reached Villa Boa, the capital of the province of Goyaz, about the central point of Brazil. M. de Castelnan describes this part of the country in glowing colours. Gold is abundant in the sand of the river; and is not unfrequently found in a pure state in lumps of several pounds weight. The diamonds of Rio Claro are remarkably large, and, in Salmasser, pearls are found in shells of the *Unio* species. At the date of the last accounts, the expedition was preparing to sail down the yet undescribed Rio-Tocantin, and after traversing Arregnay, to return to Goyaz, and from thence to proceed to Lima.

Recent letters from Algiers mention the discovery of some curious antiquities in the course of some excavations at Orleansville. The principal objects dug up are the following: a marble bust of a proconsul; several Roman weights in copper and bronze; a statuette of Priapus; the head of a pin or brooch, representing a dolphin's head, with rubies in the eyes; an iron pick-axe and hammer, and the figure of a cock in bronze, much rusted. There are, also, many articles of pottery, viz.: some jars of lachrymatories; a fragment of the cover of an amphora, with the inscription 'Semper gaude;' and the fragment of a vase, adorned with figures, representing baptism.

The recent inauguration of the great organ of the church of St. Eustache excited an unusual degree of interest in the musical circles of Paris. It was not a religious ceremony, but the event was celebrated by a genuine 'concert spirituel.' The organ is not a new one; on the contrary, it is supposed to be as old as the church itself, the building of which was begun in 1532, and finished in 1642. It is a noble instrument, and has recently undergone a thorough repair. On the day of inauguration it was played by several distinguished organists, among whom was Adolph Hesse of Breslau, whose performance excited general admiration.

GERMANY.

Letters have been received at Munich, announcing the death of the celebrated traveller, Dr. Koch. After ten years passed in visiting various parts of Egypt, Dr. Koch penetrated into the interior of Africa. He accompanied the Duke de Ragusa and Prince Puckler Muskau in their respective journeys in the East. His death took place at Kartum, on the 6th of June, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, just as he was preparing to undertake a new journey into Sudan.

The first volume of a work, on which the lyric poet Uhland has been long engaged, has just been published at Stuttgart. It is entitled, '*Alte hoch und niederdeutsche Volkslieder, mit Abhandlungen und Anmerkungen,*' (Old popular Songs in the high and low German Languages, with Notes and Commentaries). The work will be comprised in five volumes, of which three are to contain the songs, and two are to consist of notes and treatises. It is expected that the publication, when completed, will form a most valuable contribution to the history of German lyric poetry.

A letter from Munich states that Dr. Schafhaüt was, in the beginning of September, preparing to join the commission sent by the King of Bavaria to Pompeii, under the direction of Professor Gartner. The chief objects, to which the attention of this commission is directed, are the study of the Pompeian architecture, and, if possible, the discovery of the method employed by the ancients in their stucco work, for which it would appear they used no other ingredient than chalk. The imitation of the ancient stucco has hitherto baffled the attempts of modern stucco workers. Vitruvius gives a very minute description of what he conceived to be the method of preparing the ancient stucco, yet all experiments, made in conformity with his directions, have failed of producing the desired effect. Professor Schafhaüt has already directed a great deal of inquiry to the subject, and it is hoped that he and the other persons connected with the commission, will succeed in solving a problem alike interesting to science and art.

Gervinus, of Heidelberg, is engaged in writing a critical work on Shakspeare, and has suspended for the present his '*History of the Nineteenth Century.*'

The University of Bonn is now the favourite school for the princes and the high nobility of Germany. Accounts from Dresden mention, that the son of Prince John of Saxony (the future heir to the throne of that kingdom) is about to be sent to Bonn. Professor Dahlmann has signified his intention of remaining at that university, a circumstance which occasions no little regret in Heidelberg.

The German papers record the recent death of Professor Beneke, of Göttingen, in his eighty-third year. He was a distinguished philologist, and his lectures on the German and English languages and literature were highly and deservedly admired. The fiftieth year of his professorship at Göttingen was celebrated in August, 1842. He was librarian to the university.

On the 25th of August, festivals were held in most of the principal cities of Germany, in honour of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Herder. In Munich, Herder's native city, the day was celebrated with marked honour.

GREECE.

We learn that a Greek gentleman, M. Neroutsos, now residing in London, is engaged in translating, into Romaic, Mr. St. John's elaborate work, '*The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece.*' No undertaking could be more worthy of receiving support in regenerated Hellas, since the best way to incite a people to perform great actions is to set before them the

example of their ancestors. We may take this opportunity of announcing that a society, to be called 'The Hellenic Association,' is about to be formed in London under the auspices of several noblemen and gentlemen, English and Greek. Its object will be to promote education in Greece.

ITALY.

A commission was some time ago established in Rome, for the purpose of collecting such old pictures, prints, drawings, and descriptions, as might afford assistance in the projected restoration of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Herr von Quast, who is at the head of the commission, wished to compare a print given by Pistolesi, in the *Vaticano descritto*, with an oil painting, of the interior of the cathedral, which he himself had seen in the Vatican a few years ago. However the picture was not to be found, and for a considerable time fruitless inquiries respecting it were set on foot by Herr von Buch, the Prussian envoy to the Papal See. At length Dr. Dressel was so fortunate as to discover it in a private gallery, and it was immediately purchased by Herr von Buch. As a work of art the picture is but of mediocre value; but it will be of important assistance to the object the commission has in view. It represents, with the utmost fidelity of detail, the interior of the cathedral as it was before the mutilation of the edifice by the French about the end of the last century. They broke up and partially carried away the costly columns of porphyry and marble, brought by Charlemagne from San Vitale, in Ravenna. The peace of Paris, in 1814, restored them, at least in part, to Aix. The painting recently discovered in Rome, represents the coloured columns; but whether it will be possible to restore them all is a doubtful question. Pistolesi's plate is faulty in perspective, as well as incorrect and defective in the representation of the architectural ornaments.

The sculptor, Mathiä, of Berlin, who is at present in Rome, is engaged on a work which attracts the admiration of all lovers of art. It is called 'Cupid and the Dog;' and all who have seen it concur in eulogising the beauty and the graceful grouping of the figures. The winged god is represented sleeping, his head pillowed on his left arm, which rests on the back of a watch-dog, the emblem of fidelity. The group is executed in Carrara marble of the purest white. It is for the Duchess of Leuchtenburg.

An important artistical work is about to appear at Parma, under the auspices of the Duchess Maria Louisa (formerly Empress of France). The duchess has ordered correct copies to be made of the fresco paintings of Correggio, which adorn various places in the city of Parma, and also of some pictures of Parmigiano, which are nearly destroyed. From these drawings engravings are to be executed by Toschi, the celebrated copper-plate engraver. The work is to appear in numbers, each number to be accompanied by some pages of explanatory text. It is expected that ten years will be required for the completion of the undertaking.

A somewhat curious work appeared lately at Messina, consisting of a 'History of celebrated Trees,' by the Abbate Carmelo Allegra. The author treats of the 'Chesnut Tree of Etna' (*Castagno dei cento cavalli*); of 'Hagedorus' and Klopstock's Lindens; of the 'Cedars of Lebanon'; of 'Rousseau's Tree, at Montmorency;' &c.

Professor Fogg, of the University of Pisa, is preparing for publication, in Italian, an important work upon the poetry of the Bible, upon which he has been engaged for several years. It presents a complete developement of the metrical system of Hebrew poetry, as well as of the poetical nomenclature which was employed by the ancient rhetoricians of the people of Israel.

FLORENCE.—The body of Joseph Buonaparte was deposited, on the third

of August, in the vault of the church of Santa Cruz, the temple of honour of the great men of Italy. He is said to have left a fortune of 600,000*l.* to his widow and daughter, who is married to her cousin, the Prince de Marignano, son of Lucien.

A curious instance of Austrian intolerance and Tuscan subservience has just occurred here. A noble Florentine, Count Masetti, anxious to save it from the ravages of time and the vandalism of speculators, purchased the house, on the Lung' Arno, in which Alfieri lived and died, and placed over the gate, on a white marble slab, the following inscription: 'Vittorio Alfieri, Principe dell' Italiana Tragedia, per la gloria e regenerazione d' Italia qui detto e qui mori.' ('Here Victor Alfieri, the Prince of Italian Tragedy, for the glory and regeneration of Italy, wrote and died.') There was nothing very alarming in this monumental record; the censorship gave its *visa* and the prefect of police his *exequatur*. The inscription had been open to public view for several days, when, all at once, the Austrian chargé d'affaires at Florence took exception to it, in the name of his imperial master. At first, it was very naturally believed by the Tuscan government that he could not be serious; but despatches from Vienna came which fully proved that the chargé d'affaires perfectly represented the imbecility as well as the power of the Austrian emperor. Protest was in vain; lampoon, pasquinade, epigram, all was in vain. The authorities were obliged to yield—and the inscription was removed in the name of Austria. *Povera Italia!*

NORWAY.

Jacob Aall, the wealthy owner of the iron mines of Naes, and a man distinguished for learning and literary talent, died at Christiania, on the 4th of August. Many years ago he consigned the active superintendence of his lucrative property to his son, and devoted himself to literary pursuits; he studied profoundly the history, language, and antiquities of Norway. A great portion of his literary labours were contributions to periodical publications. His principal works are a German translation of Snorre Sturleson's 'Chronicle of the Northern Monarchs,' (which he published at his own cost,) and his 'Recollections for an Appendix to the History of Norway, from 1800 to 1815.' He subscribed the sum of 20,000 thalers towards the foundation of the University of Christiania.

The union of Scandinavian naturalists, recently assembled at Christiania, concluded their scientific conferences about the end of July. Copenhagen is the place fixed upon for the meeting of next year.

RUSSIA.

The public libraries which were first called into existence by permission of the emperor, in 1836, and are now established in forty-two towns of the empire, must necessarily operate beneficially on the civilisation of the people. Most of these contain from 1500 to 2000 volumes, and the collections are continually increasing by important contributions from the public. The libraries of Odessa and Tamboff contain from 10,000 to 12,000 volumes each. Complete editions are now published of those works which may be called the classics of Russian literature, viz., the writings of Pushkin, Shukovski, and Bestushev; the latter is known in Russian literature only by the name of Marlinsky. An Indian tale, in verse, from the pen of Shukovski, has recently been published at St. Petersburg. It is entitled 'Nal and Damayante.'

CHINA.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Thom, of Liverpool, we have been put in possession of a 'Chinese and English Vocabulary,' published last year at Canton by our correspondent's brother. At the risk of compromising our editorial prerogative of literary omniscience, we must confess our incompetence to pronounce judgment upon Mr. Thom's labours: but as, everything which leads to facilitate a kindly, and mutually serviceable intercourse between our countrymen and the Chinese is deserving of all encouragement, we have great pleasure in quoting from the '*Journal des Debats*,' June 24, 1844, the following notice of the 'Vocabulary.' It is from the pen of M. Stanislas Julien, member of the Institut, and professor of Ancient Chinese in the College of France:—

"The *Bibliothèque Royale* has just had transmitted to it from Canton a work, which, if we are not mistaken, bids fair to open up China to us in a way far more efficacious than even the force of arms has done; and this, by enabling the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to acquaint themselves, without any other assistance than that which itself affords, with the ideas and scientific attainments which prevail in Europe. The work alluded to is a Chinese and English Vocabulary, published for the use of the Chinese. It is headed by a preface in Chinese, written in a moderate and conciliatory tone, which the Emperor must have read with no less interest than satisfaction, should it have been brought under his notice. This last-named circumstance is by no means improbable, as, according to the '*Hongkong Gazette*,' of the 26th October, 1843, a considerable number of copies had been forwarded to the Court of Peking; and as information has been received, since their arrival, of many of the high functionaries of that capital having read and having been delighted with the work. Hitherto, the almost exclusive object of Sinologues has been to compile dictionaries for the service of Europeans, but the opening of four new ports has given birth to new wants, and, among its other consequences, has created a sort of necessity for the publication of the vocabulary which we have now the pleasure of announcing. It was an idea at once happy and bold to aim at furnishing the Chinese with the opportunity of acquiring, through the medium of their own language, an acquaintance with that of England. But an immense difficulty had to be encountered in attempting to set forth to the eye the sounds of a foreign tongue, the pronunciation of which is so arbitrary, by employing for that purpose the signs of a language *which has no alphabet*. To triumph over this obstacle, and others which need not be enumerated, nothing less was required than the learning and experience of a man who has had his abode in China for the last ten years, and to whom the spoken language of the Chinese is as familiar as his vernacular tongue. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, whose abilities are well known throughout Europe, the gentleman who, in connexion with the younger Morrison, acted as interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger during his negotiations with the Chinese Plenipotentiaries; and this not only in arranging the terms of the recent peace, but likewise in since discussing and settling the articles of that commercial treaty which now throws China open to European enterprise and activity. To him the public was previously indebted for his edition of *Æsop's Fables* in Chinese and English, and for an interesting tale translated from the Chinese. . . . We may add that Mr. Thom has published this work at his own expense; and that he has distributed copies gratuitously to foreigners who reside in China, as well as to the native merchants of the new ports, henceforward to be brought into constant intercourse with Europeans, and requiring the assistance which such a work affords."

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ERRATUM.—At page 130, for Art. VII., read Art. VI.

THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege.* (Sketches from the War of Liberation.) 3 Bände. Jena. 1841 and 1844.

POLITICAL and historical writers have, as the reader need scarcely be informed, a very difficult part to play in Germany. So long indeed, as they follow the track of their great countryman, Niebuhr, and wield their clubs lustily amid forgotten Romans and fusty old Byzantines, they need fear nothing; but so soon as they come within the range not of living persons merely, but of the memory of living persons, then to speak plainly out, and at the same time not offend the censor, demands no common tact. For if the author be brisk and bold and fearless (as a political writer should always be), he is apt, with the cracking of his whip, to disturb Prince Metternich's placid retirement, and to rouse the eager jealousy of 'good Kaiser Franz,' the patron-ghost of the Spielberg; or if, to avoid this inconvenience, he borrow a pair of satin slippers from Goethe's artistical cabinet, he is apt to become tame, and becoming tame, useless; for a tame politician is like a tame soldier, or an independent courtier, a thing altogether out of place. Nevertheless it is strange to remark, how much, in spite of the Frankfort decrees of 1819 and 1832, the Germans have contrived to write and write *readably* on the stirring politics of the day. Thanks to Herr von Gagern, Count Münster and the other advocates of the federal system in 1815 for this! Had the sweeping Prussianism of brave old Stein carried the Congress of Vienna in its train; had the whole North of Germany, according to his idea, been made one Prussia, and the whole South one Austria, with only a Bavaria perhaps left to keep the latter in check, we should now have had a different tale to tell. The historical and political works which breathe a more free and manly spirit, published in Germany during the last twenty-five years, were not published in Vienna, or in its political *Doppelgänger*, Berlin, but in Stuttgart, or in Hamburg, or in Jena, or perhaps in Zurich. Rotteck's 'Universal History,' a work breath-

ing more than a free manly and independent spirit, showing a decidedly stern and radical front,—a work which has gone through some fifteen or twenty editions in the course of about as many years—bears upon the title-page ‘Freiburg im Breisgau.’ Menzel’s ‘History of the Germans,’ a work, we believe honestly, destined to exercise as great an influence in forming the character of the present generation in Germany, as Schiller’s poems did on the youth of the age to which Menzel himself belongs—a work interpenetrated in every page with the best life-blood of stout manhood and genuine patriotism—liberal without raging, constitutional without pedantry, and German without madness, this great popular history is one of the many truly national trophies that adorn the house of Cotta in Stuttgart; and finally to come down to the present hour, these much-bespoken ‘Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege,’ though they are written by an Austrian, and relate more to Austria than to any other part of Germany, are published not in the ancient bigoted Vienna, much less in the shallow and theatrical Berlin, but among the brave Burschen, the originators of the famous Wartburg feast,* in Jena.

The ‘Lebensbilder’ are published anonymously; that is to say, the author does not give his name on the title page; but the Baron von Hormayr is a person who bore too distinguished a part in the late struggles for national independence in Austria, and a writer at the same time, both in his matter and his manner, too marked to write like himself, and yet write unrecognised. The consequence has been that the author, who peeped out prominently enough in various places of the two first volumes, has in the third and last volumes, just published, made a full and free confession (always, however, in the third person,) of the manner in which he got possession of the various documents thus given to

* On the 18th of October, 1817, the German Burschen, on the invitation of their brethren in Jena, came together from all quarters, to the celebrated Wartburg, in Saxony, (where Luther translated the Bible,) to celebrate the third centenary of the Reformation. Some pious and patriotic speeches were made, hymns were sung, and church attended by the brave youths, and every thing was conducted not only in the most orderly and decent, but in the most noble and elevated style of which such a meeting was capable. After the regular business of the day, however, a few mad youths (as who has not been mad in his day?) bethought themselves that so long-strained a solemnity might, like other dramas, be most pleasantly ended by a little bit of a farce. Accordingly they arranged a procession of torchbearers to re-ascend the hill in the evening; a bonfire was made on the top; some obnoxious books were thrown in and burned; with the books also (symbolically!) a pair of stays, a corporal’s cane and a tie-wig!!! In Great Britain this would have been a pleasant matter to laugh at for a day and an hour, but in Germany it was a signal for all the policemen in Berlin and Vienna to blow the horn and cry—Conspiracy! From that hour to this, Metternich has lorded it with an iron hand over the German press and parliaments; no very difficult task; for the Germans are not naturally a rebellious people, and the conclave at Frankfort consisted principally of nervous old women with breeches.

the world, and the motives which induced him to publish them. That after this full declaration, no name yet appears on the title page, can be ascribed only to a laudable solicitude on the part of the writer not to bring himself and his friends into any unnecessary trouble ; as the matter now stands, Hormayr is morally, but not therefore legally the author of the book ; and considering how a certain Christian von Massenbach, in the year 1817, though then in the Wurtemberg service, was laid hold of by the authorities at Frankfort (under the influence of Prussia), and tried and condemned to a life-long imprisonment for having published certain documents reflecting on the conduct of the powers that be in Berlin, we cannot but admire the formal prudence of his procedure. As it is, he cannot but be conscious that, notwithstanding his eminent services as an historiographer, and his frequent laudations of Prince Metternich, the present work contains many things that will grievously wound the vanity and startle the nerves of the aulic and bureaucratic councillors in Vienna. The burden of the whole work, indeed, if we understand it, so far as Austria is concerned, is this—the Austrians are not stupid, as Napoleon would have it, but the Austrian government is stupid ; the diverse character of these two stands written legibly in the history of the last forty years ; Aspern and the Tyrol are the glorious witness of the one, Ulm and Austerlitz the shameful symbol of the other. Kaiser Franz was a weak and narrow man (we are not directly told, indeed, but so much is plainly insinuated), a small, almost a base king, altogether unworthy certainly of such subjects as the men of Passeyr and the Zillerthal. Prince Metternich is a very clever fellow (who ever doubted that ?) as great, perhaps greater, in the capacity of Austrian minister, than the redoubtable Kaunitz ; the most polished and the most astute political chess-player in Europe ; a great diplomatist, but not a great man, and therefore not a great statesman. If this be the general amount of Baron Hormayr's judgment of public men and measures in Austria, he did well assuredly not to publish the 'Lebensbilder' in Vienna, and he does well also not to parade his name dangerously on the title page.

The 'Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege' are a most interesting and instructive conglomeration (we can use no fitter word), of sketches of character, state documents, letters of public men, and historical reflections and researches relating to the history of Germany during the last fifty years. The title, therefore, of the book, in the common acceptation of the word, by no means answers to the contents. By the 'Befreiungskrieg' we generally understand the great liberation war of 1813, and by 'Lebensbilder,' sketches of character and life ; but the Freiherr von

Hormayr, in these volumes, the most discursive of men, not only sweeps over the whole range of German, and (in many important incidental points) European politics, during the important period mentioned, but dives every now and then with a plunge familiar to himself, though strange to his readers, into the far corners and remote springs of local history in past centuries. There are not a few parts of his book also which we might fitly call 'verhaltene Zeitungs-Artikel'—articles that ought to have been written on the hot impulse of the moment in newspapers, if there had been papers of that description in Germany; just as Goethe remarked on Byron, that much of his poetry was in reality 'verhaltene Parlements reden,' speeches that ought to have been delivered in Parliament, had his lordship chosen to be (what Nature with so much bile certainly meant him for) a stout blaster and a thunderer there. When we state further that the Baron von Hormayr has been all his life a zealous and indefatigable investigator of historical documents, and writer of historical books, that he has for many years held situations of the highest trust and dignity in the Austrian first, and latterly in the Bavarian government, we shall understand at once how such a work as the 'Lebensbilder' from his pen must have fallen like a Jupiter's thunderbolt among the crowd of sorry political paper-blotters in Germany; and how, amid the known scarcity of good German memoirs, every intelligent student of history in England will greedily seize upon it as a quarry of most ill-ordered, indeed, and strangely huddled, but most substantial and most nutritive materials.

As the Baron von Hormayr is a writer who has the highest claims to be regarded as a distinct and independent historical authority in a quarter where historical authorities of any kind are rare and unsatisfactory, we shall here, for the sake of those readers who may not have the 'Conversations-Lexicon' at hand, sketch a short outline of his career. From that admirable encyclopædia of practical and public interests, and from some notices in the 'Lebensbilder,' we derive the following facts: Born in the year 1781, of an old and distinguished Tyrolese family, Hormayr studied law at Innsbruck in the years 1794-97; but showed, at an early period, such a decided predilection for historical studies, that, by his thirteenth year, he had published a 'Geschichte der Herzöge von Meran.' His legal studies were accordingly, we presume, never carried to any great extent: for in 1799-1800, we find him first captain, and then major in the Tyrolese militia; and immediately thereafter in 1801, when the peace of Luneville was negotiated, he is in Vienna, forthwith to be employed in the foreign office, under the new minister, Count Cobenzl. In 1803 his German title at Vienna was 'actual court-secretary;' and in

1805, after the bungled campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, he followed Prince Lichtenstein to Presburg, his profound historical knowledge having now rendered him an assistant of the highest value in every diplomatic negotiation of the empire. In the famous year 1809, we find him in his native Tyrol again performing the principal part in that mighty rising of the mountaineers against Napoleon, which, as the baron, with a justifiable boasting, repeatedly asserts, was the only completely successful episode in the whole blundered epos of the Austrian wars. As the main originator and leader of this noble insurrection, the name of Hormayr will descend to posterity indissolubly linked with that of Hofer, Speckbacher, and so many other heroes; honest Andrew, indeed the good host of the Passeyr, has to thank accident in some measure, and the cruel muskets of Napoleon at Mantua, for his celebrity; he appears to have been neither a very brave soldier, nor a very wise 'king of men;' only a very honest, very patriotic, and very pious Tyrolese *Bauer*, whom God, magnifying his strength in man's weakness, chose to make a centre of union (as we see so many kings and petty kings every day) to many men better and braver than himself. Andrew Hofer was no hero, except in so far as all the good Tyrolese, man, woman and child of that day were, and we doubt not still are, heroes; the great military hero of the triumphant liberation war of 1809, was Speckbacher; the great civil organizer, Hormayr.* After the prostrating peace of Vienna (which had Hormayr been Kaiser Franz, he certainly never would have signed), the baron seems to have retired from public life at Vienna, as if unwilling to act where the generous inspiration of Count Stadion was no longer present to purify the choking atmosphere of a court; and from that time we find him busied at Innsbruck with profound historical investigations, publishing among other things an 'Austrian Plutarch,' to sustain the fine national spirit that Stadion had so successfully roused at Aspern, and preparing a 'Universal History of Europe from the Death of Frederick the Great' (published in Vienna, 1817), which should set before Germany the full extent of that debt of gratitude which it owed to the sturdy obstinacy of Austria during the revolutionary wars. From these patriotic avocations the next jump in the life of Hormayr is strange enough; we find the fellow-countryman and fellow-worker of Hofer, 'the beloved national historian and favourite' of the devoted Tyrolese, anticipating the fate of an Italian *Gonfalonieri*

* Alison somewhere (vol. vii.) calls him *General* Hormayr. This is surely a mistake. The baron in 1809 did not act in a military capacity, and he has always been a civilian.

and a French Andriané; we find Hormayr, in the year 1813, at Munkats in Transylvania, an Austrian fortress! This is a very characteristic and very Austrian incident. The same thing happened in Prussia some half dozen years afterwards, at the time of the congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle and Verona, when Arndt and Jahn, and so many others of those very men to whom the late Frederick William III. owed his throne, were apprehended and suspended, and harassed with every paltriest annoyance upon the mere breath of a slander as vague as it was base. Such infantine politicians are they in Germany, that when small kings and cabinets in sore need and great desperation have, at length, driven by sheer necessity, betaken themselves as a last refuge to popular enthusiasm, they straightway, as soon as the dreaded crisis is over, fall into fainting fits at the imagined consequences of their own boldness, and stand quaking and convulsed in every heart-string at the magnitude of the liberal horror which they have raised. So at least it seems to have fared in 1813 with "good Kaiser Franz." Rumours were afloat at that time, amid the most wretched indecision of the Austrian court and cabinet, that the Tyrolese, mindful of what wonders they had achieved in 1809, were on the point of rising in arms spontaneously against Napoleon, and forcing the vacillating Kaiser into the Russo-Prussian alliance against the common enemy of Europe and Germany. The idea of a popular insurrection was at any time sufficient to stir the autocratic monomania of jealous old Franz; so, according to the account which Hormayr gives, he listened to the eagerly whispered slanders of a person of the name of Roschman, and gave honest credit to the absurd fabrication that the friend of Hofer, and the head of the loyal Tyrolese, was engaged in an extensive and nefarious conspiracy to revolutionise Tyrol, and make the Archduke John the head of a new mountain-kingdom of Rhatia!—Hormayr was accordingly apprehended and imprisoned, and remained imprisoned for thirteen months without any public reason having been rendered either then or since for the procedure. It seems, however, that after the battle of Leipzig, and the successes that followed, the heart of Francis relented; somebody at a happy moment having dexterously chosen one of the 'mollia tempora fandi' which are omnipotent with capricious autocrats, procured the release of the suspected Tyroler; Hormayr was not merely released from durance, but his services received the most honourable acknowledgment possible, by the conferring on him the title of historiographer to the emperor. Thus reinstated into favour, he lived at Vienna, continuing his historical researches; but whether he found the political air at Vienna disagree with him (Metternich, with all his virtues, being evidently, in Hormayr's

estimate, no Stadion), or whether he wished to see a little more of the diplomatic world, he, in 1828, accepted an invitation from the King of Bavaria, to honour the court and cabinet of Munich with his presence. Since that time he has served his Majesty of Bavaria in various capacities; and in 1832 we find him (always getting farther from Vienna) resident minister from the court of Bavaria, at Hanover. Here he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Count Münster, the friend of George IV., and the continental 'telescope of Lord Castlereagh;' and his connexion with this man, so notable in the recent annals of German diplomacy, was the immediate occasion of his publishing the remarkable volumes which we are now attempting to bring before the history-reading public of Great Britain.

Count Münster, after his dismissal from office as Hanoverian minister, by William IV., in 1831, retired to his estate of Derneburg, which had been presented to him by George IV.; and there, amid the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic enjoyment, of a wide-gated hospitality, and the elevated converse of ancient and modern books, began to conceive the idea, so natural to a man in his situation, of jotting down the principal events of his varied public life, in a shape that might delight the present generation and instruct the future. Hormayr, who, as an active German patriot, had long known the count by reputation, and as a truth-searching historian, was fully aware what a treasure of written and unwritten reminiscences of the last half century were concentrated in Münster, no sooner observed this idea springing up in the mind of his friend, than he did all that he could—made it, indeed, a regular business—to effect its happy realisation. The old adage, however, *dimidium facti qui cœpit habet*, did not prove itself good in this case. Münster began the delicate work of personal history; but encountering more difficulties than he had anticipated, had not, at the period of his death in May, 1839, advanced further than his embassy to Petersburg, in 1801, and the first beginnings of the third coalition against France, which came to a head in 1805. There Münster stopped in despair, as it would appear, of getting satisfactorily through the mass of perplexed materials that now began to crowd upon him. The autobiographic attempt was abandoned, and the arrangement of his papers left to the posthumous care of his friend, Hormayr. These papers, accordingly, form the nucleus of the 'Lebensbilder;' but the editor has added a superabundance of extrinsic materials from his own rich sources, some of which, in our opinion, as independent and original historical testimony, far exceed the value of what he has communicated sparsely, and with a wise discretion, from the multiform papers of his friend.

The formal and leading text of the work, as thus put together, is a life of Count Münster; but the life of a plain, sensible, shrewd diplomatist, and a *juste milieu*, somewhat aristocratic politician, possesses, as will be readily seen, no body and mass of sufficient prominence to make an interesting biography strictly so called. The consequence is, what is formally the life of a Hanoverian nobleman, becomes in the hands of Hormayr a sketch of the history of Europe during the revolutionary wars; through which the name of Münster goes like a secret thread, known to exist rather than felt, appearing now and then on the great stage of European life, like a scene-shifter rather than an actor. We shall not, therefore, concern ourselves further with this person for the present; his general public career and political character are too well known in this country to demand any special exposition here: and as for the various bitter attacks from political opponents, by which the closing calm of his days was not a little ruffled, those who wish to see him vindicated by a hand equally able and friendly, may be referred for their private satisfaction to the first volume of the 'Lebensbilder.' For ourselves the interest is but faint and forced that we can at any time bring ourselves to feel in the ephemeral *pro's* and *con's* of a personal squabble, whether political or ecclesiastical. After all the accusations that Herr König and others with such wrathful preparation have thundered against the Hanoverian minister, the head and front of his offending may have been merely this, that as a *juste milieu* man, he was more slow in forwarding certain necessary improvements than the swiftness of eager-spurred hopes could brook; he was an aristocrat also—though by no means an absolutist—and did not wish to see the 'ante-chamber,' (so he was fond to phrase it), 'rush all at once into the saloon,' with red caps on their heads, and no breeches. But be this as it may, we find ourselves drawn away from the petty kingdom of Hanover and its late minister, to the great wars which the 'inexhaustible' Austria maintained against the impetuous Napoleon, and specially to the noble struggle of 1809. This part of the 'Lebensbilder' comes in a great measure from Hormayr's own portfolio; here he appears not as an industrious compiler merely, and a learned editor; but stands out prominently amid a mass of tame figures and 'dumb dogs,' as a decided articulate-speaking man; as a sturdy independent citizen in a country where sturdiness is a vice, and independence a crime; as the noble chief of the brave brotherhood of peasant-heroes that people the central mountain fortress of Europe; as the intelligent European representative of the 'democratic monarchy' of the Tyrol.

In one of the notes to the second volume of the 'Lebensbilder,'

Hormayr has given us some personal sketches of the most distinguished statesmen that have ruled the destinies of Austria during the last hundred years. He begins with Kaunitz, and gives a full length and most effective portrait of him ; but as this man's singular character and far-stretching sphere of activity falls within the familiar domain of our native historian Coxe, we shall refrain from entering at all upon this region. Hormayr also speaks of him not as a direct witness : for the Austrian count died on the day of the battle of Fleurus, just three years after the Tyrolese baron was born. With the next minister, however, the case is different: Thugut—‘ the inflexible Thugut ’—though he retired from office just at the time when Hormayr came first to Vienna, at the peace of Luneville, lived many years after that ; and the following characteristic sketch may accordingly be regarded as the direct living report of an eye-witness.

“ Thugut was scarcely of middle stature, and, as he advanced in years (he was on the verge of eighty when he died), stooped much. His features were those of a Mephistophiles and a Faun ; even his politeness was not without something of a lurking sneer, and a certain cynical cast. Of cheerful pleasantness, of grave and self-conscious dignity, he was altogether destitute. At the same time he was far too clever to appear on any occasion vulgar. He was the most one-sided of men ; and yet in his face there were spread out, so to speak, a hundred pages of Machiavelli's *principe*. In a collection of wax figures, no Austrian would have taken Thugut for a compatriot—rather for a private secretary of Louis XI., of Ludovico Moro Sforza, of Cæsar Borgia, or one of the familiar emissaries of Louvois, or of the *chambre ardente*.

“ Even men of far superior talent were never found to look down upon Thugut. There was something about him that commanded a certain respect. So much more effective is an energetic character than the most brilliant genius in the person of a statesman. And yet Buonaparte's saying, ‘ the stiff-necked won battles ’ was falsified in his own experience with the stiff Thugut ; at Mantua, Arcoli, Rivoli, and the passes of Carinthia, there was no want of mere obstinacy on the part of the Austrians. Thugut's voice was, like his disposition, very decided, and not disagreeable ; his expression, whether oral or in writing, academically correct, clear, precise, and logical ; his emendations on the compositions of others—on the MSS. of J. von Müller for instance—were striking and pointed, never frivolous ; he reasoned with great closeness and strength, avoiding all sorts of extraneous illustration or ornament ; his conversation was full of caustic wit, and not without coquetry. He had a much greater mastery of the French language than of the German ; for in his young days, the mother tongue still lay neglected. The Roman classics he knew well ; and up to his seventieth year could recite long passages from them. Of the oriental languages he was a great amateur ; and it is in no small degree to his patronage, and the influence of his friend, the Internuncio Herbert, that Austria

is indebted for her brightest gem in oriental literature—Joseph von Hammer. From his earliest years Thugut was remarkable for great self-command. A Spartan could not be more moderate. The relishes of the table had no charm for him; he knew not the value of comfort, for him in pleasure there was no power. A glass of water and seven plums were his invariable supper; he slept little; but up to a great age gently as a child. He spoke only when he pleased, and what he pleased. Like William of Orange he would have burned his wig if any of his secrets could have transpired through it. Without the stereotype doctrinaire face of Kaunitz, not even the most sudden impulse of passion ever witched from him a single syllable that was not weighed. More wise than Napoleon, he never betrayed his indignation by his words; at the utmost he would break off abruptly, and contract suddenly his white bushy eyebrows.

“‘What drugs wont cure, iron will cure; and what iron wont cure, fire will cure’—this was, to say it in a word, the *consommé* of Thugut's internal policy. Force was in his eyes the only infallible, eternal, divine thing: for this reason also he stood so firm in adversity, for he had fallen a victim only to that before which all must yield—to force; and the same power that cast him down to-day might to-morrow with equal supremacy raise him up. Inexorable and irreconcilable he possessed in the highest degree the patience of hatred. His goal lay always as plain before him, as his means and his instruments were secret and crooked. Time, which most statesmen prize so highly, was only a secondary matter to him. Fixedness of purpose and of principle was to him a surrogate for alacrity. His policy knew neither virtue nor vice, but only means to an end. He desired neither to convince nor to seduce, but was content when he could compel. In him dwelt a sovereign contempt for human nature. He was not much moved by the loss of popularity. In November and December, 1800, he seldom left his room in the Chancery-office and bent his way to his garden in the Währingergasse without being hooted at by the mob, and sometimes even pelted with stones. He smiled, and muttered, *Canaille!* His great weapon was fear. *Oderint dum metuant!* he muttered frequently between his teeth, and expatiated with a smile on the Emperor Nero, who, he said, was a charming man, only the Romans did not understand him! Independence of character, freedom of opinion, generosity, and pure virtue, he positively abhorred. He would have none about him that were not at the same time beneath him; he preferred a mechanical and a narrow head that might at the utmost understand him, to a clever fellow that could dissect and look through him. People with notions of their own only annoyed him—so he said—and robbed him of much precious time. He was tolerant enough to the faults of his inferiors, so long as they were free from any political tendency, and did not stand directly in his own way. To him every thing was right that increased the degradation and the dependence of human nature. He was the inventor of that systematic neglect and ignoring of her noblest characters, for which Austria has been not unjustly blamed.”

This is a severe judgment; but there seems no reason to suspect partiality; for Thugut was out of the political world, as we mentioned, before Hormayr came in, and it was not to him, but to Cobenzl, Stadion, and Prince Metternich, that the learned young baron had to look for advancement in public life. We have no room, therefore, to suspect that the most unamiable traits in the above portrait are the result of disappointed ambition. Those who wish to contemplate the favourable side of the portrait (as, undoubtedly, even the devil has his handsome and heroic attitudes), may consult the authority referred to in the '*Biographie Universelle*;' for our present purpose, we feel more inclined to direct the reader's attention to the remarkable parallel which Thugut's character, as here delineated, exhibits to the character of the Austrian wars with France, carried on under his presidency. Mere energetic obstinacy seems to be the highest virtue they can claim; one only fleet moment of triumphant progress they present; and that moment, unhappily for German military fame, was Russian more than Austrian: the moment, we mean, when the Archduke Charles was keeping Massena in check at Zurich, and Suwarrow, 'the conquering Bramarbas' of the North, was retracing the track of Hannibal in Lombardy, and over the fateful field of Marengo, weeping with his old fierce eyes that there was no young Buonaparte yet there to beat. But this moment of Russian triumph in Lombardy—this critical tropic of French humiliation, in 1799, excited in Thugut's breast, and in the breast of Kaiser Franz, not gratitude, but jealousy; amid paltry personal suspicions, the decisive moment for the public good was lost. The poor Russian marshal was sent out of the path of his triumphs, to fight, not with Frenchmen, but with snow and starvation on the Alps; the Archduke Charles also, at the same time, was suddenly withdrawn to the North, when within the very grasp of victory; and scarcely was all this done, when as if on purpose to chastise the unworthy motives that during Thugut's premiership had reigned supreme in the chancery at Vienna, Napoleon was sent like a shot from his self-sought exile in Egypt; despondent Paris revived at the sight; the palsied arms of France became strong; a single march and a single battle undid all the fair show of work that slow Austria owed altogether to the rapid, slashing advance of the hoary Muscovite; the peace of Luneville was negotiated by Cobenzl, and Thugut retired from his septennial hold of the most perilous helm in Europe, amidst the hoots and execrations of the Viennese populace.

The next actor on this eventful scene is this same Louis Graf Cobenzl, whom we have just named; 'the illustrious Cobenzl, as Alison somewhere terms him, without any particular pregnancy

of meaning, we suppose, in the epithet. In the long and obstinate struggle between Thugut and the earth-born giants (*γγγγγγ*) of the revolution, though we see nothing to recruit our jaded moral feelings, travelling wearily through the waste, howling wilderness of force and fraud in high places, of which the annals of this iron age of the world are made up; yet we still see a stiff combat of two 'honest haters'—a cold devil pitted deliberately against a hot one—not without a certain invigorating effect on the spectator. Now, however, to herald in the crime of Ulm and the fault of Austerlitz, with all possible worthiness; to meet Napoleon the emperor, before whom, as mere general and consul, even a Thugut stood abashed; we have a courtier, a comedian, and a Frenchman, at the helm of the German empire—a Cobenzl instead of a Pitt! Will *he* weather the storm, think you? Look at the man, and prophesy. Alas! poor Austria!

"Nature had done little for Cobenzl, and yet there was something interesting and even agreeable about his plainness. He had a perfect cat's head, with reddish white hair; a high broad forehead; his complexion a chalky white; of middle stature; blown and flabby, as if his blood had been corrupted and diluted by premature and excessive enjoyments; small pink eyes peeping out with a cast of squinting; the most complete *dehors* and *procédés*, noble, graceful, and engaging manners, and yet always in the midst of the greatest gala and glitter, with a certain air of cynical negligence that would show itself even in a torn shirt, or an arm-chair pendant with rags: a ladies' man every inch; without women Count Cobenzl could not live. He was tender-hearted, kindly, liberal, generous, liable to sudden fits of passion, but easily calmed, thoughtless, and yet cunning and secret. In his private affairs disorder reigned, which is the worst kind of extravagance. Systematic and comprehensive knowledge of any kind he had none: the few historical and diplomatic notions of the Strasburger school that he once had, he mostly forgot; his grand capital consisted only in one thing—the *multum* and *multa* that he had seen and acted in the great world. Like a true nobleman, however, which he was, he never despised that learning in others which he lacked himself: on the contrary, he always showed the highest respect for true learning. In the transition period between the old diplomacy of mistresses, bastards, confessors, and courtesans, and Napoleon's new school of international statesmanship of which the principle was *væ victis*! Cobenzl felt himself not a little uncomfortable, chagrined daily to find that of his many old keys not one would fit into the new lock. He was dexterous enough to state the various *pro's* and *con's* of every great chance, and to shake cleverly the caleidoscopic changes of possibility, but he wanted calmness and equanimity of soul to arrive at a just conclusion; he ended often by a mere fit of impatience and an *alors comme alors*! not always of the ripest. In him there was more of a happy spirit of intrigue than of truly great combination. He was more a loveable and clever courtier with the portefeuille of the foreign department in his

hand, than such a minister as such a state at such a time demanded. Cobenzl was out and out a Frenchman, at the same time with an unbounded respect for Russia; he had been dazzled also from the very first by the blazing apparition of Napoleon; and more than dazzled,—a daily intercourse with the young conqueror at Passeriano had left in his mind a secret dread of that overbearing plebeian insolence, and Corsican thirst of vengeance, which were even then so evident. The conflict of these two opposite feelings—a feeling not less of dread of Napoleon than reverence for Russia, will explain much, otherwise scarcely explicable, of the confused doings of the years 1803—5. Twenty years residence in Russia had incrustated Cobenzl with a coating of submissiveness (*servilism*) that was at times almost comical. At the same time, being free from selfishness and sinister views, this submissiveness in him did not imply degradation. The motto ‘l’Autriche c’est moi,’ and that other one of the same stamp, ‘Car tel est mon plaisir,’ could not be applied to Cobenzl: ‘Après moi le deluge,’ however, is a principle of public conduct from which it might not be so easy to prove that he was altogether free. He commenced his diplomatic career under Graf Pergen, on occasion of the unhappy partition of Poland in 1773. In 1774, he followed the Marquis d’Yves to Copenhagen, in the mission to Copenhagen under the Guldberg ministry, after the fall of Struensee, and the unhappy Caroline Matilda. In 1777 he was sent as ambassador to Berlin; here he was rather a favourite with Frederick, though the great Prussian monarch could scarcely conceal a contempt which he felt for the triviality of the count’s character. Napoleon felt the same afterwards. At the breaking out of the war of the Bavarian succession, Cobenzl left Berlin; and soon afterwards we find him at St. Petersburg, where, as is well known, he stood in high favour, and acquitted himself with great credit in the capacity of *maître des plaisirs* to the Empress Catherine. The French pieces which he wrote for the little theatre there, displayed his great mimical talents most favourably. Madame de Staël when in Petersburg heard the echo of his theatrical fame so late as the year 1812. On one occasion he had been playing the part of an old methodistical spinster, when a courier from Vienna arrived with despatches. Cobenzl, little pleased at the interruption, left the theatre between the acts, read the papers, and after dictating a hurried answer, returned immediately to act out his part; but he was too late: the piece went on, and the pious spinster was not forthcoming at the proper time; all was perplexity and confusion till the count appeared, and forthwith poured out such a flood of extemporary wit that the play seemed the better in the long run for having been temporarily marred. Under Paul the count did not find his post so easy. As early as the conclusion of the preliminaries of Leoben, Cobenzl acted for a short time in Thugut’s place, concluded the definitive peace of Campo Formio, and in the year 1798 was fluttering about continually between Rastadt, Selz, Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, and continued the negotiations with France till the peace of Luneville; here his place as ambassador was supplied by his brother Philip; and himself in September, 1801,

arrived (almost at the same time with the French ambassador Champagny) in Vienna, to assume the dignity of Vice-Chancellor of State. Here he was subject only to the supreme will of Kaiser Franz ; the Count Francis Colloredo, cabinet minister, was nominally above him ; but this, though honest, extremely small man (*redlich aber äusserst beschränkt*) was a perfect cipher in all matters of foreign policy, and, in an era pregnant with gigantic fates, a man who wished to live from hand to mouth quietly, and let live. Cobenzl had no coadjutors or subordinates that could do much to help him, ignorant as he was of business (seriously so called), more ignorant of history, and most ignorant of Austria. The only thing that he knew well was courts and courtiers. One of the councillors of state, Collenbach, was more a mathematician than a statesman ; slow and painful in his movements, wavering and uncertain before he made a choice, doggedly obstinate when he had made it (as mathematicians are wont to be), without a single creative idea or original view ; a man the reverse of Cobenzl in all things, and yet agreeing with him in this, that they both were given to form an over-estimate of the merits of persons who came before them with a certain amount of authority and reputation. Both had a high opinion of Mack ; they looked on him as an extraordinary genius, capable of the greatest things, for no better reason than because recommended by Lascy and Laudon, of whom Lascy never fancied any thing in Mack but a ready tact for administrative details, while the fiery Laudon was only too glad to have taken with Mack the right hand from his opponent (for so he looked on Lascy), and found at the same time for himself the man that he precisely required, one who would work out details which the gray-haired hero, the man of the moment, had not patience to do for himself."

The well-known capitulation of Mack, brought about by sheer stupidity, and the equally famous rout of Austerlitz, brought about, as Hormayr says, by sheer infatuation (*eigentlich aus Verblendung*), ended in the inglorious peace of Presburg, (26th of December, 1805), and in the cession of the Tyrol to Bavaria. This was a violent disjunction, quite of a piece with Napoleon's fixed idea, that Europe and the world was one vast chess-board, on which he had but to make moves with men and nations in one part, while men in another part (and gods above consenting) cried '*bravo!*' to his work. But it was necessary, in the providence of God, to teach men once again this lesson—that the only power that can effectually oppose and overcome far-reaching physical tyranny, is the moral power that sleeps in the bosom of a roused people; and it lay in the counsels of Heaven, also, to prove publicly before Europe, that a loyal people have often more to fear from the weakness and vacillation of incapable absolutism on a throne, than an unlimited monarch from the free words and free

deeds of an unjustly suspected people. As shipwrecked sinners betake themselves to prayers, so jealous and suspicious Austria, when courts, and cabinets, and coalitions failed, appealed to the generous enthusiasm of the people; and as God answers the unworthy sinner, so the Austrian people answered an emperor, of whom their kindly feeling was ever ready to judge far above his deserts. The instrument honoured by providence to wave the popular banner for a few short years, over despotic Austria, was Count Stadion. He was the intimate friend, the heart's brother, and the zealous fellow-worker of Hormayr, in the last great struggle of 1809. The portrait is sketched *con amore*, and we by no means grudge the length :—

“ Philip Stadion, of an old and illustrious noble family in Swabia, was born in the year 1763, the second son of Count Franz Conrad. He studied at Göttingen, under the celebrated men who then adorned the Georgia Augusta, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the history and diplomacy of the three last centuries. Understanding and judgment were the preponderating elements in his character, while emotion and impulse were stronger in his brother; but both were essentially noble characters. Too pure for equivocation, too proud for a lie, too high-hearted and sensitive for an age ‘great in small matters, and in all great matters small;’ moved strongly by the feeling of the moment, and yet capable of a long-continued, silent, pervading enthusiasm, strong in self-denial for the public good, even to harshness, and eager to expect a like self-denial in others, they were genuine aristocrats of nature and of the old German school; the spirit of Ulrich von Hutten and of Sickingen was in them. In Philip’s face you could read it plainly how many of his ancestors had fought and fallen in the Swiss wars, in the wars of the Swabian and Frankish emperors and the imperial cities. Both brothers were, from the beginning, decided opponents of the French revolution; but they were, at the same time, the most zealous advocates of spontaneous, gradual, moderate reform. From their earliest years they took a warm interest in those projects of German improvement which, proceeding principally from Mainz, found a decided enemy in Vienna, and a false hope in Berlin. Ever wasting its energy on petty interests, balancing continually between greater and lesser evils, satisfied with no submission that was not unconditional, demanding not only the most patient subjection, but positive self-annihilation from its instruments; sworn doggedly against all progress, and ever watching to renew, in Upper Italy or Germany, the shameful Polish tragedy; thus minded, the ministry of Thugut allowed the senate of Ratisbon and the German princes to sit (like the old Roman senators) in defenceless dignity, till the stranger came and plucked their beards, and then, of course, they might help themselves! With this Austrian absolutism, the German aristocracy of the Stadions had nothing in common. As little affinity had it with the modern upstart nobility of Vienna. Of an aristocracy that loves only the wood of the throne, that it may be floated on it,

that has no home but in the ante-chamber of a court, that prides itself on being born to every thing, and achieving nothing, the Stadions had no conception. They felt deeply that where court favouritism and ministerial despotism flourished, there only a nominal aristocracy could exist. Under an absolute government, every one is only what the prince wills, and so long as he wills it. This Philip Stadion could not make compatible with fatherland and honour. These two words sounded in his heart, like the chime of sacred bells, borne above the smoke and din of cities, far over the green fields and the mountain lakes. In the most un-German times, the Stadions were always Germans. They were, in heart and soul, members of the empire, and not mere Austrians. They sought in Vienna the German emperor, the defender of the laws, the representative of old and venerable recollections, the symbol of German honour, the champion of German freedom. They lived in an age of transition ; and as, in a former transition era Maximilian I. and his friends, so now, in this last time, Philip Stadion and his brother Frederick might fitly be designated *DIE LETZTEN RITTER*, the last of the cavaliers.

"When the handsome and highly accomplished brothers first appeared in Vienna, (Philip in his young days had a strong look of Joseph II.), their enthusiasm raised a complacent smile on the countenances of the arid persons that composed the Chancery herbarium there. In Vienna all sorts of enthusiasm were looked on as poison ; but even poisons are used at times by skilful physicians as the most sure medicines of disease ; and as among certain savage tribes the gods are brought out and entreated (sometimes also beaten), only in desperate junctures, and after the crisis is over, thrown aside ; so Philip Stadion somehow found favour in Vienna, and was appointed ambassador at Stockholm. There he remained the advocate of Russian interests, till the peace of Weerela in 1790 ; and then left Sweden to be present at the coronation of Leopold II. at Frankfort. At this time Marshal Bender had just chastised the insolent Belgians on the Maas. This event increased the activity of the representatives of the interested powers at the Hague ; Graf Keller from Prussia, Lord Auckland from Great Britain, Van der Spiegel on the part of the United States. Stadion was immediately appointed ambassador in London. Here he spent four years and a half ; and of this period of his life he never spoke but with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. To this residence in London he was indebted for a knowledge of the great extra-European relations of the European states, of the great interests of trade and commerce. With a sort of inspiration he talked of the heroes of England's naval power, of the good tone and excellent discipline in the marine service, of the old-Roman Pitt, of Fox and Burke's ancient friendship and sudden rupture, of the great parliamentary orators generally. But from this congenial position Stadion was only too soon removed. He had the pleasure, indeed, to witness during his residence in London, the accession of Great Britain to the league against regicide France ; but the new minister of the foreign department, Baron

Thugut, was a man not likely to be more pleased with Stadion than Stadion was with him. The Austrian ambassador in Paris, Count Mercy d'Argenteau had, on the breaking out of the French revolution, exchanged his old familiar Paris for London; and this man Thugut selected as the channel of his most confidential communications. Stadion was too high-minded to remain externally in an office of which the substantial duties were performed by another; he demanded his dismissal and obtained it. He now spent seven years (what years!) partly in Ratisbon, partly on his family estates, and partly also in Vienna.

"No sooner had Thugut resigned (February and March, 1801), than several changes were made in the diplomatic department; and it being considered advisable to make advances to a nearer connexion with the cabinet of Berlin, Stadion was fixed on for that purpose. He accordingly received a pressing invitation to come to Vienna. This invitation he accepted; and devoted himself from henceforth with assiduity to the statistics of the Austrian empire. Called upon to give his opinion on the policy of the empire, that had for some time been prevalent, he did not hesitate to express himself strongly against the system of crushing all native talent and independence, of interdicting and mutilating all the noblest productions of the German tongue. These sentiments the cabinet minister Colloredo could not hear without various strange looks and grimaces; but as destined ambassador to Berlin, the most liberal and tolerant of German states (at that time!) Stadion might have a certain liberty of speech and latitude of idea, beyond what was orthodox for the purposes of the home department in Vienna. In Berlin he spent two vexatious years in the sorry business of secularization and indemnization, which the peace of Luneville had left as a legacy to diplomatists. He was next sent to Petersburg, where he formed an intimate friendship with Count Münster, and in a short time became the negotiator of the third coalition; afterwards accompanying the Emperor Alexander to the war, he was witness of that scarcely credible series of mistakes, precipitations, and mischances, which ended in the battle of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg. The few days that he at that period spent at Vienna in the 'Schenkenstrasse,' in company with General Giulay, and Count Haugwitz, he was wont to speak of with a generous indignation, as the saddest of his whole life, not anticipating then how much more bitter a cup would some years afterwards be presented to him in Scharдинг! At the conclusion of the peace of Presburg, he was placed at the head of the ministry, and the arduous duties, which this office then implied, he performed with undaunted courage, with a restless energy, with conscientious accuracy and self-denial. Expecting day after day some new affront, some new violation of a dearly bought peace, he had only one feeling to guide and inspire him—the feeling so eloquently expressed by Johannes Müller: 'Never may a man, never may a nation imagine that its end is come. Loss of property may be compensated; and many sore evils time will cure—one only evil is irremediable, when a man despairs of himself.' Animated by these feelings, Stadion proceeded to

an act which publicly declared that self-confidence and confidence in the people whom he served, was to be the principle of his ministry. On the 6th of February, 1806, a proclamation, prepared by him and Baldacci, was issued to the effect that no unnecessary fetters were henceforth to be laid on intellectual liberty ; and in fact from this period the censorship in Vienna began to relax its more rigid features. It was now no longer the systematic rule to ignore, to neglect, to irritate, and to oppress national talent and popular energy. Stadion did not share the narrow Viennese jealousy of the old languages of the Czeches and the Magyars. The archives were freely opened to all inquirers. An end was put to the mania of centralization, which emptied the provinces of all their substance, that with other raree shows it might be accumulated in the capital. From Stadion's ministry the rise of the various provincial Museums, and other local institutions, takes its date. Hitherto every society or union, no matter for what purpose, had been looked upon with suspicion, and violently suppressed as the necessary germ of some terrible conspiracy. The government now came forward to patronize various associations for benevolent, scientific, and patriotic purposes. ' Full freedom for books, no freedom for pamphlets,' was often in the mouth of Stadion—something quite new at that time in Austria.

" Stadion died on the 15th of May, 1824 ; but, according to our feeling, the real stroke that killed him was given on the morning of the 25th of April, 1809, at Scharding in the ante-chamber of Kaiser Franz, when the Adjutant Graf Max Auersberg arrived with the terrible message of the defeat of the main body of the army, the survivors' retreat across the Danube to the Bohemian forests, and the danger of Vienna !—' A present tout est perdu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, tout est perdu !' he exclaimed, and sunk, almost fainting, on the ground. People have expressed themselves strongly on this sudden depression of spirits in the man who had previously been so full of hope ; but in this first disaster he saw a much greater loss than the mere loss of a battle—the loss of confidence, the loss of enthusiasm, the disappointment of friends, the hesitation of neutrals, the loss of the whole war—such a war as he, in his proud German heart, had planned it. Penetrated by this feeling it was not a few brilliant traits of personal valour on the part of the common soldier, nor a strong popular feeling, nor even the self-sacrifice of a well-fought defensive battle (Aspern), that could restore him to the hopes with which he had commenced the campaign: he felt that there was insufficiency and inadequacy at head quarters, and that matters could not go well. Nevertheless he remained firm at his post during all the disadvantageous delay at Budweis, and the unhappy difference of opinion between the two head-quarters of Wolkensdorf and Wagram, as also during the armistice of Znaim, and the change of command at Littau, in the camps at Comorn and Totis, till the certainty of the approaching peace compelled him again and again to solicit his dismissal. A few hours after that he was seen on the ramparts of Comorn, waiting for horses to take him to Prague, talking with any chance acquaintance on every subject but war and politics ; and

those who saw him on this occasion will admit that he exhibited then a truly Roman self-command. But since that *dies nefastus* in Scharding there was a certain bitterness crept into his inward man, which he never afterwards altogether shook off,—a bitterness displaying itself now in the most shallow and misanthropic frivolity, now in a Shakspearean irony. now in outbursts of indignant sarcasm, in which he spared not himself and his own position as minister of finance—a position new to him, and for which he was not by nature particularly well adapted. A two-edged sword had passed through his soul.”

Having thus followed the changes in the spirit of the Austrian administration from the beginning of the war in 1793, incarnated as it were and symbolized in the characters of three very different men, Thugut, Cobenzl, and Stadion; let us examine a little more minutely into the character and results of that war of 1809, which is the grand culminating point of Austrian soldiership and patriotism in these latter days. Mr. Alison, amid many vivid and powerful descriptions which we have read once and again with no common pleasure, has drawn some comparisons, and hazarded some logic with regard to the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, which appear to us, on a cool review of the matter, to be altogether extravagant and unwarranted. One of the passages to which we allude more immediately is as follows:

“ The resolute stand made by the Austrians at Aspern is one of the most glorious instances of patriotic resistance which the history of the world exhibits. Driven back by an overwhelming force into the heart of the monarchy, with their fortresses taken, their arsenals pillaged, their armies defeated, they still continued the contest: boldly fronted the invader in the plenitude of his power; and with unshaken resolution advanced alone and unsupported to drive the conqueror of Europe from the capital he had subdued. Contrary to what has usually been experienced in similar cases, they showed the world that the fall of the metropolis did not necessarily draw after it the submission of the empire; but that a brave and patriotic people can find their capital in the general's head-quarters, and reduce the invader to the extremity of peril in consequence of the very means which he had deemed decisive of the contest. The British historian can hardly hope that similar resolution would have been displayed by the citizens of his own country: or that a battle of Waterloo would have been fought by the English after London and Woolwich had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Contrasting the heroic battles of Aspern and Wagram after Vienna had fallen, with the unbounded terror inspired at Paris by the advance of the Duke of Brunswick to Valmy in 1792, a hundred and twenty miles from the capital, even when the people were in the highest state of democratic excitement, it is impossible to avoid the inference, that as much in the conduct of a nation under such circumstances depends on the national institutions as on the stage at which they have arrived in social advancement; and in the

invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government is to be found the only guarantee from the days of Cannæ to those of Aspern of such an unshaken resolution, under calamities generally considered as utterly destructive of political independence."

Now the whole of this passage is written in a spirit of such overcharged eulogy, and there are so many positive errors and absurdities crowded into a single page, that consistently with a due respect for Mr. Alison's talents as a historian, we can attribute its having been written only to a certain most un-English fashion of praising every thing Austrian and Prussian that came into vogue in this country among conservative writers (naturally enough it must be confessed), after the passing of the Reform Bill. Let us look for a minute into the several points. In the first place with regard to the general effect of the capture of a capital on the issue of a war, a distinction must manifestly be made between a homogeneous and centralised country such as France, and a conglomeration of dissimilar provinces such as the Austrian empire. There is only one large city in France: Paris is the hand and the heart of the kingdom. But in Austria there are many large cities, standing each on an independent social base, and performing the living functions of a capital each in its several province: Prague is in this sense a capital; Pesth much more: Innspruck is an independent and a most efficient capital, as the events of this very campaign sufficiently showed. The comparison, therefore, with Paris is most unfair. In the next place it was in no wise by 'an overwhelming force,' (as the writer admits in another place), but by an inconceivable bungling and a monstrous lack of enterprise and celerity that the Austrians were driven back. In the third place, in order to estimate at its right value the true military glory of the days of Aspern and Wagram, we must consider with discrimination both what sort of a war this was, and how it was conducted as a whole. It was not a war in which the Austrians were attacked and surprised by an untried enemy: it was a deliberately self-chosen war on their part; a war commanded, let us rather say, by an imperious moral necessity, because degradation at the peace of Presburg had gone so far that if the occasion of the Spanish insurrection was not now taken advantage of, utter ruin and prostration were to be looked for. The near example of Prussia was not required to teach Austria that a peaceful subjection to Napoleon was more dangerous than an internecine hostility. *A bellum internecinum*, therefore, was resolved on; a last stand *pro aris et focis*, and for very existence; a stand such as Bruce made at Bannockburn without considering whether Edinburgh was behind him or before; the Austrians had every motive to fight bravely, that men contend-

ing for their dearest and most vital interests could have; if they were not determined to fight thoroughly, and to the end, it was sheer folly and madness in them to fight at all. Well, in such circumstances, without one pitched battle, at least, of the concentrated forces of the empire, it was impossible that the campaign could be said even to have begun. And how did it begin? The Austrians, knowing that all Germany was to be roused by a successful first blow, took the offensive; Napoleon was surprised; Berthier paralyzed by their movements; the French troops scattered here and there, without any order, or facility of combination; the most decisive successes, the most glorious results were before the eye, in the very grasp of the Austrians; and yet the blow was not given. Nothing was done. The slow, clumsy Imperialists allowed themselves to be manœuvred out of the grand decisive moment of the war. Napoleon was not a man to run such a risk twice; he, at least, would not be slow; four days' work was enough to reverse the position, and with the position, the fortunes of the two armies; the French were now concentrated; the Austrians divided and scattered, and beaten in detail. The archduke retreated across the Danube into Bohemia; Napoleon marched, driving the small band of Hiller before him to Vienna; the capital itself was taken, and Napoleon installed in Schoenbrunn, without a single grand battle! The archduke's army was not destroyed, scarcely even dispirited; and yet Mr. Alison tells us gravely that in such a posture of affairs as this, had the Archduke Charles commanded British soldiers and not Austrians; had Vienna been London, the subsequent patriotic resistance at Aspern and Wagram would have been impossible! We confess ourselves unable to see either the extraordinary merit of Aspern and Wagram on the part of the Austrians, or the correct view of the speculation concerning the supposed conduct of British generals and British troops in circumstances precisely similar. Instead of heaping exaggerated eulogies on the Austrians for the good fighting on these two bloody days, a sound judgment will rather propose this question—how did it happen that the two pitched battles of the concentrated forces on which the safety of the empire was risked, came to be fought *after* the enemy entered the capital, and not *before*?—What became of the 'far seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government' at Landshut and Abensberg and Eckmühl?—The fact of the matter is, as Hormayr has well expressed it, Aspern, with all its bard-besung glories, was not so much a battle won as an attack repulsed. Napoleon, having his natural rashness raised to the point of folly by the stupidity with which this campaign, no less than that of 1805, was opened on the part of the Austrians, conceived such a contempt for their

strategics, that any bold step in their teeth seemed certain of success. He resolved to pass a great river with the enemy waiting his arrival on the opposite bank. His intended attack on their position was repulsed: he was himself attacked while in the act of landing his troops: no position could possibly have been more unfavourable for him, none more favourable for the enemy. Numbers also were, on that day, on the side of the Austrians. The result might have been anticipated. Napoleon was driven back into the river, and obliged to ensconce himself in the island of Lobau. Thus far well: but a victory of this kind was nothing without consequences; no battle, indeed, can be said to be gained that does not produce consequences; Aspern was a bright beginning; for the Austrians, accustomed to defeats, morally, a great victory; but physically, it did not propagate itself, as every real victory does; blow did not follow blow till the antagonist surrendered; on the contrary, he got ample time, not only to recover, but to recruit; his communications were not cut off; he remained enthroned in the capital, drawing new strength every day from Italy and from France, and feeding on his adversaries' stores; the grand insurrection in the Tyrol was left unimproved; and Aspern became an heroic abortion. It had, in fact, with all its waste of blood and treasure, to be fought over again: the Corsican, profiting by experience, was more cunning in his second passage of the river, and more fortunate; he effected his landing this time in the most gallant style; and Wagram was the consequence. Now, if the Austrians had stood their ground on this field, where, though inferior in numbers, they were vastly superior in the strength of a deliberately and well-chosen position, we should have said the campaign of 1809, with whatever bungling begun and carried on, ended honourably for them; but they did *not* stand their ground; they were not beaten, indeed, but they retreated; and by retreating before such an adversary as Napoleon, opened the way for an unsafe armistice, and a peace that could not have been more humiliating, had the manly stand at Wagram, and the soldier-like retreat thereafter, been a regular rout to the Austrians, as complete as Waterloo afterwards was to the French. It is impossible, therefore, on an impartial review of the campaign of 1809, to find the soaring eulogies of Mr. Alison justified; and as for what was really great and good in that patriotic display, we must ascribe it, if we have any discernment, not to that "invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of aristocratic governments" of which mention was already made, but merely to the stout and sturdy character of the Teutonic race, whether fighting under an Archduke Charles at Wagram, a Blücher at the Katzbach, or a Wellington at Waterloo. As to aristocracy in Austria, more light will be

thrown upon that, we think, from Hormayr's portrait of Stadion above given, with its fine background of contrast, than from Mr. Alison's vague flights of indiscriminate eulogy. The Austrian government is not mainly and characteristically aristocratic; an unmaimed old aristocracy in some parts of the heterogeneous composite called Austria does exist; but the true pattern of an aristocratic government is that very England which Mr. Alison so unfavourably contrasts with Austria—England, at least, during the wars, and before the Reform Bill—if, indeed, we are not essentially aristocratic still. Be this as it may, 'far seeing sagacity' is a quality which no person but Mr. Alison ever found in the aristocratic, or, more properly, bureaucratic conduct of the Austrian wars with France; and the praise of 'invincible tenacity,' whether in 1809 or 1813, belongs to the 'German people' only, and in no sense to Prussian or Austrian aristocrats, who showed what they could do at Jena, in 1806, and what they could *not* do at the armistice of Znaym, when, after all the blood and heroism of Aspern and Wagram, the devoted and triumphant Tyrolese were left by an unworthy emperor to the uncovenanted mercies of Napoleon!

It is a hard thing to pronounce so severe a sentence on a series of hard-fought national battles, of which such a gallant soldier as the Archduke Charles was the executive head; but we are compelled to do so by a calm review of the circumstances. One of the documents published by Hormayr (vol. ii., p. 48), expresses what we fear is the real truth with regard to the lamentable peace of Vienna, in the following few words. The extract is from a letter addressed by an experienced person in the Austrian service (whose name, however, Hormayr has, for the present, found it necessary to conceal,) to a confidential agent of the English ministry.

"Vienne, le 3 Janvier, 1810.

"Ce n'est point l'épuisement des ressources qui a fait faire la paix, mais uniquement les embarras provenant de la trop longue durée de l'armistice, et le découragement de nos généraux.

"Ce découragement est une suite nécessaire du 'manque de vigueur dans l'autorité suprême,' et de la secousse occasionnée dans l'armée, par le déplacement de tous les archiducs, d'ailleurs très nécessaire."

We have only to add in reference to the two principal persons engaged in this memorable year, that the Archduke Charles was against the war from the beginning, and that Stadion never voted for the peace, and immediately after its conclusion retired. Possibly the imperial soldier's original disapproval of hostilities might have operated disadvantageously in making him lean to the cautious and safe side at Wagram, and afterwards where a decided

and desperate resistance to the end was at once the safer and the more honourable course.

It was our intention, in commencing this notice, to have continued our review of Austrian persons and influences to the great alliance with Russia and Prussia, in the autumn of 1813, which determined the fate of Napoleon. But the length to which the preceding remarks have extended will readily excuse us with the reader. Besides it is but too plain, that in point of moral interest, the share of Austria in the great revolutionary wars ceases with the peace of Vienna; in 1813, all the poetry of which harsh war is capable blazes out in Prussia. The peace of Vienna, accompanied as it was with the resignation of Count Stadion, and the ungenerous butchery (can we call it any thing better?) of good Andrew Hofer at Mantua, was a lowering of the national flag, a prostration of every generous association in the Austrian mind, along with which poetry, in any shape, could not possibly exist. The startling event which immediately followed—the delivering up of a daughter of the house of Austria under the abused name of marriage to the hated oppressor and sworn foe of her family for the sake of wedging together for a few short years so slippery a thing as a forced peace—this act of unworthy and unnecessary political prostitution, added shame to loss. The union of the revolutionary emperor with the hereditary princess, as it was selfish and superficial in its motives, so in its issues it put both parties (as base actions by the just judgment of God are wont to do) in a false position. Napoleon from that moment lost all that was grand and heroic in his European attitude; it was as the enemy, not as the friend, much less as the son-in-law of the house of Austria that he stood sublime. The position of Austria by the same event was more than false; it was humiliating; it rendered dissimulation and half-measures necessary; it necessitated the whole of Prince Metternich's equivocal system in 1813, 'das ganze doppelsinnige System,' which he had so much ado to explain to the Marquis of Londonderry at that time. The future public conduct of Austria, therefore, from 1809 to the conclusion of the peace of Paris in 1814, may well be treated by the historian who has a due regard to the highest, that is, the moral interests of humanity, as merely subsidiary to the great Northern rising in the spring of 1813, of which Breslau was the gathering place. To the history of this rising, both in its essentially Prussian soul, and its outer limbs, and flourishes at Vienna and elsewhere, the 'Lebensbilder' supply a variety of interesting facts and views to which it is impossible even to allude in this place. Suffice it to say, in one word, that they are of such a nature, that no thorough historian of that truly epic time can with safety

overlook them. To bring these Prussian documents before our historical readers, possibly another opportunity may soon occur; meanwhile we may conclude by repeating that the grand and radical interest of the 'Lebensbilder' is, and must remain, for many reasons, Austrian. A free-mouthed, stout-hearted Tyrolese baron, standing up and speaking truth unceremoniously of high persons and secret things in the bureaucratic conclave of despotic Vienna, is truly no common witness. It is by help of such, and such only, that history is anywhere to be redeemed from the danger with which it is perpetually threatened from so many professed friends as well as declared enemies, the danger of becoming what Napoleon systematically made it in his bulletins—a conventional fable—a *fable convenue*. Nevertheless, despite of 'Moniteurs' in France, and 'Beobachters' in Austria, political murder will out where it has been committed; the murderer may plant his throne where the bleeding body lies buried; but the blood-hounds will track the spot. Titled counts and princes may combine at Frankfort to rob Germany of that dear-bought liberty which was sworn to her at Vienna; but Stein will still have his worshippers in Berlin, and the history of Austria will continue to receive its most important illustrations from a Schneller and a Hormayr.

ART. II.—*La Science Nouvelle ; par VICO, Traduite par l'Auteur de l'Essai sur la Formation du Dogme Catholique. Avec une Introduction sur Vico et ses Œuvres.* (The new Science ; by VICO. Translated by the Author of the Essay on the Formation of Catholic Doctrine. With an Introduction on Vico and his Works.) Paris. 1844.

VICO, the Neapolitan jurist and philosopher, son of a little Neapolitan bookseller, born in one Neapolitan garret, in the year 1668, and dying in another garret of the same city, in the year 1734, with a European reputation, but with scant food, was a sufficiently remarkable man ; and more than sufficiently unknown is he in our country to render some account of him and his writings not uninteresting to our readers. We must, however, hasten to warn them that we have no intention of entering on so large a field of investigation on this occasion. Our present purpose is not so much to introduce to them the sagacious though strangely crotchety old philosopher himself, as to present to them, in conjunction with his name, his new interpreter, advocate, and protector.

Vico was a remarkable man. His new translator is a remarkable woman. But very remarkable indeed is the union of two such personages in the same title-page!

We presume that it is hardly necessary to inform our reader, that "the author of the *Essay on the Formation of Catholic Doctrine*," as she chooses to designate herself in the title-page of the present publication, in preference to putting there her name and title, is no other than the Princess Belgiojoso!—the beautiful, the talented, the musical, the admired, the celebrated Belgiojoso! When she published a little while ago her '*Dogme Catholique*,' in four volumes 8vo., Paris was fairly tickled into utter forgetfulness of all ordinary *bienséance*, and burst out into a universal guffaw. Her own circle of more immediate intimates, indeed, had long since known that the study of the fathers of the Church frequently formed her recreation in the hours snatched from the more important and more fatiguing duties of accompanying Listz on the piano, or hearing and replying to the gossip of the well-mixed artistic, literary, and fashionable crowd that frequent her salons. *They* knew—the favoured few who shared her higher and more intimate counsels—that the huge tomes of St. Augustin and St. Jerome might be seen marring with strange incongruity the exquisite elegance of the ladies' own muslin-draped and silver-fitted chamber. *They* knew that when the Ladye had gone to her secret bower, 'seraphic' doctors, and 'irrefragable' doctors, were the companions of her midnight hours. *They* knew it; and not unfrequently paid the price of their privileged knowledge in being made the sharers of her severer as well as of her softer hours, not much to their contentment—'if *modern* tales tell true, nor wrong those *learned* men.'

But the more esoteric world of Paris were struck with unbounded astonishment at the appearance of 'the Ladye's' four volumes of divinity;—astonished, and truth to tell but little edified. Then looked at each other, and burst out laughing. And Lerminier wrote a most smashing and exceedingly ungallant review of the work in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*.' We then thought that the learned professor was somewhat too hard upon the fair divine. We thought indeed that the tone of his criticism betrayed so much bitterness and apparently masculine jealousy, as to justify the lady in assuming that she was not too feeble a competitor in the literary race, but, on the contrary, one too formidable to please the professor. There was in M. Lerminier's critique too evident a wish to restrict the sphere of female duties and employments to the suckle-fools-and-chronicle-small-beer system, to please us. Works of imagination are, at the very utmost, all that the learned professor would allow ladies to meddle with in the

world of letters. We differ from him more widely, and on more important grounds, as they seem to us, than we can now stay to point out.

Not that we would be understood by any means to offer ourselves as champions in defence of the four volumes on the formation of Catholic doctrine. Far from it. We think that the princess might have chosen her subject, and employed her labour better, and have more accurately measured her own powers than she has done either upon the occasion of her former work, or that of her present publication. Nevertheless, we would by no means join M. Lerminier in crying, 'Back! woman, to your distaff and your needle; or, if you must scribble, in Heaven's name write novels, or verses, and that sort of stuff!' One point to be borne in mind in this matter is, that if learned professors were to succeed in thrusting back from the paths of higher literature, many an elegant-minded and accomplished woman of the social class to which the Princess Belgiojoso belongs, it would not be back to their needle, or any such occupation, that they would retire, but to quite other pursuits, and far less compatible with the great domestic duties, which are a mother's most peculiar and highest sphere of action.

No! No! *tempora mutantur*; good sir professor. And you would do well to hail with us, and give all welcome to every endeavour of female intelligence to emancipate itself from the thrall of frivolities in which custom and prejudice has so long held it. As for this translation of old Vico's obscure and crabbed theories, we confess that we deem it fully equal in value to the product of an equal number of hours employed in the most assiduous carpet-work or muslin-stitching.

To speak seriously, however—'quamvis ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?'—we do think that the princess might have done better than meddle with the old Neapolitan jurist at all. We think that some passages of his 'New Science' are utterly unintelligible. We think that a greater number have been misunderstood, or not understood at all, by his new translator; and, worst of all, that a far larger portion of the work is, at the present day, by no means worth understanding. The labour of rendering the 'Scienza Novella' into French, though it has evidently been with the princess a labour of love, was the rather one of supererogation, for that a hand, far more capable of grappling with the great difficulties of the task, had already given to the French public all that is, at the present day, at all worth having of Vico. This hand, sufficiently strong to grasp, and sufficiently judicious to winnow the mass of Vico's materials, was that of Michelet. And no one, who knows anything of his especial qualifications, and of the nature of the task, will fail to appreciate his peculiar fitness for undertaking

it. The Princess Belgiojoso herself writes thus of what Michelet has done for Vico, in her introduction to the volume before us. M. Ballanche, she says, was the first to call attention, in France, to the theories of the Neapolitan philosopher. And thence forward she goes on to say—

‘The name of Vico was frequently heard; and an illustrious historian, M. Michelet, undertook to render certain of his works popular. Perhaps the fatiguing style of Vico disgusted him; perhaps he deemed that the thoughts of the Italian philosopher could not but gain in flowing from a more elegant pen; perhaps the vivacity of his genius could with difficulty conform itself to the ponderously didactic manner of Vico. At all events, M. Michelet has not chosen to give either an exact translation, or even an accurate analysis of Vico. His work makes known Vico’s principal ideas; but many are omitted; and the developments, which he has suppressed, he has not replaced.’

Now to us, judging from the princess’s own translation, and from her account of her author’s works in her introduction, it seems that M. Michelet has done exactly what was required. He has made known to modern readers Vico’s principal ideas. A very brief examination of the 120 pages of the princess’s introduction will suffice both to show the reader that many of these leading ideas well deserved to be preserved, and duly attributed to their rightful author; and, at the same time, to prove to him that a perfect translation of Vico’s work could hardly be deemed an acquisition to the literature of the nineteenth century.

It was Vico’s lot to fall on evil days; on days peculiarly evil for a spirit of the tone and calibre of his. It was a dead time—that last quarter of the 17th, and first half of the 18th centuries! A time of intellectual tram-road going, and of parrot-learned learning. A time when dull pedantry plodded on its laborious road, contentedly guiding its course by the dim farthing-candle twinkle of precedent; and men found that to ‘wink with both their eyes was easier than to think.’ The days of building up had ceased. The edifice was built. The days of pulling down were at hand, but had not yet begun. In the midst of these dull times, when to question aught that was established was a crime; when ‘why’ was deemed the most dangerous word in the vocabulary, and all men were content to walk in their various paths like pack-horses in a string, with their noses tied to the tails of their predecessors, young Vico, the poor bookseller’s son, showing evidence of bright parts, and great powers of application, was destined to the career of an advocate. Of all the pedants of that routine-worshipping day, none travelled in more hopelessly deep time-worn ruts than the civilians and canonists. Poor Vico kicked desperately when har-

nessed in the tame, laborious, hood-winked team. He pulled, indeed, most vigorously; was willing to draw, by his own strength alone, the whole cumbrous machine; but insisted on knowing whence it started, and whither it was bound; exigences which altogether startled, scandalized, and greatly angered the grave and reverend signors, his instructors. So the troublesome and unsilenceable young questioner quarrels with one master after another; tries the Jesuits, tries the civilians, tries the canonists, tries the Aristotelians, tries the Platonists; prefers the realism of the last to the nominalism of their opponents; but finds all flat, stale, and unprofitable; parrot-like jabberers of cut-and-dry formulæ; unable utterly, every one of them, to supply nutritious food to the craving of an awakened and active intelligence. So the almost despairing youth breaks away from all the recognized teachers, with loud and indignant cry against the false doctors, who would feed the young generation with chaff instead of corn. Alas! poor doctors! had they not been reared on merest chaff themselves?

So Vico, marked already as a pestilent and impracticable fellow, who must needs be ever thrusting his mental elbows into the ribs of his brother travellers who would fain jog on their journey in tranquil slumber, retires to the paternal garret, determined to carve out for himself, by dint of solitary labour, that road to the fountain-heads of the philosophy of universal law, which he can find none to open for him. Some of the great works of the acknowledged fathers and founders of legal science, he contrives by hook or crook to obtain. The huge tome containing the 'Civil Institutes' of Vultejus, is given to him as a present by an old customer of his father's; who himself, a disappointed man, from having failed to obtain any of the forensic honours of his vocation, sympathises with the young man's contempt for the leaders of the profession. With these materials he resolutely sets himself down to labour in the seclusion of his father's humble home. Seclusion, but, unfortunately, not solitude; for the narrow limits of the poor bookseller's dwelling forbid the possibility of this; and the young jurist has to spend his laborious nights, growing paler than the pale light of his feeble lamp, in the same apartment in which the family sleep. Often at the rustling of a turning leaf, despite his utmost caution to avoid all sound, his uneasy mother wakes from the sleep, that consciousness of his vigil has rendered too light for repose, chides his unhealthful labour, and entreats him to close his books and sleep. But impulses, stronger than the mother's voice, prop up his weary eye-lids; and the family, rising to their daily labours, find that he has not yet quitted his.

This lasts for several months. The insatiable student reads enormously; thinks much, and digests his learning as best he may, al-

ready laying up in his mind, peacemeal, tentatively, and all unformed as yet, portions of the foundations of those vast theories, which he spent his life in completing, adjusting, strengthening, and propounding. At length, one day, a kind prelate, the Bishop of Ischia, observing his worn and discouraged looks, as he sat in a public library, accosted him; was pleased with his reply and with his manner, and finally engaged him as tutor to some nephews of his, who lived in a castle among the mountains at some distance from Naples. This castle luckily contained a large library. And there Vico lived for nine years, happy in enjoying the means of uninterrupted study, unbroken by cares respecting the material necessities of life.

At the end of this time he returned to Naples, and commenced his career as an advocate, with but poor success, as may be easily guessed by those who know what it is for that man to attempt to scale the steep heights of professional eminence, who has made himself obnoxious to those already in possession of them. Merit, however, found some few friends even at Naples in the seventeenth century, and Vico was fortunate enough to obtain a professorship of rhetoric endowed with the munificent stipend of a hundred crowns per annum. But poor Vico was by this time a married man, and a family could not live, even at Naples, on a hundred crowns a year. The wolf was at the door. And the philosophical jurist was fain to earn scanty and precarious bread for his wife and infants by executing any of those frivolous orders for bits of verse or bits of prose, which on occasions of births, deaths, or marriages, etc., the *great* (!) of that day were wont to purchase from the men of letters for the gratification of their vanity. Nothing could be more lamentable, more deadly to the best interests of humanity, and more pernicious to both the classes concerned, than were the position and the reciprocal relations of the educated poor, and the uneducated rich, so well set forth in the following passage of the Princess Belgiojoso's introduction.

"The man of letters, necessarily poor and humiliated, revenged himself for the disdainful treatment he received, by treating in his turn disdainfully such of his fellows as were younger or less fortunate than himself. For the literary man every noble was a master; every competitor an adversary. Dependents of a haughtily patronising aristocracy, excluded from political and military dignities, deprived of all opportunity of putting forth their power in active life, their sole domain was that of words; and their office was to express in the best possible language—whatever they were bid. This so fertile thinker, Vico himself, was but too happy when some illustrious or powerful personage came to interrupt his meditations, force him to turn away his thoughts from the system of universal law, which he was incessantly contemplating, and order a discourse upon some given subject, with directions respecting the sen-

timents and opinions he was to express in it ! Fortunate, if he had but to celebrate the graces of some youthful bride, or the transports of a young mother ! It not unfrequently happened to him to receive contradictory orders ; as, for instance, when after having condemned the Austrian conspirators at Naples, in a pamphlet entitled, ' A History of the Conspiracy of Naples,' he wrote the epitaphs of two of their chiefs, in pursuance of an order received from Count Daun, heaping eulogiums on them when their party was triumphant, after having branded them when their opponents were in the ascendant. Vico himself furnishes us with the information of these facts. Nor does he express a single regret at having written in opposition to his sentiments ; or even the most feeble wish that it had been possible for him to preserve his independence. He seems to have considered himself as in no wise bound to have any opinion of his own on this sort of matters ; and, probably, if he had refused to give expression to an opinion, because it was contrary to his own, he would have been deemed out of his senses by some, and monstrously presumptuous by others. He would have been left to perish as a reward for his independence.

" The weakness of Vico has nowhere left more deplorable traces than in the eulogium he wrote on Antonio Caraffa. This memoir forms a volume ; and the language employed by Vico is that of the warmest panegyric. Yet all the world knows very well what Antonio Caraffa was. Born of a noble Neapolitan family, he entered into the service of Austria, where he distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks. Being entrusted with the administration of the conquered provinces, he manifested great abilities in the government of them. But when commissioned to punish the partisans of the revolutionist, Tekeli, in Hungary, he committed atrocities which the manners of his times cannot palliate. The histories of the revolutions of Hungary bear witness against this man, and report in detail the acts and judgments of which he was culpable. Vico could not have been ignorant of these facts ; yet he devoted his nights during two years, despite the weak state of his health, to the composition of this work ; for which Adrian Caraffa, uncle of Antony, furnished him with the materials. He himself boasts of the merit of the work. ' I have rendered,' says he, ' due honours to this personage ; I have spoken to princes in language of reverence, and I have treated the truth with justice.' The phrase is not a happy one. But it was impossible for Vico to use the words ' truth' and ' justice' happily on such an occasion. This life of Marshal Caraffa had a great success, and obtained from Pope Clement the Eleventh the epithet of ' The Immortal History.' Vico, moreover, received a thousand ducats for it, which sum furnished the dowry of one of his daughters."

A more miserable picture of a noble mind degraded to unworthy purposes by the iniquitous organisation of the social system in which it was doomed to work, it is impossible to imagine. Nor is it possible to wash the unfortunate philosopher from all blame for the prostitution of his pen, even by urging the general tone of

feeling which prevailed on such subjects in his day. There have been minds,—martyr spirits,—who would in any and every age, and amid the corruptions of the foulest social rottenness, have perished, and seen their best loved perish around them, rather than sell the freedom of their thought, and barter their intellectual independence for bread. Vico was not one of these. But still, let us not, standing as we are at our ease upon the proud social eminence which has been reached after so many centuries of brave struggles—occupying as we do in secure freedom the intellectual territory, which has been acquired for us by the hard fighting of so many noble spirits gone to their rest,—let us not be too severe on him, less fortunate and more hardly tried, who yielded to the prejudices of his age rather than see his children starve. It is very easy for the Princess Belgiojoso, writing amid every luxury which wealth can furnish, and secure in the enjoyment of the most ample intellectual freedom,—it is cheap virtue in her to condemn ‘the deplorable weakness’ of Vico. Let the princess take her own heart to task, and ask of it, what opinion of her own she holds sufficiently dear to her soul to avow it with constancy, if abject poverty, disgrace, want, and the world’s contumely, were to be the immediate reward of its avowal. No! let us forget the base nature of the hireling toil which the poor philosopher was compelled by hard necessity to submit to: let us remember only the father, tearing his mind from the lofty speculations which he loved, and devoting his painful nights, ‘despite his feeble health,’ to the ungrateful labour which was to secure a position and a home for his daughter—remembering well, also, for certain useful purposes, what the frame was of that society which presented such a spectacle.

But if the princess is, in her nineteenth-century indignation at the prostitution of an author’s pen, inclined to be rather severe on her protégé in the passage we have just quoted, it must be owned that she rates fully at their utmost value his general titles to the gratitude and remembrance of posterity. She opens her biographical sketch thus.

“The man, who anticipated by a century the progress of the human mind towards the modern sciences;—who raised questions that had ever been considered, up to his own day, either satisfactorily solved, or insoluble;—who brought the investigations of the most intrepid criticism to bear upon the most respected documents of antiquity;—who never bowed before any established prejudice;—who accomplished the double enterprise of pulling down and reconstructing universal history;—who has treated of all the sciences without possessing an accurate knowledge of any one of them, and has yet left to each of them some suggestive lesson;—the man who has guessed nearly all the discoveries of the nine-

teenth century;—who, belonging to a period and a country where thought was not free, seemed not to be aware, that to speak out all his thought to every body, exposed him to the danger of being understood by nobody;—the man whose genius recalls to mind the noble intellects of Plato or Aristotle, deserves to be traced step by step in the development of his glorious intelligence, and through the misfortunes of his long and melancholy life."

Certes, the claims put forward in this opening announcement are of no ordinary kind. It must be a great man, indeed, who, after such a flourish of trumpets, can make his entry on the scene, and cause no disappointment to the audience. And truth to say, we think the Princess Belgiojoso has been injudicious in so magniloquently announcing the hero she was about to introduce to us. The fact is, that the reader is disappointed in the issue, and is tempted to visit on the reputation of the philosopher the fall of those unduly raised expectations, which the partiality of the biographer has led him to form. And yet a great portion of the above magnificent claims to the reverence of posterity may be with justice urged in favour of Vico.

The Neapolitan philosopher *was* the first to question much that his predecessors and contemporaries had never thought of questioning, and which another century of investigation has shown to be more than questionable. He *did* attack, with intrepid and most sagacious criticism, the entire fabric of (*profane*) history; pull down much that had never before been examined, and reconstruct it after his own somewhat arbitrary, but exceedingly acute and ingenious fashion. He *did* propound several most remarkable guesses at historical discoveries, which the improved historical science of the nineteenth century has ratified as truths. He *did*, unfortunately, treat of almost all the sciences, without possessing an accurate knowledge of any one of them. And lamentable is the amount of trash, and often incredibly puerile absurdity, that loads his pages in consequence, and has rendered them almost a sealed book to the readers of our century.

But after all our deductions from the high-flown tone of the princess's enthusiastic panegyric, there is enough left here to entitle Vico to take his due place in the cosmopolitan pantheon;—a place rather higher, it may perhaps be admitted, than has hitherto been generally accorded him. It certainly deserves to be more generally known and remembered, that the literal truth and value of the whole fabric of early Roman history, its facts, and its dates, had been questioned and pronounced fallacious a hundred years before the days of Niebuhr; and that the individuality of Homer, and the unity of his poems, had been doubted long before the time of Jacob Bryant. Poor Vico forfeited his election to the profes-

sorship of jurisprudence in the university of his native city, to which he was most undeniably entitled by position and qualifications, and which would have afforded him and his family a comfortable competency in his old age, in consequence of having promulgated and maintained so unheard-of and shocking a heresy.—What? No such man as Homer! And here are his works in our hands, undeniable proof of his existence. The learned heads of the university are scandalised beyond forgiveness. No Homer! Church—king—country—every thing is in danger! A dangerous man, this Vico! Let him starve. He nearly did.

The leading quality of Vico's mind seems to have been sagacity—acuteness. He was a most intrepid theorizer; and he was gifted with a degree of self-confidence and courage, if it may be so called, which forbade him to shrink from any the most startling results and conclusions, to which the working out of his theories might lead him. His theory once formed, he seems thenceforward to have regarded it as certain truth, to which all facts must be found to be conformable, or be made so, one way or other. Are recorded facts utterly irreconcilable with his system?—Then they are not true. Take, as a sample of his method of proceeding, the line of argument which led him to one of his most celebrated and remarkable conclusions; reduced to simple syllogistic form, it is as follows:

Monarchy is the most perfect form of human society; aristocracy the most primitive and imperfect; democracy the transition state, which conducts a nation from the latter to the former of these.

But the universal law of human society is progress from the imperfect to the more perfect.

Therefore, in the history of every people, the earliest form of their society was aristocracy; their next, democracy; and their last, monarchy.

Therefore Rome, during the earliest period of its history, must have been governed by an aristocracy, and not by kings.

The principle which he has thus established, he regards as far more infallibly true than any recorded statement of facts. He looks upon it as an unerring test of the credibility of a historian. He applies it inexorably upon every occasion, and hesitates not an instant to reconstruct vast tracts of history so as to render them in accordance with this infallible dictum.

Every searcher after truth, historic or other, will most undoubtedly do well to commit himself, with implicit confidence, to the guiding clue of logical deduction, unalarmed, unbiased, regardless of the conclusion to which it may lead him, and prepared to accept it, whatever it may be. It is a guide which

cannot err. BUT by how much the more implicitly the reasoner abandons himself to the guidance of the syllogistic thread, by so much the more careful should he be in the establishment of those first principles, those fundamental assumptions, to which the end of the clue is fastened.

But Vico as a Platonist, and admirer of the synthetical philosophy, disliked Aristotle's analytical method, and the system of logical deduction. How far he comprehended the principles of Aristotle's logic, or was capable of appreciating them, may be seen from the following almost incredibly absurd passage, in which his biographer sets forth his reasons for disapproving of the '*méthode algébrique*,' as she, adopting his phraseology, chooses to denominate it.

"The algebraical method consists in defining, first of all, the words which it is necessary to make use of; in the next place, you establish certain general, common, and incontestible principles; then put forward in the discussion some proposition of small importance, which your adversary grants you without suspicion; and on which you forthwith proceed to rest arguments, that, having no natural force of their own, could not stand by themselves; you then proceed from simple to complex truths," &c. "This method," she adds, still stating Vico's opinions, "allows the existence of an abundant source of errors. For each separate proposition forming part of a compound proposition may be true, and yet their reciprocal relations may be ill determined; so that from the ill-assorted union of several truths something false or imperfect may result."

Such is the notion formed by Vico and his biographer of the nature and application of logic. They deem it to be a sort of recipe for the skilful practising of certain juggling trickeries—a kind of intellectual legerdemain, by which a special pleader may entrap an unwary adversary! Well! An amateur philosophical princess, who cannot be expected to give more than the odds and ends of her precious time to such matters, may perhaps be pardoned for writing such ludicrous absurdities even in the nineteenth century. But what can be said of a grave and laborious philosopher, who conceives that he has examined and mastered a system of philosophy, and thus reports his judgment of it?

The princess proceeds thus:

"Vico, early accustomed to the synthetic method, proper only for great minds, a method more rapid though less sure than the analytical scheme, could not bring himself to endure the slow process of logic. Truth spoke to him, and drew him towards her without any intermediate means. He contented himself with having learnt to know a new road which led to the truth; and he promised himself that he would make use of it, when the path of synthesis should be closed to him, or

should threaten to lead him astray. He renounced, therefore, the study of mathematics."

We must just show our readers—it will not take them two minutes—one or two of the *truths*, to which this 'rapid method, proper only for great minds,'—the method which, in plain English, good reader, we call *guessing*,—conducted our philosopher. Let us see whether 'the path of synthesis' ever did happen to lead him astray. When 'Truth spoke to him without any intermediate interpreters,' let us hear what she said.

"Each one of the elements," says Truth, speaking face to face to Vico, without any slow process of logic, "each one of the elements that compose the world is attracted towards a superior principle, which in its turn tends to mount up to one above, and so on up to the insurmountable barrier, up to the eternal principle. All these elements which aspire to elevate themselves, and which are prevented from doing so by the grossness of their nature or by their weight, must therefore form atoms of a pyramidal form. Fire, which is nothing but concentrated air, tends to mount up towards its principle, and so forms the brilliant pyramid which we call flame."

Take another oracular communication from the same infallible source:

"Burning fevers are the result of the introduction of a certain quantity of air into the veins, which proceed from the heart, or from the centre to the circumference; which air causes the dilatation of the diameter of the reservoirs of blood of the closed side opposed to the exterior. Malignant fevers are the result of the reverse operation."

The princess adds, "I have translated this passage literally, fearing that by any attempt to enlighten it, I might only add to its obscurity." We beg leave to say, that we have, in our turn, imitated the princess's caution.

We cannot resist adding to the above dicta the following, extracted from a mass of puerilities anent the first formation of human society, and the historical revelations respecting it, which may be discovered by rightly reading the fables of mythology. We need hardly add that Vico's sagacity had here again, as so often, indicated to him a path of inquiry which might have led him to more valuable results, if he had been less attached to 'that rapid method,' the fruits of which are such as these.

"The fable which represents Juno, the patroness of wedlock, hung up by the neck in the air by Jupiter, with two large stones tied to her feet, comprises the entire history of marriages."

This sounds very shocking! The history of all marriages is to be read in the symbol of a wife hung up by her husband with two stones at her feet!! Horrible! The reader fears that poor Vico, in

addition to his other misfortunes, must have been far from happy in his helpmate. But wait a moment. Let the philosopher explain. Attention!

"She—Juno—is hung up in air, because it is in the air that auspices are read. She has a cord round her neck to indicate the tie that attaches wedded pairs;"—(we cannot for the life of us but think *the tie* thus indicated a very suspicious one;)"—"and as to the two great stones at her feet, they signify that marriage is of a stable and indissoluble nature."

Oh! do they? very satisfactory indeed!

We might easily add to the above citations a host of similar absurdities and puerilities. But the passages we have quoted are amply sufficient to illustrate the principal defect of Vico's mind, and to show the danger of that 'rapid method' of reaching truth, to which, as his biographer so complacently tells us, he was exclusively attached.

Two other circumstances, resulting both of them partly from defects in his own nature, and partly from the conditions of the time and country in which he lived, contributed to prevent Vico from being so great a man, or one so useful to humanity, as he might otherwise have been; and have consigned his name to the comparative obscurity that has been its lot. It is necessary to signalize them in order to enable the reader either to form a competent notion of Vico, or to draw from his biography any practical, useful suggestions.

The first of these is his attempt at encyclopedic universality. It was the stumbling block of the learned of that day. The boundary lines of the different sciences had not been ascertained and marked out. The points in which they bear upon and reciprocally illustrate each other had not been accurately distinguished from those in which no relation subsists between them. The principle of the division of labour, as invaluable to the labourers in the field of science as to those engaged in mechanical industry, had not yet been recognised. It was thought that a philosopher, or one who aspired to that high title, ought to know all that was to be known by man—the 'omne scibile' of the old scholastic labourers. This 'omne scibile,' the sum of human knowledge, was understood, it must be remembered, to be bounded by much narrower limits than those now assigned to it in the conception of the merest sciolist. As the primal substances of nature were divided into the four simple elements, fire, water, earth, and air, so the entire field of man's acquirable knowledge was mapped out with similar simplicity and precision into a few great kingdoms, with all of which the student of philosophy was expected to make himself acquainted.

This would-be universality was also an especial snare to such an intellect as Vico's. His acuteness soon made him aware of the

very unsatisfactory state of the science of his day in almost every department; and the unshrinking audacity which led him to conceive the idea of reforming them all by forcing their facts and inferences into conformity with certain unbending theories of his own, could be satisfied with nothing less than a reconstruction of the entire edifice of human knowledge. He seems moreover to have been especially beset by that spirit of order which insists on finding analogies, parallelisms, and corresponding facts in the various and most utterly dissimilar regions of human inquiry. Like those symmetrical gardens in which every alley has its brother, every truth in his map of man's knowledge must have its corresponding truth in another part of the vast plan. Ethical truths are matched by '*pendent*' physical ones. If three great laws rule one science, there must needs be three to match observable in the government of another. Those who have any acquaintance with the various systems of medieval philosophers will be aware that this symmetrical mania is not peculiar to Vico. It was, however, in his day beginning to be pretty well obsolete. But Naples was probably then as much in arrear of the rest of Europe as she is at the present day.

In truth this universality—the fact so complacently put forward by his biographer, that he treated of all the sciences without precise acquaintance with any one,—has well nigh been fatal to his usefulness and his reputation.

The other circumstance, to which we alluded as having exercised a pernicious influence on his character and his career, is the too evident fact, that he was still a slave to that narrow bigotry, from which the contemporaries of Descartes were then beginning, in the more fortunate nations of Europe, to free themselves. From among other proofs of this we take the following:

"A certain bookseller of Naples," says the Princess Belgiojoso, "intending to publish a new edition of Grotius, employed Vico to furnish the work with justificatory notes. Vico eagerly accepted the proposal; and undertook to defend Grotius against the interested attacks of Gronovius, who was the intolerant partisan of absolutism. This defence of Grotius might have made us forget the panegyric on Antonio Caraffa. But after-reflection brought with it ungenerous counsels to Vico. He had already covered with MS. notes a volume and a half of Grotius, when he bethought him that it did not become a good Catholic to justify the work of a heretic."

This is a humiliating story; and cannot but go far to influence our estimate of Vico, of the loftiness of his views, and the calibre of his intellect. In fact we find this otherwise so audacious theorizer, so ready in all other cases to accept and maintain the results, to which his reasonings led him at whatever expense of

destroyed hypotheses, and uprooted systems, hesitating, embarrassed, and ready to retreat from the consequences of his speculations, despite incoherences and contradictions, the instant any one of those assertions, or dogmas, the blind acceptance of which he has imposed on his intellect as a religious duty, seems likely to be brought in question.

The blinding effect of superstition on an intellect naturally so acute as that of Vico, is a remarkable instance of how paralysing is the habit of implicitly bowing to authority on any subject.

Poor Vico! If his mind lacked power sufficient to free itself from the bondage of the darkness which prevailed around him, we cannot, at all events, suspect him of wearing motley for the sake of conciliating the motley world in which he lived. If he wore it, 'twas that he truly thought it 'the only wear;' for, in truth, between the world and him there was but scant good fellowship. In conclusion of an article, which has grown beneath our pen to a length we had not intended to allow it, we will extract the following melancholy passage from his biographer's summing up of the tone and colour of his life.

"His whole life was one continual struggle against abject poverty, and the struggle was an unsuccessful one. No drop in the cup of bitterness was spared him. For at the same time that he was doomed to witness his children in want, he had to support the contempt of his contemporaries. Poverty uncheered by glory,—obscurity uncomfited by ease—such was his lot. The friends he had, protected him as a man of letters of some talent, but unhappily given up to absurd speculations. His enemies pursued him loudly with their mockery. The greater part of his contemporaries were ignorant even of his name."

Reader! The lot of Vico is no solitary, or alas! even singular one. Such men there are in this nineteenth, as in all other centuries, among us, near us,—perhaps at our very elbow. Reader, if your path should cross any such, let fall into his cup of bitterness one drop at least of such consolation as sympathy and appreciation can afford, in remembrance of Vico.

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- ART. III.—1. *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. (Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.) Berlin. 1837.
 2. *Dies Buch gehört dem König*. (This is the King his book.) Berlin. 1840.
 3. *Clemens Brentano's Frühlingskranz*. Vol. I. (Clemens Brentano's Spring-garland.) Charlottenburg. 1844.

THE 'Garland,' which is the immediate occasion of our present notice of Bettina Brentano, consists of her youthful correspondence with her brother Clemens. The first volume only has at present reached us; but, after reading six volumes, amounting to about two thousand pages, of her letters, reminiscences, and reflections, we are, perhaps, as well qualified to discuss her literary character as we are at any time likely to become. The second work on our list derives its name from its dedication to the King of Prussia, and consists of a series of philosophising rhapsodies, supposed to be delivered by Goethe's mother, who may probably share nearly equally with her ingenious reporter the credit of the acuteness, originality, and absurdity which they contain. Bettina (for it is impossible to think of her but as a girl, or to call her by her respectable married name of Madame v. Arnim) seems to have intended the 'King's Book' as a supplement to the 'Correspondence with Goethe,' on which her fame depends. The present publication however of her girlish letters illustrates her character much more fully and agreeably. We find in them a still more undisciplined enthusiasm than that which afterwards subjected her to so many misconstructions; and as she wrote to her brother without any portion of the admiring reverence which she felt for Goethe, she is even wilder and bolder in her speculations and assertions than when she is, with a kind of diffident audacity, instructing the great artist in music, love, and religion.

Bettina is scarcely known in England, except by name, and by the undesirable reputation of having written and published a series of love letters to a man who was neither her husband nor her lover. Her genius however was a few months ago fully recognised by a very able writer in a contemporary review, who, at the same time, attacked her character with an ingenious virulence, which was only explained by the general report that it was the offspring of feminine malignity. Englishmen are often unjust from a misapprehension of foreign manners and feelings, and from a well-founded love of reserve and dislike of strong expressions; many of them would, we doubt not, view Bettina's letters with strong moral disapprobation, in which we by no means participate; but no male critic possesses that happy instinct of offence which selects the weak points of the sex rather than the errors of the

individual to strike at. Madame v. Arnim is, no doubt, prepared for attacks on her writings, but she must be more than a woman if she reads with indifference our contemporary's charges, that she is older than she calls herself, that she wears spectacles, that she has gray hair, and that she wears a false front.* To dispose, in the first instance, of these heavy and conscientious objections, we feel it our duty to state that, on the first count of the indictment, we find her not guilty. She is very careless and irregular in dates, but here and there she gives statements of her age at different periods, which never, as far as we have found, contradict one another, while the coincidences seem wholly undesignated. From an examination of her various writings we state confidently, that she was born in 1787 or 1788, that she was about sixteen when the correspondence with Clemens commenced, and nineteen when she first knew Goethe. She frequently alludes to the mistakes of casual acquaintances who were deceived by her childish appearance; but she never makes any attempt to deceive her correspondents, having, indeed, little chance of imposing either on her brother, or on her great friend, who had held her as an infant in his arms. The spectacles and the grey hair are, we confess, more probable than censurable failings in a lady of fifty-six. To false fronts Quakers have, we believe, a conscientious objection, which we are not concerned to meet. If Bettina wears such vanities, and if she is singular in wearing them, let her be censured accordingly: but certainly we have been unjust to many elderly ladies, and their locks, if we have been mistaken in believing that

"There is an art which in their brownness shares
With great creating Nature."

One remark we have finally to make on all the charges. Neither man nor woman by writing a book becomes a fit subject for public criticism. The book is the occasion of criticism, and it ought to be the limit. As far as the writer speaks of himself he may be spoken of; but his private life, and his personal feelings, ought to be safe from insulting remarks and from anecdotes such as one with which the review, of which we have been speaking, concludes,—a story which is probably as false as it is undoubtedly coarse and offensive, and of which the truth, if established, would in no way justify the publication.

It is accordingly only of the ideal Bettina that we propose to speak, though we have pleasure in thinking that her strange and graceful character was in all essential points that of the living Bettina Brentano. Beyond her books we know nothing of her,

* *Wig* is the word used: but our masculine notions of propriety do not allow us even to quote a stronger expression than *false front*.

and, for our present purpose, desire to know nothing; it is enough for us that the childhood and youth described in her letters form a succession of beautiful idyls, animated and connected by a passion which was kept pure by the imaginative exaltation of its nature. Not understanding the meaning of Platonic love, nor believing that Bettina's enthusiasm receives that name from her countrymen and admirers, we nevertheless find no difficulty in contemplating her devotion to Goethe without suspicion, and with little censure except for imprudence which proved to be harmless. That her own sex will generally judge her more severely we are well aware. Their sensitive caution tolerates no eccentricity which may endanger their common position: a woman who moves from the ranks finds the martial law inexorable, as the error of one woman is the shame of all, and any appearance of individual rashness suggests thoughts of a common danger. Thus it will always be, though disinterested and friendly observers, like ourselves, continue to tell them that their policy is mistaken. It is so safe, and for many reasons so desirable, that the duties and province of women should be strictly defined, that they are justified in watching with jealousy any deviation from the beaten track. But when a woman like Bettina, of rare genius, and of a peculiarly independent character, is led by circumstances or disposition to turn aside from the ordinary means of happiness, and to concentrate the enthusiasm of her nature on an affection in which the heart and intellect alone participate, it is not for the interests of womanhood to assume at once that she deserves reproach and rejection. Rather should it be shown with triumph that female excellence depends upon something higher than prudence, and that the strict rules prescribed by custom and expediency are not its only safeguard. It is only by an unprejudiced study of her letters, that the internal evidence in her favour can be obtained, but to those who have heard her accused of cherishing a culpable and unbecoming passion, it may be useful to state the circumstances which illustrate the nature of her feelings.

The charge against her is founded on a series of letters full of warm and enthusiastic expressions of affection for the man whom, far above all others, the whole of Germany delighted to honour. Goethe had been the friend of her grandmother, and, as she reminds him, the lover of her mother, and he was forty years older than herself, though he still retained a considerable portion of the unequalled beauty of his earlier manhood: her passion, however, was so independent of outward appearance, that it had attained nearly its greatest height before she had even seen the object of it. That it was permitted by Goethe himself may be con-

sidered an ambiguous circumstance; but it is strange that among those who saw its progress without objection, should be included her own brother and sisters, and her brother-in-law, the celebrated Baron v. Savigny, one of the gravest and most clear-headed of men; even Goethe's wife had the perverseness to cultivate her acquaintance, and strangest of all, the chief accomplice of her crime, the chosen depository of her love secrets and troubles, was no other than Goethe's vigorous and sagacious mother, then living in an honoured old age at Frankfort. Among the accessories to her guilt were the Prince-Primate v. Dalberg, at the time her local sovereign, and head of the Catholic church in Germany; nor was Goethe's friend and master the Duke of Weimar safe from the unaccountable contagion. With her relation to the great poet universally known, she married a man of station and of literary reputation, Achim v. Arnim, the early friend of her brother; and lastly, in her maturer years, she voluntarily published the sole record of her discredit, and to this day is proud that it is known. There is a proverb or motto familiar to Englishmen, which seems to us not inapplicable to a case like this. We are not at this moment certain whether the old French participle admits of a feminine termination, or we should be inclined to write it '*Honnie soit qui mal y pense.*'

Goethe himself has been censured for his trifling share in the correspondence by the critic whom we have quoted, because it was not colder,—by the earnest and honest, but somewhat narrow-minded Börne, because it was so cold; by both, we believe, on the gratuitous assumption that he was studying Bettina's feelings with a view to his novel of the '*Elective Affinities.*' If such was his object, he failed in attaining it, for neither the Charlotte, nor the Ottilia, of the '*Wahlverwandtschaften*' have borrowed any thing from Bettina; and he was contented to continue the correspondence after the completion and publication of the fiction. His letters throughout are few and short; kind and approving, but sometimes gently checking her vehemence, assuring her sometimes that he appreciates her devotion, but never professing that he returns it. Sometimes he delights her by sending back one of her exquisite paragraphs transposed into verse, frequently he praises a particular anecdote or description: but as a general rule he never affects to answer her letters, or to share in her excitement. His tone throughout is that of a busy man who turns aside for a moment to notice the caresses of a playful child. It would have been easy for him to reject her attachment, but probably he thought it kinder to guide and watch it, and knew that youthful enthusiasm is never so dangerous, as when it finds itself misunderstood and repelled by all around. For his own sake,

also, he delighted in her fresh and lively feelings, and in her accounts of his youthful haunts of Frankfort and the Rhine, and above all, he cultivated her friendship because she was the chief friend and companion of his aged mother. He seldom finishes a letter without recommending the continuance of her care.

But it is time to turn from Bettina's enemies to herself.—As we have said, she was sixteen when she began to correspond with her favourite brother, Clemens. It is pleasant to observe the girlish merriment, and almost childish details of her letters, interspersed with bursts of imaginative sentiment, and crude, but original, philosophical speculations. At one time she excuses her delay in writing on account of the irresistible temptation of playing with the kitten, or amuses her brother with delightful nonsense about her adventures with bees and roses; at another time she provokes him with her heretical enthusiasm for Mirabeau, or alarms him by bold expressions of disbelief in the ordinary rules of ethics. His letters, too, are not without interest, though greatly inferior to his sister's. She is the confidante of his various love-affairs, and the depository of the abstract speculations, which occupy an active mind so much in youth, to be, for the most part, forgotten in maturer years. We have not thought it necessary to study the philosophical revelations of either brother or sister profoundly. His are as they ought to be, more rational; Bettina's more bold and ingenious: but both delight to wrap up their meaning in riddles, which we think young minds may be wholesomely and pleasantly occupied in solving. In after years they will find that the paradoxes and enigmas which first make philosophy attractive are not the best mode of teaching it; and that in its simple form it is difficult and abstruse enough to repel all mankind, except two or three in a million.

Clemens was several years older than Bettina, and had already established a respectable literary reputation; but it is curious to observe how rapidly she passes from her first feelings of reverence and admiration to the tone of equality or superiority, which was naturally inspired by her far higher genius. She gives him good advice, which he treats as seriously as it deserves, but she shows no disposition to profit by his more solemn lectures. After a more than usually nonsensical, though very pretty burst of sentiment from her, her brother takes alarm at her state of excitement, and at an account which he had received of her eccentric behaviour at a ball; he complains that she sends no news, cautions her against falling in love with the gardener who tended the roses which were the subject of her rhapsody, recommends to her Müller's 'History of Switzerland' as solid reading, and lastly requests her to knit him six pairs of stockings. Bettina knows better

than to defend herself, or to admit that she was in the wrong, and yet who is not, in defiance of justice, on her side after reading her answer?

"DEAR CLEMENS.—Dear Günderode (her friend, of whom we shall have to speak again), for, dear Clemens, I must have somebody to complain of thee to—I can't tell thee to thy face all the harm I know of thee, and all I have discovered from thy letter.—Ah ! I should be so glad to take no notice, but as I have observed it, it would be a double piece of cunning to pass it over—so I write here to Günderödden, and you may know from this what fun two girls make of a crafty young man. Just think, Günderödden, Clemens is jealous of the gardener—only read this letter from him—where he begins at once with reproaching me with my sentimentality with the flowers, and really he does bring in comparisons by neck and heels—potatoes, turnips, roses ;—and then I am sentimental, and then he prescribes a remedy—half-a-dozen pair of yarn stockings, at which I am to knit for half-a-dozen years to cure myself ; and only think, Günderode, so it goes on for three—four pages ; but of what really provokes him he has got nothing to say—there he is quite innocent.—I am to associate with the steady Charlotte to cure my sentimentality ; I am to send him black chalk and white chalk, and write about my brothers and sisters, about whom he reproaches me for having nothing to say,—and I had all the time intended to tell him that Lulu had got on a silk coffee and milk-coloured gown, which suited her so well. I am to tell him about the ball, he says, and how can I do that ? If I was to confide to him my love-adventure of that nice ball-night, I'm sure he wouldn't like it.—Günderode, don't let any of that story be drawn out of you—don't tell him any thing of my triumphant journey home, and who it was that I saw as dawn was breaking, standing by the road-side, who bowed to me, and to whom I threw my wreath out of the carriage—don't tell him that—*we girls keep that to ourselves.* * * * And there is one whole silly page, when an unintelligible Hebrew word gets into the pulpit, and with the most solemn grimaces too, so that, at first, I was quite anxious, and puzzled my head to know what the word was.—But now I get over my scruples, because I see that the dear darling Clemens is urged on by all sorts of motives which are not clear to himself, to wish, and demand, and assert a great many things. The word is Duty, 'Do your duty seriously, take life lightly.' When I look for my duty, I am very glad it gets out of my way, for if I caught it I would twist its neck. * * * But now I will go at once and transgress my duty, and go to the gardener, for this is the time when he waters the flowers for the evening, and I promised to come ; I am not going from a feeling of duty, but from pleasure in the pretty work. * * * I will go to the cabbage-bed too, which Clemens thinks the gardener's duty-department ; I will sit down there with my duty-stocking, and do some duty-stitches ; and, in duty to my education, read in the ancient Swiss history that the Teuton wore no stockings while he was yet

free, and therefore, from a feeling of duty, I will lay my knitting-work on the altar of Freia, and make a vow to her never to knit stockings again, as they impose fetters on the free German character. * * *

After all which, she proceeds to philosophise again, knowing very well that Clemens could not find fault with her this time.

The great charm of these letters is, that they are like real private letters, the *epistolæ obscurorum*, which are as much superior to the correspondence of statesmen and authors as a domestic dinner to the scraps of a public banquet. As youthful letters, also, they have the earnestness, eagerness, and extemporaneous freshness of minds still surprised and overflowing with the first rush of thought and feeling, and in Bettina's case they have the wit and finished clearness of narration, which is generally the result of experience and practice in the world. Her incidental sketches of character are excellent. Her correct and scolding aunt, her sentimental, finical and accomplished grandmother, the silent studious self-contained Savigny, who could not endure the perverse girl, and whom she admired and defended, Madame de Gachet a transcendental emigrant Amazon, who carried Clemens' heart by storm, and evidently was felt by Bettina to be tinged with charlatanism; all these and many more are as distinctly characterised in her letters as the most famous of the French courtiers who owe their immortality to Madame de Sevigné. We like her best, however, when she writes of herself, for her mind is of that character which forms the scenes of past life into pictures, and makes a history or a romance of materials which many would have found too scanty for the driest journal. Her revelations are as fragmentary as those of Cumæ and Mecca, but there are stories of almost every period of her short career to be found scattered about the different volumes before us. In her letter to Clemens she begins the history of her early childhood:

"Once on a time there was a child who had many brothers and sisters—a Lulu and a Meline, who were younger, the others were all much older. The child has counted up all, and they come to thirteen, and Peter fourteen, and Therese and Marie fifteen and sixteen, and then more still, but the child never knew them, for they were dead before; there were certainly twenty brothers and sisters, perhaps still more. Brother Peter died when the child was three years old, but of him it still knows much. He had black eyes which shot out a dazzling fire, and in them the child often lost itself with deep looking into them. Brother Peter often carried the child to the top of a little turret on the house, where Peter fed all kinds of birds, pigeons and a hen with young chickens; there the child sat with him and he told it stories. Those were hours that gleam beautifully out of earliest childhood, for what absurd

schemes Peter would set about with the child. He was deformed and therefore very little; he took the child to church on Christmas-day, and nobody was to see it, so he took a great bear skin muff and held it before himself and the child, so that neither head nor hand could be seen, only the four legs went trotting forwards, and the people wondered at the strange bit of fur that moved along the street by itself. Once the dear brother had made something in the garden, then he takes the child in. There is a little hill thrown up, and he lifts a stone, and all at once a spout of water springs up for a little while and then it stops. That hast thou done for thy little sister's pleasure, oh, brother Peter. But the child loved thee too, dearly. In a morning when it woke, there stoodst thou before its bed, and it laughed with thee before it opened its eyes. It learned to clamber up the stairs with thy hand, it always held by thee. And once it was late, the sun was just going to set, he stood with the child on the corkscrew staircase; the last rays of the sun shone in his face, he became so deathly pale, that the child clung to him—'Let go,' he said, almost too low to hear, and fell down the stairs; but the child had held fast by his coat, and fallen with him. Then they carried Peter to bed, and the child saw its loving brother no more. In answer to its questions they told it that Peter was buried, but it did not, as yet, understand what that was. It still often longed for its brother, and often sat in a corner at evening, when the light did not reach so far, and then it saw his dark eyes shine on it, or was that imagination? The child's father was very fond of it, perhaps fonder than of its brothers and sisters; he could not resist its coaxing.—If its mother wanted to get any thing from its father, she used to send the child, and it was to beg till its father said 'Yes,' for he *never* refused it. * * * In walking, he would stop at the meadow where the flowers were till the nosegay was big enough—the child would want to pick all the flowers, and it never came to an end;—night fell, and the nosegay was far too big for its hands, and its father held it for it. What lovely things too went on, and wove enjoyment of all kinds into the web of life. The merry life in the street—opposite our house, the open market, when the neighbours were out all day from May till autumn. Then the children played with the poodle, and the parrot on its perch shouted 'Rascal,' and we should have liked to hear it all day long. How happy the child was with the cowslips which the milkwoman brought in the morning. * * * And the place where the ghost made a noise in the haunted-house, and Mr. Burgo-master had posted a watch,—ten men inside, and ten more outside leaning against the door, did the ghost upset at night, at night at the stroke of twelve! * * * The next spring comes hand-in-hand with Death, and takes the fairest of mothers to the grave * * * and the father cannot bear it, wherever he goes he wrings his hands, and all are afraid of facing his sorrow—the brothers and sisters fly from him, the child stays and holds him fast by the hand, and he lets it lead him. * * * 'Become as good as thy mother,' said in broken German, the Italian father."

At eight years old she was sent to be educated in a nunnery, of which her recollections are as inexhaustible as they are beautiful. Once for instance she was caught by a thunderstorm at night, outside the building, and took shelter under a lime-tree in the garden. 'Then the storm-bells pealed from the convent-tower, and the Fates and Muses (her friends the nuns) hurried in their night-clothes, with their consecrated candles, into the vaulted choir. I saw from under my tempest-shaken tree the hastening lights shoot through the long passages—soon their 'ora pro nobis' rang to me in the wind—at every flash they tolled the consecrated bell—as far as its sounds reached the thunder did not strike.' She was chosen, she says, as a favourite to be sacristan, and she had to wash and keep bright the sacred vessels of the altar, from which circumstance, in after times, gold and silver ornaments always impressed her with a secret reverence.

"To-day we have green Thursday (in Passion Week), and I, little servant of the temple, have much to do. All flowers which the early year allows us are gathered—snowdrops, crocus, marigold, and the whole field full of hayacincths deck the white altar; and then I bring the surplices, and twelve children, with flowing hair, are dressed in them; they represent the Apostles. After we have walked round the altar with burning candles hung with flowers, we sit down in a half circle, and the old abbess with her long silver staff, and her veil, and her long train vestment flowing round her, kneels before us to wash our feet. One nun holds the silver basin, and pours the water, another hands the towels for wiping—meanwhile all the bells peal, the organ plays, two nuns play the violin, one the base-viol, two blow the trumpet, one sounds a roll on the kettle drum, all the rest join in high notes in chanting the litany. 'Saint Peter, we hail thee—thou art the rock on which the church doth build.' Then they go to Paul, so all the Apostles are hailed in turn, till all the feet are washed. Now, seest thou, that is a day in which we have already delighted for a quarter of a year before. The whole church was full of people, they pressed into our procession, and wept tears of emotion over the laughing innocent Apostles."

We could wish that the nuns had abstained from playing on the fiddle and the kettle-drum—not the less because every thing else which Bettina tells of them is good and graceful. One of her chief friends was Mère Celatrice, the bee-wife, who had bees hanging on her veil in the garden, and said that they knew her, and that to be safe with them it was first necessary to get over fear of them, and if a bee does sting not to wince, and it will not sting hard—she always said that the bees liked best the flowers that Bettina tended, and she taught her to put her hand fearlessly into the hive, and to hold bunches of flowers in her mouth for the bees to settle on. Another nun kept a myrtle in her cell.

"She had it there winter and summer, and all her arrangements were made for its sake; she gave it air night and day, and only allowed herself as much warmth in winter as was good for the myrtle. How she felt herself rewarded when it was covered with buds. She showed me them when they were only just set; I helped to tend the myrtle; every morning I filled the jug with water at the Magdalen-well; the buds grew and reddened, and at last they opened; on the fourth day it was in full blossom—a white cell every blossom, with a thousand radiating shafts in the middle, each with a pearl on its point. It stood in the open window, and the bees greeted it. It is only now that I know that this tree is consecrated to love—then I did not know it, I now understand the tree. Say, can love be tended more sweetly than this tree was? and can tender care be more sweetly rewarded than by such a full blossom? Ah! the dear nun, with half-faded roses on her cheeks, shrouded in white, and with the black veil waving round her quick and graceful walk—how her pretty hand reached out of the wide sleeve of her black woollen dress to water the flowers * * *. Last year I visited the convent again in passing by. My nun had become prioress—she was obliged to walk with a crutch: she had fallen lame—she took me into her garden—her myrtle was in full blossom. She asked me if I knew it still; it was much grown. There were fig-trees all round with ripe fruit, and large pinks; she broke off fruit and flower, and gave me all—only the myrtle she spared; that too I knew beforehand."

At thirteen Bettina went to live at Offenbach, near Frankfort, with her maternal grandmother, who was well known in her time as a voluminous writer of fiction, by the name of Sophia de la Roche, a foolish Frenchification of her real name, Von Lichtenberg. Of this period of her life she gives many amusing and pretty details, including an exquisite confession of her first three kisses. The first was from a young French soldier whom she helped to escape when the Austrians took Offenbach; the second was of a less romantic character, being inflicted by the respectable and elderly Herder; the third was from the reigning Duke of Arenberg, who had been blinded by an accident in shooting. "He asked afterwards if I had told my grandmother, and I said 'Yes.' 'Well, and was she angry?' 'No.' 'Et bien, est ce qu'elle n'a rien dit? oui. Et quoi?'—'A poor man,' she said, 'a blind man.' 'Oh oui,' he cried, 'elle a bien raison, a blind man, a poor man,' till at last he broke out in a cry of sorrow, which pierced my heart like a sword." It was here that she formed a friendship with the lay-canonical, Caroline v. Günderode, a daughter probably of President v. Günderode, whom Goethe mentions somewhere as living in Alsace. From her Bettina learned much, including something of philosophical language, which has probably given an appearance of system to her speculations, to which in themselves they have little pretence. In one of her letters to

Clemens, she gives a most natural and vivid account of a joint flirtation of herself and her friend with Clemens' handsome and clever friend, the young Achim v. Arnim, whom she afterwards married. Long before that time, however, the canoneess had put an end to her life, after trying to soften the blow to Bettina by breaking off their friendship without explanation. Her history of the melancholy story is one of the most touching in all biography, as touching as any thing in fiction. Their separation led to the acquisition of an acquaintance of a different character.

"On the second day as I went along the road where she lived, I saw the house of Goethe's mother, whom I did not know intimately, and had never visited; I went in, 'Frau Rath,' I said, 'I want to make your acquaintance; I had a friend, the Canoneess Günderode, and she is lost to me, and you must replace her.' 'We will make the trial,' she said, and so I came every day and sat on the stool, and let her tell me about her son, and I wrote it all down and sent it to Günderode. When she went to the Rheingau she sent me back the papers; the maid who brought them said the canoneess's heart throbbed violently when she gave her the papers, and when she asked what message she should take, she gave her no answer."

The success of this new experiment in friendship is a sufficient proof how far Bettina, with all her imaginative susceptibility of disposition, was removed from the character of a mere sentimentalist. The *Frau Rath*, at the age of seventy-six, still retained the full vigour of her intellect, which was equally remarkable for boldness, for masculine humour, and for the power of telling stories, with which she had first taught her son to be a poet. It appears to the critic, whom we have before noticed, that 'she played the part of Madame Mère, at Frankfort, with burlesque solemnity.' Burlesque or strange it certainly does appear, till we have entirely got rid of our English associations and customs, that rank and royalty should in Germany, pay homage to the great poet of the country by respectful attention to his mother. We cannot, of course, defend it; but we must make allowances for foreigners. But burlesque as her position might be, there was very little solemnity in it. Let the reader make himself acquainted with the story of the tea-drinking with the Queen of Prussia, as told in the first volume of the 'König's buch,' and he will find an account much fuller than a Court Circular, but certainly much less solemn. Goldsmith or Scott would have delighted in the details of her putting on her state gown, and of her maid Lieschen's cap, which was wrong side foremost, though her mistress said that the cap was all straight, and that only the head was turned. The disappointment of the *Frau Rath* that the road did not pass the burgomaster's house, that he might see her in the court carriage and four, her pleasure when she provi-

dentially met him, and struck him dumb with astonishment, sadly takes off from her dignity and solemnity. Indeed the queen's recollections of the old lady could scarcely be solemn, for she had, with her sister, when a young Princess of Mecklenburg, visited her, and, for the first time in her life, had pumped water for herself there; and when her governess remonstrated against the impropriety, the *Frau Rath* had locked the governess up, and let the princesses pump till they were tired. 'Poor girls,' she said, 'I could not bear to see them forbidden such an innocent pleasure.' Nor is her return more solemn, with the chain which the queen had put round her neck, and which Lieschen insisted on her wearing in bed, and then ran and brought all the neighbours to see. But we must pass by this history, which was before her acquaintance with Bettina.

In conversation with her friend, who naturally was never tired of talking of her illustrious son, Bettina cherished the fanciful passion for Goethe, which was first suggested, as she says, by hearing him abused by her aunt, who so often found fault with herself. In the winter of 1806—7 an opportunity offered of seeing him. Her brother-in-law, Savigny, offered to take her to Weimar, if she would persuade his wife to go with him to Berlin in man's clothes, and accompany them herself in similar costume; a precaution rendered necessary by the armies which swarmed in Germany. After a cold journey, in which we sympathise with her disappointment at not finding a robber to fire her pistols at; and after extorting, by her services as courier and assistant hostler, the acknowledgment from her philosophical brother-in-law that the girl was of some use after all, she visited Weimar on their return from Berlin. After changing her dress she set out to visit Goethe, but her heart failed her, and she first called on Wieland, who was, although she does not mention it, related to her through her maternal grandmother. He had never seen her; but she pretended to be an old acquaintance. "And he bethought himself backwards and forwards, and said, 'Yes, a dear angel you certainly are, and I know you well; only I can't think when and where I have seen you.' And I laughed at him, and said, 'Now I have got it out that you dream of me, for nowhere else can you possibly have seen me.'" She made him give her a note of introduction to Goethe. 'Bettina Brentano, Sophia's sister (Countess Herberstein), Maximilian's daughter, Sophie de la Roche's grand-daughter, wishes to see thee, dear brother, and pretends that she is afraid of thee; and that a note from me will be a talisman to give her courage. Though I am pretty certain that she is only making fun of me, still I must do as she chooses; and I shall be surprised if the case is not just the same with thee as with me.' And so she

went and commenced her worship of Goethe, for it was more like devotion to a higher being than love. Not only what he was, though that was much, but all that she admired, or could conceive in art, in intellect, and in excellence, was idealised to her in him alone. She told him that if she lived at Weimar she would only come and see him on Sundays and holy days. A curious coincidence of serious feeling with Beatrice's witty answer to Don Pedro's proposal:—'If I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day.' She had been worn out by excitement and expectation. 'Years had passed in yearning for him. I fell asleep on his breast, and when I woke, began a new life. And more will I not write at this time.' This letter is addressed to his mother. Sometimes, however, the old lady thought it necessary to scold her, very characteristically, but with no more result than scolding produces in general. She was provoked at an exceedingly pretty image, with which Bettina describes her relation to Goethe. 'I don't hang on my love like lead. I am like the moon which shines into his room. When the people are there in full dress, and all the candles lighted, the moon is little noticed; but when they are gone, and the tumult is passed, then has the soul so much the greater yearning to drink its light. So will he, too, turn to me, and think of me when he is alone.'

"Eh, girl," writes the Frau Rath, in answer, "thou art quite crazy, what fancy art thou taking up? Eh! and who is thy love, who is to think of thee by night in the moonlight? Dost thou think he has nothing better to do? God bless us! yes (*Ja proste Mahlzeit*). I tell thee again, once for all, every thing in order, and write orderly letters, in which there is something to read. Write nonsensical stuff to Weimar—write what happens to you, all in order, one thing after another. First, who is there, and how thou likest every body, and what every body has got on, and whether the sun shines or whether it rains; that too, is to the purpose. My son has written to me again. I am to tell thee to write to him: but write to him in an orderly way, or thou wilt spoil thy whole sport. On Friday I was at a concert, and a violincello was played, and I thought of thee; it sounded so exactly like thy brown eyes. Adieu, girl, thou art missing everywhere to thy Frau Rath."

And in her description and stories she does write with order, though it is the order of a picture not of a catalogue. Her adventures upon the hill of St. Rochus near Bingen, her little voyages on the Rhine, and her walks at Schlangenbad are all the more real for the eloquent thoughts and bursts of feeling with which they are interspersed. How naturally the flow of animal spirits in a crowd is described after the procession to bless the vineyards of the Johannisberg is over, and the last vine has been

sprinkled with holy water, and the sexton has tucked censer, surplice, and church-banner under his arm, and made the best of his way home.

"Temporal life comes on : merry songs take possession of men's throats, and a lively allegro of carelessness supplants the peninential hymn, all kinds of disorder begin; the boys wrestle and fly their kites in the moonlight, the girls spread the linen which lies on the bleaching field, and the young men pelt each other with wild chesnuts : then the town cowherd drives his cows through the crowd, the bull first, to make room, the pretty host's daughters stand under the vine-arbours before the door, and clap the lid of the wine-can, and the choristers look in there and hold judgment on seasons and vintages, and Mr. Celebrant says to Mr. Chaplain, ' Now we have represented to our Lord God what our wine wants—another week's dry weather, then rain in the mornings and bright sun at noon, and so on through July and August; and so if it is not a good year for wine it is no fault of ours.' "

Little as she claimed from Goethe in return for her adoration, Bettina felt so far jealous of rivals for his favour, as to receive with amusing irritability the account of some civilities which he had exchanged with Madame de Staël, *Die berühmte Frau* (the famous woman) as she calls her; and notwithstanding that the celebrated foreigner appears totally innocent of any offence in the matter, and that no woman ever more fully deserved her fame, we cannot but enter into the graceful spitefulness of the witty girl against the famous woman. Like Wieland, though we are pretty sure she is in the wrong, we must do as she chooses.

" He has not written to me since August," she complains to the Frau Rath; " I suppose Madame de Staël has taken up his time, and he has not thought of me. A famous woman is a curiosity, no one else can compare with her; she is like brandy, with which the grain from which it is made cannot compare. Brandy bites the tongue and gets into the head, and so does a famous woman; but I like the simple wheat better. The sower sows it in the loosened earth, and the kind sun and the fruitful rain tempt it forth again, and then it covers the fields with green and bears golden ears, and at last comes a merry harvest home. Well! I will rather be a simple grain of wheat than a famous woman, and I would rather he should break me as his daily bread, than fly through his head like a dram."

And then she proceeds to an account of a party at which she had met Madame de Staël the night before. She had sat next to the famous woman, and the gentlemen were pressing round her, and leaning over her chair.

" I said ' Vos adorateurs me suffoquent,' * * * and when the pressure became too great, I said, ' Vos lauriers me pesent trop sur les épaules,' and I got up and pushed my way through her admirers,

and then Sismondi, her companion, came and kissed my hand, and said I had a great deal of wit. * * * Afterwards I listened to her when she spoke of Goethe; she said she expected to find a second Werther, but she had been mistaken, neither his figure nor his manner suit the character, and she was very sorry that he was entirely without it. Frau Rath, I was provoked at these speeches (that was superfluous you will say); I turned to Schlegel, and said in German, 'Madame de Staël was mistaken twice; first in her expectation and then in her opinion.' We Germans expect that Goethe can shake twenty heroes out of his sleeve, to astonish the French as much; but we are of opinion that he is himself quite another kind of hero. * * * She threw a laurel-leaf with which she had been playing on the ground; *I trod upon it, and pushed it aside with my foot and went away.* That is the story of my meeting with the famous woman."

Soon afterwards Madame de Staël paid a visit to the Frau Rath, and Bettina is not sorry for the opportunity of giving Goethe a history of the meeting:—

"Your mother had either from irony or pride dressed herself out wonderfully, but with German humour, not with French taste. I must tell you that when I looked at your mother with her three feathers on her head, one white, one red, and one blue, the French national colours, rising out of a field of sun-flowers, my heart beat with pleasure and expectation; she was very skilfully rouged, her great black eyes shot out fire like cannon, round her neck hung the Queen of Prussia's well-known gold chain, lace of an ancient pattern and of great splendour, a real family treasure, covered her bosom, and so she stood with white kid gloves, in one hand an elaborate fan with which she set the air in motion, the other which was bare, bestringed all over with sparkling stones, now and then taking a pinch out of a gold snuff-box with a miniature of you in hanging locks with powder leaning thoughtfully on your hand. * * * At last the long expected visiter came, through a suite of lighted rooms, accompanied by Benjamin Constant; she was dressed as Corinne, a turban of lawn and orange-coloured silk, a dress like it with an orange tunic, with the waist very high, *so that there was little room for her heart.* Her black eyebrows and eyelashes shone, and her lips too with a mystic red; her gloves were drawn down, and only covered the hand, in which she held the well-known sprig of laurel. * * * Your mother cast some would be—courageous glances at me, when they were introduced. I observed Madame de Staël's astonishment at your mother's extraordinary dress and look, which betrayed a strong feeling of pride. She spread out her gown with her left hand, and with the right she saluted with a flourish of her fan, and while she bowed her head repeatedly with great condescension, she said in a voice raised so that one could hear it through the whole room, 'Je suis la mère de Goethe'—'Ah! je suis charmée,' said the authoress, and here followed a solemn silence. Then followed the presentation of her clever follower, who was equally desirous to make the acquaintance of Goethe's mother. Your mother

answered their civilities, by wishing them a happy new year in French which she muttered between her teeth, accompanied by solemn curtsies. In short, I think the audience was perfect, and gave a fine proof of the German dignity (*Grandezza*). Presently your mother beckoned to me. I must be interpreter between them * * * Madame de Staël wanted to read how thou writest to thy mother, and thy mother promised it—I thought that she would certainly not get thy letter from me to read, for I am not fond of her; as often as thy name passed *her not well-shaped lips*, an internal rage came over me; she told me that thou calledst her *Amie* in thy letters; ah! she certainly saw that this came upon me very unexpectedly, ah! she said still more than this. But now my patience broke down—*How canst thou like so disagreeable a face?* Ah! there one sees that thou art vain—Or perhaps she has only lied—Were I with thee I would not suffer it.—”

And then she goes on to tell him how angry his mother was at her dislike and jealousy of the famous woman. She said it was not a trifle to meet celebrated people.

“Thy mother would not allow any joking, she thought I took too much on myself, and I must not get the conceit that thou hast any interest in me but such as one takes in children who have not left off their dolls; thou canst talk philosophy (*Welt-weisheit machen*) with de Staël; with me thou couldst only play.—Suppose thy mother was right!”

And she passes into a pretty rhapsody about flowers and butterflies, ending with the story of the nun and the myrtle, and then she returns to the attack.

“Seest thou, this was a digression, and a bit of my wisdom; certainly it cannot make itself intelligible to the world-wisdom which prevails between thee and thy *Amie De Staël*—But this I can tell thee—I have seen many great works with tough contents bound in pig-skin; I have heard great scholars droning (*brummen*, in Scotch, *bumming*), and I have always thought a single flower must put it all to shame, and a single May-beetle with a rap on a philosopher’s nose must knock his whole system over.”

The expressions which we marked by Italics are only more prominent instances of the graceful malice and agreeable unfairness of Bettina’s attack upon her rival. Her want of candour is pleasant, because it is so thoroughly feminine, and so free in its felicitous tact from serious ill-nature or malignity. It is evident that she affects more dislike and jealousy than she feels, well-knowing, that however high Corinne may stand in the opinion of the world, she is herself, with her youth and wit and tenderness, far more than a match for her in the only region where she cared to dispute the palm with the famous woman. We have chosen our extracts ill, if they have not shown that all Bettina’s letters possess this peculiar charm of exhibiting a wholly womanly mind—Her playfulness,

her picturesque minuteness, her fragmentary and intuitive guesses at truth, are quite of another kind from the thoughts of a man, and perhaps for that reason have found in men their warmest admirers. The only seeming exception we have found to this view of her character, consists in her singular independence in her opinions even of the influence of Goethe himself. The convictions of a woman, though as all men know for the most part impregnable to logic, are easily endangered by an assault from the fortunate master of her affections. It is perhaps a sign of the difference between Bettina's imaginative attachment and solid every-day love, that in many points she continues to maintain opinions which Goethe either censured or treated with indifference. At sixteen she is in vain reproved by her brother for degrading herself by helping a poor Jewess in her household work, and afterwards on the occasion of an attempt to relieve the Jews of Frankfort from some of the restrictions to which they were subject, she retains and defends her interest in their cause in opposition to the sneers of Goethe, who as the son of a chief citizen of an imperial city and as a man of supercilious refinement, naturally regarded their race with contempt and dislike. In some points, too, she felt that even he might learn from her. She soon discovered that his knowledge of music and his feeling for it were bounded by limits far too narrow for her own enthusiasm; and many of her most eloquent letters are devoted to attempts to impress him with her own belief in the art. Of this musical gospel, as Goethe called it, we express no opinion; except that, whenever it descends into the sphere of our comprehension, it appears to be based on a true principle, applicable to every art alike, that the artist must look upon his art as something higher and more powerful than himself, not proceeding from his deliberate invention, but carrying him away with it like inspiration. The remainder we must leave to the judgment of the initiated, in the full belief, however, that there must be truth in her rhapsodies, as they won for her the favour and affection of Beethoven, the most competent judge, we suppose, of his time.

Not even Goethe's own writings are safe from her freedom of criticism. She often complains of the worthlessness of the characters in 'Wilhelm Meister,' and she is greatly dissatisfied with the 'Wahlverwandschaften.' "The inclosed drawing," she once writes to him, "is the portrait of Tiedemann, a professor of medicine here, who interests himself so much about fish that he wrote a work about fishes' hearts, with very good copper-plates; now since thou hast shown, in thy 'Elective Affinities,' that thou examinest heart and nerves closely, fish hearts also will be interesting to thee, and, perhaps, thou wilt discover that thy Charlotte has the heart of a bleak."

Bettina's propensity to idolise men of genius had made her a revolutionist in honour of Mirabeau, and an imperialist for love of Napoleon; but when the Tyrolese war of 1809 broke out, her early prejudices were too weak for her instinctive love of right. She was at Munich at the time, and her indignation was roused to the highest pitch by the insults of the Bavarian rabble to the Tyrolese prisoners of war. Of the success of the struggle she had little hope, foreseeing, too justly, that Austria would 'apologise to the great Napoleon for having done him the honour to oppose to him such a people as the Tyrolese.' As she could not assist them, she did all in her power to court something of martyrdom for them by running the risk of reproof; or, as she vainly hoped, of imprisonment. She talked treason (against Bavaria and France) in all companies, especially in the presence of the head of the police; she conveyed letters for Tyrolese, though she suspected them of being spies, and at last she wrote a letter to the crown prince (the present king) to remonstrate against the treatment of the prisoners. The chief of the police, of course, laughed at her enthusiasm; the prince, on setting out for the army, sent her a broken wine glass, with the message that he had rung it against Count Stadion's in drinking to the health of the Tyrolese. Every day she went to a tower which commanded a view of the mountains to watch the scene of the war and imagine its events, and attended the mass which Count Stadion the Austrian ambassador, being himself in priest's orders, read to her in the king's chapel. The friendship which this singular man, the elder brother of the well-known Austrian minister, entertained for Bettina was a remarkable instance of the attraction which she exercised on men much older than herself; founded, probably, on her capacity to understand and appreciate them. Tieck, Beethoven, and Jacobi, all cultivated her friendship, and the literary and accomplished prince-primate, after a most amusing flirtation, in which her answers are worthy of one of Shakspeare's heroines in their comic dialogues, gave her, by his authority as successor to St. Boniface, permission thenceforth to confess her sins to Goethe.

Goethe showed all the sympathy that could be expected with her feelings for the Tyrolese. Even if he shared them to the full extent, it would have been foolish in him to put them in writing. Language which might safely be used by an enthusiastic girl would have been madness in the minister of a prince, whose dominions a paragraph in the '*Moniteur*' might have erased from the map of Europe. He told her, however, that the duke, as well as himself, had read her letters with pleasure, and, as usual, he asked her to continue to write. Her feelings, however, for the

great cause were too genuine to allow her to be satisfied with his silence, though she did not venture a direct remonstrance. In the following passage on 'Wilhelm Meister,' she probably uses in a double sense the name of *Meister*, which she often used as a title in addressing Goethe as *Master*. It is one of many expressions of her longing to join in the strife. *Oh, had I a doublet, and hose, and hat*, she says in the words of a ballad.

"As a proof of my sincerity, I confess to thee, even in 'Wilhelm Meister,' I feel thus:—most of the people in it pain me, as if I had a bad conscience, and then one is not at ease within or without. I should like to say to Wilhelm Meister, 'Come, fly with me beyond the Alps to the Tyrolese; there will we whet our sword, and forget the rag-bundle of comedians, and all thy mistresses must pine for a time, with their pretensions and their lofty feelings; when we come back the rouge will have faded on their cheeks, and their gauze gowns and fine feelings will shrink from thy sun-burnt Mars-like face. Yes, if any thing is to come of thee at last, thou must place thy enthusiasm in the war—believe me, Mignon would not have fled from this fair world, in which she was forced to leave her love behind, she would assuredly have borne with thee all the hardships of war, and spent the night on the rough Alps in wintry caverns with spare food; the fire of freedom would have kindled in her bosom also, and brought fresh and healthier blood into her veins. Ah! wilt thou not, for love of this child, leave all these people in the mass? Melancholy gets hold of thee because there is no world in which thou canst act. Would that thou fearedst not human blood. Here, among the Tyrolese canst thou act for a right, springing from pure nature as much as the love in the heart of Mignon. It is thou, Meister, who hast choked the bud of this tender life under all the weeds which overgrow thee. Say, what are they all to the earnestness of the time when Truth rises up in her pure original form, and defies the corruption which the Lie has established? * * * Seest thou, Meister, if to-night, in the starry cold night, thou callest thy Mignon from her bed, where she had wept herself to sleep with tears for thee—thou sayest to her, 'Be quick and come with me; I mean to travel with thee unto the foreign land.'—Oh, she will understand it, it will not seem to her incredible; thou dost what she long ago required of thee, and what thou hast unaccountably neglected. Thou wilt give her happiness in granting that she may share thy heavy toils. By night, on perilous roads, where every step deceives, her quick sight, her bold confidence, will lead thee safe to join the war-pressed nation; and when she sees thee offer thy breast to the shaft, she will not tremble, it will not hurt her like the shafts of the flattering Syren race; she will ripen quickly to the bold consciousness of striking truly into the harmony of the inspiration of freedom. And if thou must fall in the front rank, what has she lost? What could make up to her for this beautiful death, perhaps at thy side? Both locked arm-in-arm, ye would lie under the cool and wholesome earth, and mighty

oaks would shade your grave ; say, were it not better than to be obliged, ere long, to give over her delicate frame to the anatomical hands of the abbé, for him to drop into it an ingenious preparation of wax?"

With 1810, the correspondence terminates, probably in consequence of her marriage ; but she does not give any explanation, and we adhere to our resolution of knowing nothing of her except from herself. Those who have been told that her passion led to melancholy and misery, may be relieved by one of the latest glimpses we find of her, on a visit to her brother Christian at Bukowan, a country house in Bohemia. She says that she likes being with her brother, who is a universal contriving genius, and keeps her in constant employment. Whether he is working as carpenter, mason, or blacksmith, she is his journeyman, and holds the rule or blows the bellows, in addition to having all the sewing and cutting out, when his ingenuity is exercised on softer materials. He is a poet too, and has written a comedy 'for mouth and heart to laugh at,' and then he plays the flute, and composes melodies which all Prague is singing.

"He teaches me to ride too, and manage a horse like a man ; he makes me ride without a saddle, and wonders that I can keep my seat at a gallop. The horse would not let me fall, he bites my foot in play and to give me courage ; perhaps he is an enchanted prince in love with me. Fencing too Christian teaches me with the left hand and with the right, and to shoot at a mark, at a great sunflower ; all of which I learn with zeal, that my life may not be too absurd when war comes on again. This evening we were out shooting, and shot some butterflies. I killed two at one shot."

We hope that the specimens which we have just given, will lead some readers to search these volumes for the various treasures which they contain ; and, in the meantime, at least to suspend the duty of moral disapprobation, which is of all duties the most scrupulously discharged. It may be true that few of them would wish to see similar danger incurred by a sister or a daughter ; but to the majority of them she is not sister or daughter, and if she has had suffering, it is no reason for our adding censure. The opinion of the world, founded in this respect on the nature of things, has confined warm feelings within a few deep and definite channels, which alone it recognises or protects. Beyond the love of lovers, and the affection which is strengthened by the ties of blood, any strong and enthusiastic attachment is likely to lead to disappointment from the uncertainty of a return, and from the absence of general sympathy which reacts on almost all individuals. But if a person undergoes the risk and bears the pain, we can see no ground for resentment on the part of the prudent, who have avoided the

danger; and if a woman of genius has expressed in a beautiful form, her imaginative passion, 'the desire of the moth for the star,' we, at least, are willing to admire her and sympathise with her, while we recommend no one to follow her example.

If, however, notwithstanding our arguments, her sex is resolved to tolerate no deviation from the prescribed track of feeling, we feel it our duty to submit to those who are most especially scandalised by Bettina's writings, the practice of classical times in similar cases. Disapproving as we do of measures so strong, and scrupulously abstaining from recommending them, we cannot forget that it was on *themselves*, according to the authentic statement of Aristophanes, that the ladies of Athens vented their indignation at the shock which their moral sense had sustained from the eccentric heroines of Euripides, whom Æschylus reproaches,

ὅτι γενναίας καὶ γενναίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλόχους ἀνέπεισας
κῶνεια πεινῆ ἀισχυνθείσας διὰ τοὺς σοὺς Βελλεροφόντας.

which may be freely translated,

Because you have made honest gentlemen's wives, and respectable ladies determine,

To drink prussic acid in horror and shame, at a girl so outrageously German.

ART. IV.—*Carteggio inedito d' Artisti dei Secoli XIV. XV. XVI., pubblicato, ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti, dal* DOTTOR GIOVANNI GAYE; *con fac-simile.* Tomi tre, 8vo. Firenze, presso Giuseppe Molini. 1839-40.

THE literature of Italy has, during some generations, been singularly fertile in local history and memoirs. The number of places conspicuous in history, the frequency of antiquarian remains, the abundance of names well known in arts and arms, in letters and politics, have there naturally conducted to a result which other circumstances have favoured. Nationality in its proper sense being unknown, the patriotism of the people is concentrated upon their birth-place, and glows with a delusive brilliancy more apt to exaggerate than to define the objects which it lights up. The passion for authorship inherent in the national character has found an easy and safe outlet in numerous topographical works, on which Church and State can look without jealousy, and which can generally command a ready *imprimatur*. The results have been little beneficial to literature, for such fusions are more distinguished by verbosity than eloquence, by

prolixity than absorbing interest. Yet the prevailing pursuit has not been without its fruits. Patient research has discovered and rendered accessible important historical muniments, as well as minute details of manners, from which the general historian and investigator of local objects find an ample harvest of materials and facts awaiting their judicious and impartial application. Of this nature are the multifarious pamphlets of Olivieri, Passeri, and Padre della Valle in the last century; of Cancellieri, Fea, and Vermiglioli, in the present; and there is scarcely a spot too insignificant or secluded for the pen of some kindred illustrator.

Into such inquiries the fine arts enter largely in a land ever favourable to their growth, and upon them is lavished much of the pride which mainly conduces to that sort of authorship. Now-a-days in particular, elaborate researches among musty records, such as were formerly undertaken to maintain some idle controversy of traditional origin, of imaginary independence, or of vaunted supremacy, are more profitably directed to illustrate schools of painting and artists of other times. To these accordingly we are indebted for the life of Pinturicchio by Vermiglioli, for the biographical eulogies by Abbé Pungileone of Raffaele, Correggio, and other painters less known, and for the history of art in the March of Ancona by the Marchese Ricci, works displaying more industry than critical judgment.

Nor has the literature of the north been altogether indifferent to these subjects. In England, Duppa and Roscoe have shown what could be done under the most unfavourable circumstances; and now that high art is at length beginning to occupy public interest, we may look forward to better things, and may cheer on those labourers who have already begun to occupy the field. France may adduce without a blush the names of Quatremere de Quincy, Rio, Orloff, and even Viardot; but most of these have chosen the esthetics rather than the history of Italian art, and have sought to reproduce known facts rather than to seek out new ones. The late German writers have united both these objects with great success. It is enough to name Rechberg and Späth, Blattner and Rumohr, Waagen and Passavant; to whom we may add by anticipation Schultz of Dresden, whose collections for the hitherto unwritten history of the Neapolitan schools of painting will, we trust, ere long be published. But we must now speak of one whom premature death has prevented from attaining an at least equal reputation.

Hans Gaye was born in the duchy of Sleswick about the end of 1804, and was educated at the universities of Kiel and Berlin, from the former of which he received his degree in philosophy upon completing his twenty-fifth year. With literature as his

profession, and a decided predilection for that of southern languages, he directed his steps towards the Mediterranean in 1830, and after a short visit to Greece, passed the remaining nine years of his life in Italy. In that land of past and present beauty, his active mind and refined taste found a new and never-failing source of intellectual exertion and pleasurable emotion. The state of the fine arts during long ages of torpor and neglect, followed by their slow revival under strong devotional influences, until they became part and portion of the popular religion, and until, commanding the lavish patronage of Church and State, of corporations and individuals, they developed the genius of Raffaele and the vigour of Michael Angelo: such was the extensive theme which occupied his admiration and his thoughts, until he resolved to be its historian. But unlike his predecessors in the same path, he was not satisfied merely to recast the facts and criticisms of others. With the indomitable resolution and unflinching honesty of the Teutonic mind, he resolved to search everywhere and see every thing for himself. His object was to ransack the public and monastic libraries, to explore the archives of states, cities, and private families, and there to cull, from neglected or unknown manuscripts and correspondence, documents illustrative of every school, its patrons, its workmen, and its works. After storing his note-books with references from these sources, and from the innumerable volumes of Italian topography, he set forth on a comprehensive tour of the Peninsula.

The tour of Italy is usually understood to mean a journey along the great post roads, without farther pause than is required for horses and repose, together with a residence of some weeks in the great capitals, and of some days in the minor ones. But those who would become acquainted with that noble country and its inexhaustible charms—with its sublime scenery, its sequestered valleys, its antique memorials, its historic castles, its picturesque architecture, or the monuments of its golden age—such travellers must, like Gaye, follow another plan. He successively visited and leisurely surveyed all the provincial towns, examining dingy altarpieces and half-defaced frescoes, prying into sacristies and cloisters, and taxing to the utmost the unfailing and disinterested civility with which provincial Italians are ever ready to promote the researches of strangers into the antiquities of their neighbourhood. Diverging from these centre points, he investigated every village to which rumour or tradition assigned some object of curiosity, and examined alike the stately monastery and the lone oratory, which dated from the days when great painters were not ashamed to labour for rustic worshippers. Those who have never essayed this pursuit can scarcely appreciate the difficulties that attend it,

the privations of comfort, the obstacles to correct information, and the disappointment of often finding that an object for which fatigue has been incurred and time wasted is already lost or destroyed. But to the enthusiastic connoisseur such mortifications are amply compensated by the pleasure of gazing in some secluded abbey upon frescoes from which Raffaele might have drawn inspiration, or of discovering in some mountain village-church an undescribed picture worthy of the Vatican or the Louvre. Thus did Gaye perambulate the peninsula, repeating his visits to such districts as Tuscany and Umbria, where the best works of medieval art were produced, and are still found in comparative abundance.

To one so constituted and so occupied, Florence offered a most attractive residence. In no other city did artists occupy so prominent a position from their numbers, their merit, and the scope afforded for their exertions; in none have the authorities done so much to encourage high art, and to preserve its productions from degradation. Although more harassed by domestic factions than the other capitals, Venice has suffered less than any of them from foreign invasion. Thus its libraries and archives, as well as its creations of the pencil and the chisel, are singularly entire, and under a government comparatively liberal and enlightened, the student enjoys literary facilities elsewhere unknown within the Alps. Nor is this artistic wealth confined within the city walls. There is scarcely a hamlet or a chapel in the Val d'Arno, from the fastnesses of La Vernia to the plains of Pisa, in which an inquisitive eye may not recognise some memorial of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In Florence therefore did Gaye fix his headquarters after 1834, and to the high honour of the grand duke, not only was every archive opened to his investigations, but the heavy fees required for extracts were voluntarily defrayed from the privy purse of the sovereign, a liberality the more laudable, from the little sympathy between Gaye's studies and the tastes of his Imperial Highness. These researches were pursued with such ardour that, notwithstanding many excursions into other fields of similar labour, he had, in 1839, exhausted the materials thus freely placed at his disposal. But ere he returned home, for the purpose of digesting them and his personal observations into the great work which he had undertaken, he resolved, in return for the civilities he had received in Italy, to leave behind him some fruits of his toil, which, although immature, should be capable of useful adaptation. Thus originated the volumes named at the head of this article: but alas! the life of combined hardship and study, which he had for some years been leading, proved too severe a strain upon his constitution, and the seeds of consumption, at first neglected, made fatal progress in the trying climate of Florence. On the 26th of August,

1840, he corrected the penultimate sheet of his book, and on the same day his spirit passed away, amid the regrets of a few attached friends, who mourned the loss of the man, and of a work of such promise as his history of Italian art must have been. To borrow the words of one of these, who superintended the completion of his *Carteggio*, 'he sleeps in that classic soil which he loved so fondly, under the shade of its cypresses, and in view of the smiling slopes of Fiesole.'

These volumes, although far from exhausting the materials amassed by Gaye, contain above a thousand documents, in some seventeen hundred goodly octavo pages. Nearly all of these have been copied from the archives and libraries at Florence, Sienna, and other towns of central Italy; they consist chiefly of letters, wills, and magisterial acts, and they are illustrated by copious facsimiles and interesting autographs. So varied and comprehensive are their contents, that abundant and valuable lights are thrown by them upon the history, policy, statistics, and domestic manners of the country, as well as upon the subject more immediately in view. In these respects the statutes of various guild corporations are especially important, and still more so the article entitled, 'Regesta, or Florentine Acts regarding the Internal History of that Republic, from 1225 to 1500.' This single item affords matter for a volume, in the multitude of extracts and jottings chronologically selected from the public records of that city; and the design which the compiler had in view was, "to supply in some measure the meagreness of other notices during the fourteenth century, and to afford an idea of the fine spirit which inspired that Commonwealth, and of the vast efforts which she made between the years 1200 and 1500, especially in her buildings, painting, and sculpture."

With manifold evidence of such exertions almost every page of these extracts abounds. Most of the entries during the thirteenth century refer to expensive operations on the streets, squares, churches, bridges, aqueducts, fountains, walls, and fortifications, and among them it is easy to recognise those mighty constructions which still form the noblest and most characteristic features of the Tuscan capital—the gloomy Bargello, the massive Or-san-Michele, the stern Palazzo-Vecchio, the vast Duomo, the elegant Baptistry. These were all creations of one master-mind, to whose merits we here find a pleasing testimony. In 1300, upon the report that "Maestro Arnolfo (Lapo) di Cambio of Colle, head master of works for Santa Reparata, the principal church in the city, was the most famous artist, and the most expert in ecclesiastical architecture of any known in these parts, and that, by means of his industry, experience, and genius, the inhabitants trusted to the fabric

begun by him turning out the most beautiful and distinguished fane in all Tuscany," several important immunities were voted him by the magistracy. This church, a century later, was called Santa Maria del Fiore, and is now the Duomo. It would have been satisfactory to have quoted, from the original, a noble act for its creation, which has been often printed, and which the reader may readily find in Vallery's 'Italy;' but whether genuine or supposititious it exists not in the record. Gaye, however, supplies us with interesting evidence of the public zeal for the fabric, and the citizens, in supplement to large grants from the common fund, submitted to a poll-tax, levied with reference to means and substance, and to another impost which may be regarded as the precursor of legacy duties. All testators were enjoined to bequeath something in aid of the work, under pain of their testaments being annulled; but, to reconcile them to so singular an extortion, the bishop was recommended to grant to such persons an extension of the ecclesiastical indulgences already promised to benefactors of the pious enterprise.

During a hundred and seventy years the magnificent edifice rose, by these magnanimous exertions, under the direction of many celebrated architects; the commission given to the greatest of them all runs in these terms:

"The Lords Priors of Arts, the Gonfaloniere of Justice, and the committee (*officium*) of twelve good men, desiring that the operations carried on in the city for the community of Florence should proceed reputably and decorously, which cannot well be the case unless some person of experience and note be placed in charge of them, and seeing that there is said to be no one in the world more capable for such employment than Maestro Giotto di Bondone, the painter of Florence, who is regarded in his native place as both a great artist and an estimable man, and whom it is desirable to have constantly resident there at once for the instruction of others and for the honour of the city * * * They for these reasons resolved by ballot, 'that the said M. Giotto be elected and deputed as director and master of works for the church of Santa Reparata, and for the erection of the city walls and fortifications, as well as for any other public operations that may be undertaken.'"—Vol. i. p. 481.

This act is dated in April, 1334; the salary assigned for these services is stated by Ticozzi at a hundred ducats, a sum equal to seven hundred pounds of our money. Among the contributions of Giotto to the cathedral, it is scarcely necessary to mention the Campanile, whose beauty has passed into a proverb, and whose minute elegance Charles V. wished to protect from contact by glass! Just a century later, the committee of works wrote to summon from *Scotland*, for the windows, a celebrated worker in stained glass, who

seems to have been an Italian by birth, and who had learned the art at Lubeck—Vol. ii., p. 445.

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the public spirit of this community. In the thirteenth century the city had fifteen gates, and the same number of bridges as now serves for a much larger population; about 1340 two of these were rebuilt, and a fifth was ordered farther up the stream. The police regulations afford some curious insight into manners and civilization. In the public prison men were separated from women, debtors from criminals, and a place was provided for the confinement of unruly youths, at the instance of their parents: this was probably at the Bargello, the Stinche being mentioned as a prison for persons of rank. Dyers were enjoined to carry off all foul water under ground. No houses of bad fame were allowed in the city, or under the walls, or along the highways; and contraveners were to be whipped and branded. Chess and drafts might be played in the streets, but no hazard or gambling tables were permitted even in private houses. No one might go out at night without a light, nor could any citizen who had a notorious feud attend public or private assemblages without leave from the magistrates. In 1289 we find a strict injunction against the purchase of peasantry as serfs. Cannons and metal balls were ordered for the defence of the city as early as 1326, at least twenty years before the date generally assigned to their invention.

The first notice we find of the Medici, in connexion with art, is in 1476, when Lorenzo and his brother transferred to the public, for 150 florins (then equal to perhaps 350*l.*), the bronze David of Donatello, which was thereupon placed in the Palazzo Vecchio, near 'the enemy's chains,' meaning the Pisan trophies, which now hang before the Baptistery door. The embellishment of that Palazzo was a favourite object; the earliest regulation as to which is characteristic of the democratic spirit of the republic; it bears date in 1329, and prohibits any one from placing his own arms or device among the decorations, but in 1461, the sons of Poggio Bracciolini were permitted to have his portrait painted in one of the smaller halls. The earliest frescoes remaining there are those ordered in 1482, from Domenico Ghirlandaio and Filippino Lippi, the latter of whom was employed three years later to execute for the council-hall an altar-piece of the nativity, at the price of twelve hundred lire, besides five hundred for the carved frame-work, and a hundred and sixty-three more for gilding it. Gaye has recognised this work in a beautiful picture at the Uffizii gallery, where it is attributed to Domenico Ghirlandaio.

Among the extracts are many valuable traits regarding the

history and political constitution of the republic, upon which we have at present no space to enter. We must, however, pause for a moment on some notices of 'the all-Etruscan three.' In December, 1368, Urban V. wrote to the priors that he had received their ambassador Giovanni Boccaccio with the consideration due to them and to his own merits. Three years before this, having occasion to send an envoy to Avignon, the seignury desired him to deliver to the same pontiff this message:

"The celebrity and talents of our fellow-citizen M. Francesco Petrarca inspire us with a great desire to attract him back to reside in Florence, for the honour of the city and for his own tranquillity; for he has greatly harassed himself by bodily fatigues and scientific pursuits in various countries. But as he has here no patrimony nor means of support, and little fancy for a secular life, be pleased to grant him the favour of the first canonry vacant in Florence; and this notwithstanding any previous promise, so that no one may be appointed canon in preference to him. And you will ascertain from Pitti in what manner this appointment may be obtained for him in the most ample manner."—p. 515.

As to Dante, the only contemporary entry is an indirect one. On the 6th of March, 1303, a subsidy was voted to Charles of Anjou, to aid him in reducing his Sicilian rebels; on the margin a somewhat later hand has noted that the poet's opposition to this grant formed one of the charges upon which he was exiled. But when his

None for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages,

we find this tardy tribute to the immortal bard: "12th of August, 1373. On the part of many citizens of Florence,—who, for themselves and others, and for their posterity and descendants, desire to be instructed in virtue from the book of Dante, wherein even such as are unskilled in grammar may learn how to escape vice, as well as how to acquire virtue, and adorn themselves with eloquence,—it is respectfully prayed that you, the lords priors, &c., will select an able and learned person, well versed in the study of such poetry, to prelect in this city upon the book generally called the Dante, to all who choose to attend; and this daily, excepting the usual holidays, during such time as may seem right, not above one year, and for a salary not exceeding a hundred florins of gold, payable half-yearly." [p. 525.]

In succeeding years various lecturers are named: thus Giovanni di Malpaghini of Ravenna, after considerable services, had, in 1412, eight florins a month, at which time Dante was publicly read on holidays. Six years after, the expositor of the poet was

Giovanni Gherardi of Pistoia, with six florins a month; and in 1432, Francesco Filelfo, who held the appointment, was sentenced to three years of exile at Rome, for publicly insulting the Venetian seignury and their ambassador. In 1495, the great grandson of Dante, who bore his name, had an act of rehabilitation from banishment.

But the Carteggio contains a yet more weighty testimony to the repentance of his countrymen, in the application made by the seignury to Ostazio di Polenta, the last lord of Ravenna, for the bones of the bard, wherein

‘ Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps.’

“ Magnificent lord and well-beloved friend,

“ That we and all our people entertain a singular love and predominating affection for the famous and unfading name of Dante Alighieri, the excellent and most renowned poet, cannot astonish you or any one else. For such is the glory of that man, that it undoubtedly reflects his brilliancy upon our state, whilst the blaze of his genius illuminates his native land. For who has heretofore enjoyed a name so celebrated, so undying, as our poet’s now is, and so far as we can conjecture, will continue to be? His writings are composed with an elegance which it would be difficult to conceive excelled: their wisdom and learning, their copiousness and variety, are alike fitted to delight the simple, to teach the most accomplished, to guide and instruct all. But suspending eulogies, more befitting a prolix volume than a brief epistle, let us come to the matter in hand.

“ It was long since resolved by this government, that the tombs of those illustrious poets, Dante Alighieri and Francesco Petrarca, should be erected in this their native city with becoming magnificence, and we have now ordained that this object, hitherto postponed, but so commendable and praiseworthy, should be carried into effect. Since then their remains are, by the decree of their country, to be carried hither, and entombed in these monuments, and since the bones and dust of Dante lie in your city of Ravenna, we most affectionately request your highness not to throw any difficulties in the way of their being given up, but so to favour us and this our desire, that we may be enabled to transfer them to Florence with befitting respect. And we trust that it will not be irksome to your highness to meet our wishes in this matter.

“ Given at Florence, this 1st of February, 1429—30.”—Vol. i., p. 123.

The decree above referred to is printed for the first time by Gaye. It is dated in 1396, and enjoins the committee of the Duomo to erect there, within six years, under a penalty of a thousand florins, splendid and honourable tombs, suitable to their merit and renown, for the poets Dante, Petrarch, Zenobio di Strata and Boccaccio, and for the jurist Accursio, after transporting thither their bones, if these could be recovered, but at all events to exc-

cute their sepulchres, in commemoration of their fame and that of the republic.

Not less interesting, and more german to the proper object of his researches, are some notices recovered by Gaye of the commemorative portrait of the poet in the Duomo of Florence, which must be known to many of our readers; and regarding which the conjectures hitherto received had been erroneous. In October, 1455, the committee of works for that church are desired, for the honour and glory of the community, and in memory of the excellent poet Dante Alighieri, to place in its former position a panel picture with his portrait, that it may remain for public inspection. (Vol. i. p. 563.) Of the origin and character of this likeness we have no further details; but it probably served as the model for the one now visible in the Cathedral, the order for which was discovered by Gaye among the documents of that fabric, and is inserted in the preface of his second volume. On the 30th of January, 1465, the committee commissioned from Domenico di Michelino, pupil of Beato Angelico, "a figure, in the form and likeness of the poet Dante, which he is to paint and colour with good colours, mingling gold with the ornaments, as in the sketch given by Alessandro Baldovinetti; and he is to execute it upon a linen canvass, prepared at his own expense, and finish it within six months, for the price of one hundred *lire*. It is to be placed in the chapel in Santa Maria del Fiore; and when terminated the committee will have it inspected to see if it be worth the price aforesaid." In June, Alessandro Baldovinetti and Neri di Bicci, having reported that, besides conforming to the sketch, the work was finished with many farther ornamental details of great difficulty and labour, so as to be far more than perfected, the sum of a hundred and fifty-five *lire* was allowed to the artist. It was desired to be set up "where there was already a figure of the poet," being probably that alluded to ten years before; and, perhaps, the same which, according to a MS. in the Riccardian library, had been placed there in the beginning of the century by M. Antonio, a Franciscan friar, then public lecturer upon Dante.

With another monument in the Duomo we shall close our references to the 'Regesta.' It commemorates an English name of more note within the Alps than in his own country. Sir John Hawkwood, a soldier of fortune, who plied his profession to such purpose, that from tailoring at Norwich, he came to command armies in Italy, after various successes over the Florentines, was taken into their pay; and, during many years, his famed company of adventurers formed a standing army for their defence. The gratitude of the government, besides endowing him with the now ruined castle of Montecchio, near Arezzo, thus voted him monu-

mental honours during his life. In August, 1393, the committee of works were authorised "to construct, in a distinguished and honourable part of the church, a sepulchre for the mighty and brave Sir John Haucud, of England, captain-general of the armament of the commonwealth, and to decorate it with such marbles, sculpture, and trophies, as two-thirds of them may approve; that his body may be deposited there when he dies, in order to honour and perpetuate his renown, and to manifest the munificence of the state" (p. 536). These instructions were not carried out; but Sir John, who died in the following year, was subsequently commemorated in a colossal equestrian portrait, executed in fresco by Paolo Uccello, on the northern wall of the nave, the companion of which, in memory of another eminent general, Nicolo da Tolentino, is mentioned in the 'Regesta,' as commissioned by the priors in 1455. Among the very questionable transmutations which the interior of this Cathedral underwent in 1841, these two singular monuments were transported from their original 'distinguished and honourable' place, to the lower end of the nave; one of the many instances in which restoration has been nearly synonymous with destruction.

A word as to sumptuary laws, restraining the extravagances of female attire. In 1299 the magistracy thus gravely regulated this matter:—"Should a woman think fit to wear in her head any gold or silver ornament, with jewels, real or imitated, or pearls, she shall pay yearly to the community fifty *lire*, provided always that any woman may wear gold or silver tissue not exceeding the value of three *lire*. And should any woman choose to affix to her mantle a fringe of gold or silver, or of gilt or plated silk, or any gold or silver tassels or pearls, or to wear an ornament of pearls on any other part of her dress, she shall be liable to the same tax." Eight years later, gold and silver stuffs, or tissue, were again sanctioned; but there was a strict prohibition against gold or silver coronets, or jewels on the head, tassels on the back, and trains exceeding two feet in length. In 1326, the unrestrained use of tresses and fillets was formally authorised.—Vol. i., pp. 442. 447, 470.

The preceding notices may afford some idea of the varied information to be drawn from the 'Regesta.' The contents of the 'Carteggio' are of a still more comprehensive description; and among the earliest are the statutes of painters and jewellers in the fourteenth century. The 'arts,' or guilds, are well known as the political machinery whereby the constitutions of most Italian republics were secured and rendered efficient. They were, in many respects, analogous to the trades' companies of London, and the crafts of Scotch burghs; except that, whilst the representatives

chosen from these formed the municipality of their town, the priors of arts were a legislative and executive sovereignty. In Florence, the most important and durable of the democracies, the priors, deputed from the respective arts to the general council or seignoury, were changed every two months. From the regulations of these companies much may be learned of the government, economy, commerce, and manners of Italy. Gaye has printed only those of the Florentine and Paduan painters, and of the Siennese painters and jewellers; the latter being then a guild nearly allied to the fine arts, and often the cradle of great names in painting and sculpture. In times when the imitative arts were handmaids, if not objects of devotion, painters were, in many respects, a holy fraternity, and their rules breathed a spirit of extraordinary sanctity. To illustrate this fact, hitherto so little observed, but so material to a correct estimate of the true spirit of early Italian art, we shall quote largely from the prelude to the statutes of the Florentine painters, who were incorporated in 1339; and, by a singular arrangement, were a branch of the medical art.

“ In the name of God Almighty, of the blessed Virgin Mary, and of Messer St. John Baptist, of M. St. Zanobio, confessor, and of our lady Sta Reparata, virgin; and of the glorious M. St. Luke evangelist, the father, founder, and first cause of this company and fraternity; and for the honour and respect due to the holy mother-church, and to M. the Pope and his brother cardinals, and to M. the Bishop of Florence and his clergy; and for the welfare and consolation of the souls of all such as are or may become of this fraternity,—these are the conventions and ordinances of the company of the glorious M. St. Luke evangelist, made and ordained by those of the art of Florentine painters, to his laudation and reverence, and to the solace of their own souls. * * * * Seeing that it is our purpose and resolution, whilst in this perilous pilgrimage, to have the blessed M. St. Luke evangelist, for our special intercessor before the divine Majesty, and before the glorious Virgin Mary, who being mirrors of purity must have pure and sinless service, we therefore ordain, that all such of either sex as shall come to enrol themselves in this company, must be contrite and confessed of their faults, or at least must intend to confess themselves on the first opportunity. * * * * And all who are received into this company are bound to say daily five pater-nosters and five ave-marias; but should they, from oversight or interruption, have omitted any of these, they may say them next day, or when they recollect them. And, in order that they may devoutly adhere to the service of the blessed M. St. Luke evangelist, they ought to confess frequently, and to communicate at least once a year, if they can well do so.”—Vol. ii., pp. 32—34.

A similar spirit pervades the bye-laws of the Siennese painters in 1355, which form a much more complete code than those of

the Florentines. There the strict observance of church festivals, in number exceeding the sundays of the year, and the regular contribution of wax-lights and other oblations, are more insisted on than the proper mysteries of the profession. The rules of the jewellers of that city in 1361 are, however, the most detailed, as to the government and discipline of the guild brethren, the maintenance of their monopoly and fair competition, the standard of their metal and quality of their work. There are also prohibitions against buying valuables under suspicious circumstances, setting false jewels, or making church plate of any but the precious metals.

It would be difficult to find any more glowing picture of the religion prevalent among the devout aristocracy of the fourteenth century, than is displayed in six letters from Nicolo Acciajuola, a Florentine soldier of fortune, who rose to be High Steward of Naples, and whom, notwithstanding the less flattering notice of Boccaccio, Gaye holds up as the mirror of chivalry, the Bayard of his age. In 1341 he had conceived the idea of founding a suburban monastery near his native city, and his zeal increasing with his wealth, his views expanded into the stately Céstosa, one of the most imposing monastic fabrics in Italy. His wishes are thus expressed, in writing to his brother from Naples, in 1356:—

“As I formerly wrote to you, I am much pleased with what you have done for my building (*habitaçulo*) at the monastery, and I shall be still more so to hear that it proceeds rapidly. Do not imagine, that if the fabric turn out very sumptuous it will, on that account, be less gratifying, for since all the other substance which God has granted me must go I know not to what heirs, this monastery alone with its ornaments will be mine to all futurity, and will render my name durable and unfading in my native city. And if the soul be immortal, as Monseigneur the Chancellor maintains, mine will be thereby rejoiced, wherever it may be ordained to dwell. Be pleased, therefore, to promote to the utmost its completion, and I shall send you what aid I can, that you may hurry it on. * * * * Let it be your chief care to fortify the monastery; and in excavating the necessary stones, it will be well to see that a deep ditch be left before the wall; * * * * but, as I have already said, let your thought be above all to render the place impregnable, for the community must approve of its being provided with every means of defence.”

In another letter, he warms with his subject.

“I tell you, James, that all my consolation rests upon our holy monastery. There centres my every resource in trouble and misfortune. Nothing else that I possess seems my own but that monastery. At whatever moment I think upon it, anger and sadness pass from me. Most assuredly, had I money, I should render it the most noble place in all Italy. Yet, by denying myself many things, I hope that, should I live with tolerable luck for four years, I may make it superlatively beau-

tiful. Nor shall I deny my folly, for I had rather that habitation were finished as you have described, than that I had an income of two hundred *moggia* [about 625 quarters] of wheat from the finest land about Florence,—nay, I may almost say, above three hundred. I therefore pray you to gratify this longing of mine, and to account it rather a worthy than a vicious one.”—Vol. i., pp. 61—64.

There are noticed sales of pearls, gold and enamels, to raise the funds for the fabric, which grew apace, and from the *habituaculo* of 1360 became in 1385 ‘a vast palace with a church and porticos;’ but the munificent seneschal did not live to witness the consummation of his ‘folly,’ in the citadel convent which spreads a substantial glory around his name.

From a variety of sources, partly inedited, Gaye has brought together some curious facts as to the two baptistery gates at Florence, which Michael Angelo characterised as worthy the portals of paradise. The earlier of them was commissioned in November 1403, from Lorenzo di Ghiberti, then about twenty-two years of age. He was to finish three compartments yearly, the figures, trees, and other important parts being executed by his own hand; but for the minor details he was allowed to employ his father, Bartolo, and such other assistants as he thought fit; the number of these varied from eleven to twenty, and among them were Donatello and Paolo Uccello, “shop-boy.” This limit as to time was not observed, and April 1424 arrived ere the work was completed. In the following January, Lorenzo began the other gate, which was terminated in June 1452, nearly forty-nine years being thus consumed on these master-pieces; an incredible time did we not consider how different the hand-chasing of that age was from the process for bronze-casting now in use, and did we not know that the many intermediate works which occupied his chisel brought to the artist wealth as well as fame (vol. i. p. 106). On the cost of these gates, which is known to have been enormous, our industrious investigator has thrown no new light, but we glean from his researches various particulars regarding the remuneration obtained for works of art. This Lorenzo, in 1427, anticipated four hundred florins for a pair of bronze bas-reliefs he was then chasing for the baptismal font in the cathedral at Sienna, and half that sum for a casket, ordered by Cosmo de’ Medici, which is still to be seen in the museum of the Uffizii. The famous *pax* of that collection, executed in niello by Finiguerra, about 1450, was paid for at the rate of one florin an ounce, costing in all sixty-six florins, of which seven tenths were the estimated value of the workmanship. The well-known monuments of Baldassare Cossa in the Florentine baptistery, and of Cardinal Brancacci in the Church of S. Angelo in Nilo at Naples, were commissioned

from Michelozzo about 1427, at the respective prices of eight hundred and eight hundred and fifty florins. In the Duomo of Arezzo were those *chef-d'œuvres* of stained glass, which Vasari poetically calls, "things showered from heaven for man's solace," and some fragments of which were lately to be purchased there. Some of them were executed in 1477 for fourteen *lire* (about 2½ ducats), a square *braccio* of twenty two and a half inches, whilst fifteen *lire* were paid for those by Guillaume de Marseilles in 1519. Most of these sums appear enormous, taking the florin or ducat of the fifteenth century at nearly three pounds sterling.

Among the fortress-palaces of Florence, those solecisms of her democratic spirit, none is more conspicuous or severe than that of the Strozzi, none so little in accordance with the scenes of ephemeral gaiety that now hourly pass beneath its gloomy shadow. From a verbose narrative of its origin, drawn up by a son of the founder, and from his own still more wordy will, we obtain some curious insight into the man and the times:—

"Filippo Strozzi, having amply provided for his succession, was more intent upon fame than riches; and finding no more ready or certain means of leaving a memorial of himself than by building, for which he had much natural taste and no mean intelligence, he conceived the idea of erecting an edifice which might celebrate himself and his race, both in Italy and abroad. But there occurred a material difficulty, for as the higher powers (*chi reggeva*) might be jealous that any glory should dim their own, Filippo shrank from doing any thing calculated to occasion envy. He therefore began to spread reports, that having many children and a small dwelling, he would have to think about lodging those whom he had begotten, a matter which he could do during his life much better and more wisely than they after his death. He then originated long discourses with builders and architects, avowing the necessity he was put to for a house. At times, he feigned an intention of setting forthwith to work; then he would waver and grumble about spending quickly what he had gained in long years of industrious toil; disguising from all his real purpose and intention, solely that he might more effectually attain them, and even avowing, that all he required was a comfortable burgher's habitation, for use not show. But the architects and builders, as usual, enlarged all his plans, which was indeed very pleasing to him, although he pretended the reverse, declaring that they were compelling him to what he neither would nor could do. * * * * After he had seen and considered the plans, they added the [rustic] stone bosses, and many more ornaments: whereupon the more they persuaded, the more did Filippo simulate dissatisfaction, insisting that he would on no account have the bosses, which were unbecoming a plain citizen as well as too expensive, and that he was building for utility not for display, and meant to make under his dwelling a number of shops, that might yield a revenue to his sons; all which was eagerly opposed

by the architects, as unseemly and inconveniently confining the inhabitants. * * * * In short, the more he seemed disposed to avoid outlay, and thereby to veil the grandeur of his views, and the extent of his means, the more was he spurred on and encouraged to launch out. * * * * The result was, that whilst every one thought it next to certain, that so vast a pile must absorb his means ere it could be completed, he calculated upon perfecting it out of his income without in-croaching upon his capital."

It was commenced in 1489, but within two years its ambitious projector was removed from the cherished object of his hopes and intrigues, ere it reached the first story. The description of this worthy but vain citizen is highly graphic:—

"In figure, Filippo was remarkably handsome and stout, patient of heat and cold, enduring of hunger and thirst. He was of a disposition so amiable, that when disagreements, such as are frequently incident to humanity, arose among his relations or intimates, all recurred to him as to their head, and he always reconciled them, supplying from his own resources what was necessary to promote their harmony, in addition to his personal trouble. Whatever friend or relative fell into sickness or adversity, he visited them, administering such solace or aid as was requisite, which they enjoyed more than any other comfort or medicine. In truth, he seemed formed by nature to dispense his wealth not less worthily than he had acquired it."

Nor are his testamentary dispositions less characteristic. His great object was to secure his 'house,' for there was no *palace* in republican Florence but that of the Seignury, to his heirs male for ever, by stringent clauses which might serve as the model of a Scotch *tailzie*. His next thought was for its speedy completion without curtailment, and for this purpose he enjoined his heirs to maintain at least fifty men at work upon it, and finish it before 1497. On their neglecting to do so, Lorenzo de' Medici, or, in his default, certain public officers were authorised, within two years more, to terminate the building and furnish it out of his readiest means: and these persons were to be thereupon entitled to dine at stated times in it, at the expense of his heirs, but not exceeding fifty small *lire* a head (vol. i. pp. 354-365). By the will, the house was to be divided into two, half going to the only son of Filippo's first marriage, the other part to his two other sons. The eldest shrank from the task imposed by his father, and it was chiefly by the exertions of his youngest brother that the imposing edifice was completed in 1533. That brother was Filippo, who soon after was taken prisoner in the final struggle of Florentine democracy, and, in conformity with the pagan sentiments of his age and country, sought from his own hand the martyrdom for which he quoted the example of Cato. The intentions of the

founder have been more fully realised than usually happens to such testamentary calculations, and the stern old pile still keeps the ownership as well as the name of Strozzi; its almost Cyclopiian strength, unscarred by time, and proof against innovation. Of the still beautiful chapel in the Santa Maria Novella, on which, by his will, at least a thousand florins was to be laid out, of the villas he erected, and the churches, chapels and oratories he founded or renovated, our limits will not allow us to speak.

The chief architect of the Strozzi palace was Simon Pollaiuolo, generally called *il Cronaca*, the chronicle, from an inveterate habit of telling tiresome stories of his own adventures. The long-established Italian usage of to-names found ample scope among artists of every class, few of whom are known to history by their family surnames. Thus the Corradi of Florence are always called Ghirlandaio; from the profession of their father, a garland-maker. Brusasorci, Sodoma and L'Ingegno are palpably nicknames. Raffaele, Michelangelo and Tiziano are only baptismal names; Masaccio and Domenichino familiar contractions, meaning dirty Tom and little Dominick. Many, like Correggio, da Vinci, Perugino and Veronese, are called by their birth-place; still more by their patronymics; whilst a few, like Alessandro Bronzino, have assumed the name of their instructors in art. The prevalence of similar customs in modern Italy must have been observed by most of our readers. Nearly all the insurgents lately sentenced in Romagna and Calabria had some *soubriquet* appended to their designations; and, as a general rule, Italians of the lower class seldom know the family names of their next neighbours.

The fluctuations intrinsic to the profession of high art are developed in these volumes by many remarkable and not a few melancholy facts. Whilst on the one hand painters, sculptors, and military engineers (a branch of architecture in early times), appear as ambassadors and magistrates, or as the familiar correspondents of princes, we see them on the other living in the most straitened circumstances, hampered by debts, and actually pleading for subsistence. A tax-return of Jacopo di Domenico, painter, gives this sad account of himself:—"Ever since 1400 have I gone on struggling and eating the bread of others until 1421, after which I returned to Florence, where I found myself plundered and in debt, and totally destitute; and I took a wife and went to Pisa, where I mended the roads about the gates, and staid four years." In 1461 Agostino di Guccio, called della Robbia, was fortunate enough to get from the Seignoury of Florence a letter to the envoy from Perugia, dunning for payment of a work he had executed for that city. These tax-returns form a very curious class of documents, to which we are indebted for

many dates and interesting facts. As a specimen we take that of Masaccio:—

“ Declaration of the means of Tommaso di S. Giovanni, called Masaccio, and of his brother Giovanni, to the officers of the fisc.

“ Before you, the officers of the fisc for Florence and the province, we, Tommaso and Giovanni di S. Giovanni, from Castel S. Giovanni, in the upper Val-d'Arno, inhabitants of Florence, hereby make known all our goods and substance.

“ Our tax amounts to six *soldi*.

“ We are two in family, with our mother, who is forty-five years of age; I, Tommaso, am twenty-five, and my said brother, Giovanni, is twenty. We live in the house of Andrew Macigni, for which we pay ten florins a year; I, Tommaso, have part of a shop at the Badia, for two florins a year. I owe Nicolo di S. Lapo, the painter, 102 *lire*, 4 *soldi*. We owe Piero Battiloro about six florins, and to the pawnbrokers at the signs of the Lion and of the Cow, four florins on pledges; also to Andrea di Giusto, who painted with me, Tommaso, six florins of his salary. Our mother ought to have a hundred florins in dowry, sixty of which from the heirs of her second husband, who also left her a vineyard in life-rent, but she draws nothing from it.”

The son of this Andrea bound himself apprentice in the studio of Neri di Bicci for two years, in 1458, being then aged seventeen; he was to have fifteen florins and a pair of shoes yearly.

Of Perugino we have some important notices. In June, 1505, he thus writes to Elizabeth, Marchioness of Mantua:—Vol. i., p. 68.

“ Most illustrious and lofty Lady, your worship.

“ I have received, by the bearer, Zorzo, your noble ladyship's messenger, the eighty ducats promised me as the price of this picture, on which I have bestowed such care as seemed requisite to satisfy your noble ladyship's honour, and also my own, which I have always considered more than gain. And I humbly pray God, that I may be duly thankful to him for having made something agreeable to your noble ladyship, as my first wish is to serve and please you in so far as in my power, and for that purpose I ever offer myself as your noble ladyship's good servant and friend. I have executed the picture in distemper, having heard that Messer Andrea Mantegua had done so. If I can perform any thing else for your noble ladyship, I am ready, and to your ladyship I humbly commend myself. May Christ keep you in happiness. Done this 14th of June, 1505, by your most humble servant,

“ PIETRO PERUSINO, Painter in Florence.”

This letter is very properly noted as inconsistent with the opinion prevalent as to the mercenary character of this painter, an impression against which Gaye scarcely attempts any defence. That there is a considerable inequality of merit in his multitudinous works is beyond dispute, but this failing seems to have been greatly exaggerated by some critics; and even those pictures at

Florence, which are quoted as proofs of his degraded mind and impaired powers, though indifferent Peruginos, would have great merit if passed under the names of most of his pupils. Although surpassed by few in purity of feeling, sweetness of expression, and delicacy of execution, he was not endowed with commanding genius. His timidity sometimes verged upon feebleness, his self-plagiarisms indicated a poverty of invention, and the glory of having instructed Raffaello was purchased at the cost of contrasts between his own style, and that perfection to which it attained in the hands of his pupil. Yet his fresco of the Baptism of Christ stands foremost among the ornaments of the Sistine Chapel, and his Entombment scarcely yields the palm to that of Sanzio himself. That this charming painter is neither understood nor appreciated in England is sufficiently accounted for by the prevailing obtuseness among our countrymen to the really high art of the Italian schools.

Perugino appears under more suspicious circumstances at pp. 70 and 143. He had agreed, in 1494, to paint two large oil pictures for a compartment in the great council-hall at Venice, for which he was to receive four hundred ducats, finding his own colours; but he afterwards declined the commission unless the price was doubled. About twenty years later the work was assigned to Titian, who offered to do it for the sum originally stipulated, the wages of an assistant lad being also paid, at four florins a month; but this offer was cut down twenty-five per cent. when accepted by the government.

The subject of Raffaello has been so assiduously investigated that little remained for Gaye to bring forth. He has, however, established that the tapestries executed from the Hampton Court cartoons reached Rome before April, 1518, the cost of their transport from Flanders by Lyons being twenty-nine ducats. They were then eleven in number. Some of them, stolen in the sack of Rome, found their way again to Lyons, and were offered to Clement VII., who, in 1530, refused to pay more than a hundred and sixty ducats for their recovery!* Verily the spirit of Leo passed not to his nephew.

Titian, the friend of princes, the flattered of monarchs, appears here in those bright hues which give splendour equally to his life and to his canvass. On the 5th of March, 1531, the Marquis of Mantua thus writes to him:

"I have received the picture of St. Jerome which you sent me, and which pleases me exceedingly; indeed, it is peculiarly acceptable, and I rank it among my best things, on account of its beauty, and appreciate it highly. I know not what greater commendation to give it than to say it is a work of Titian, but under that renowned name it will pass with

* Query, are these the tapestries lately offered for sale in London?

the reputation it merits. There is another kindness I wish of you as anxiously as I did that you should paint me the St. Jerome. I want you to do for me a holy Magdalene, as tearful as possible, in a picture about the same size, or a trifle larger; and that you should do your utmost to make it beautiful, which will be no great effort for you who cannot make it otherwise: also, that you will complete it quickly, as I wish to present it to the most illustrious Lord Marquis del Vasto, my devoted friend. Be pleased then, I especially entreat you, to serve me in this." &c.

The anxiety of the dowager marchioness, whose taste and zeal for art these volumes amply demonstrate, induced her to write twice to her son's envoy at Venice on the subject of this commission, and she sent a messenger on purpose to fetch the picture when completed. Forty days from the date of the marquis's order, Titian thus writes to him:

"I have, at length, completed the picture of the Magdalene which your excellency commissioned from me, with every possible speed, having laid aside all my other works. In it I have done my utmost, in some measure to express what is expected from this art; others must judge how far I have succeeded. If my hands and pencil had truly responded to the grand conceptions of my mind and will, I might, indeed, hope to have satisfied my anxiety to serve your excellency; but they have fallen a long way short of that. Yet for such short-coming accord me pardon; that I may more readily obtain which, this Magdalene has promised me to supplicate it with her folded hands, and to beseech it as a favour to herself."

It would, perhaps, be useless to speculate which of the many repetitions of this subject, so attractive to sentimental devotion, was sent to Mantua; the St. Jerome is conjectured by Gaye to have been that now in the Escorial. On the 19th of April, the marquis writes to acknowledge the picture, which exceeded even his expectations, having found it "most beautiful and most perfect; indeed, of all that I have seen in painting, nothing has ever appeared to me finer, and I am more than satisfied. The most illustrious lady, my mother, says the same. * * * Nothing could be desired better, nor can I express how acceptable it is to me, nor find words to express my good will." The correspondence is concluded by a suitable reply from the artist. (Vol. ii., pp. 223 to 226.) Among other similar letters we find this, dated the 27th of April, 1536.—Vol. ii., p. 262.

"My dearest Messer Titian,

"I should esteem it a great pleasure that you come here, and bring with you that picture of the emperor you have done for me, for which purpose I have thought fit to write you this, by a special express, to induce you to come; and should you want a carriage or riding horses for the journey you will let me know, informing me, at the same time,

where and when to send them, and your commands shall be executed: and being so soon to see you, I shall only say how much I am at your disposal.

"THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

This picture referred to, Gaye thinks was a portrait of Charles V., but it was more likely one of the series of the Cæsars, which Titian executed for the Palazzo del T., and regarding which we find letters from the marquis to him in the following spring.

We have also a number of letters between the marquis and Julio Romano, his chief architect and decorator of the palaces at Mantua and del T., which are not only valuable for art, but pleasing illustrations of the honourable position accorded in those days to men of genius. The duke addresses the painter as "our noble and very dear;" yet, but a few weeks after, the dilatory proceedings of the latter brought down upon him this very altered style.

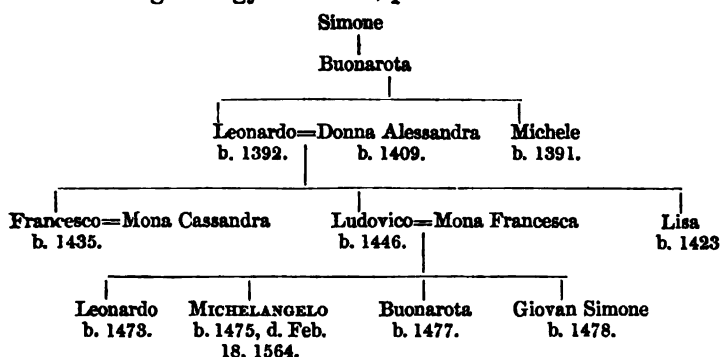
"Julio! With the utmost displeasure we have heard that the chambers and rooms, which you were willing to finish decorating a week ago at latest, are not yet ready; nor have you wanted for money, though we are well aware that half more has been spent than you said was requisite. And much we wonder at your working so slowly; and we tell you that if by next Thursday, when we intend for certain to be in Mantua, we do not find all these rooms and apartments finished, and in all respects complete for our habitation, we shall cut the matter short with you in a way that will annoy you excessively; do not, therefore, give us reason for anger with you."—Vol. ii., p. 242.

Julio's death on the 5th of November, 1546, is thus feelingly announced by the Cardinal Gonzaga to his younger brother.

"We have lost our Julio Romano, with as much regret as if I had been deprived of a right hand. I was in no haste to give your excellency this news, believing that the longer you were of hearing of such a loss, the less painful it would be, especially as you are at the mineral waters. Like those who would always extract some good from evil, I begin to fancy that the death of this remarkable man will in some degree profit me, by taking away my appetite for building, and accumulating plate, pictures, and such like. For, in fact, I shall have no longer any inclination to make such things, without the designs of that fine genius, so that, after completing the few things for which I have the sketches by me, I mean to bury with him all my longings that way. May God grant him peace, which I with good reason hope, having found him a worthy man, very pure towards the world, and I trust also towards God. I cannot tire of speaking of his merits, with tears in my eyes, but I must have done, since it has pleased Him who disposes of all to end his life."—Vol. ii. p. 501.

In 1531, the Marquis of Mantua commissioned one of his relations to supplicate Clement VII. that Michelangelo might be allowed to do something for the Palazzo del T., working for him on holidays and at any spare moments when not actually employed upon certain things which he had promised to finish for his Holi-

ness, ere he undertook any farther orders whatever. Regarding this great artist, for whose idle hours foreigners thus canvassed, we have many new and important notices and documents. The tax-returns of his property for 1534, when he was at the height of his fame, exhibit his means as having progressively increased under careful management. Of eight farms and vineyards, seven are noted as purchased by himself in 1505, 1512, 1515, 1518, 1519, 1520; there are three houses in the Via Ghibellina, one of which was that in which he lived, and which, to the honour of his heirs, has been preserved much as he inhabited it, even to the furniture and ornaments of the sitting-rooms and studio. The schedule does not contain the usual information regarding the state of his family, but from other previous returns Gaye has appended materials for this genealogy.—Vol. ii., p. 253.



There is a remarkable set of documents regarding one of the earliest and most remarkable productions of Michelangelo's chisel, which serve to acquit him in a great degree of its defects, and which correct the loose account given of it by Vasari. About 1463, a colossal statue had been executed by Agostino di Guccio, (whose true name, now first restored by Gaye, had been hitherto confused with the family name of Della Robbia,) and set up in the Via dei Servi, which the committee of works for the Duomo of Florence resolved upon imitating, in a series of statues to be placed on pilasters round the exterior of the church. They, therefore, in August, 1464, ordered from that artist a figure of Carrara marble, seventeen feet high, in four pieces; it was to be finished in eighteen months for three hundred florins. It does not appear under what circumstances the work was suspended, after having received, up to a certain point, the approval of the committee, having been wrought from a single block. It seems, however, agreed that it was the same referred to in August, 1501, when the guild of woollen manufacturers engaged Michelangelo "to

complete and terminate a certain human figure called the Giant, of nine braccia, lying in the workshops of the cathedral, long since botched by M. Agostino * * * * of Florence, and that within the next two years, at a salary of six florins a month." Should the deacons of the company consider, on its completion, that it was worth a larger sum, they were to refer it to arbitration. The task was commenced on the 13th of September, and in five months was proceeding so well that the price was raised to four hundred florins, and the name David had been then bestowed upon it. It was nearly ready in January, 1503, when the question as to its site was referred to twenty-eight of the best artists in Florence. Their opinions are given at length, beginning with that of M. Francesco Araldo, architect, who says, "You have two places which would support this statue, that (in the Loggia di Lanzi) where the Judith now is, and that in the middle of the court of the Palazzo Publico, where the David (by Donatello) stands. As to the first, Judith is a fatal emblem, and not suitable, as our emblems are the cross and the lily; nor is it decorous that the woman should slay the man, especially as it was set up under an unlucky star; indeed, ever since, you have gone on from bad to worse, and have since lost Pisa. The David in the court is a defective figure, for the right leg is bungled. I therefore advise you to put up this statue in one of these situations, but rather where the Judith is." Several other places are suggested, but on the opinion of San Gallo that the marble was of a soft and perishable quality, the general opinion became in favour of the Loggia di Lanzi. Accordingly, in May, 1504, it was transported there from the Duomo, on rollers, four days and seventy-six lire being spent in the operation, and it was set up in the site of the Judith, which was moved to the Palazzo. (Vol. ii., p. 454, &c.)

As a curious illustration rather of the writer than of the painter to whom it was addressed, we shall give a letter to Michelangelo from the scurrilous ribald, Pietro Aretino.—Vol. ii., pp. 333—7.

"To the great Michelangelo Buonarroti, at Rome.

"Signor Mio,

"In looking at the entire sketch of your Day of Judgment, I am enabled to appreciate the singular grace of Raffaele, and the captivating beauty of his conceptions. Farther, as a Christian, I blush at the liberty, so unpermissible to the imagination, which you have taken in expressing your conceits, as to the conclusion towards which tends every sentiment of our most unquestionable creed. Thus Michelangelo, the unequalled in fame; Michelangelo, the noted for prudence; Michelangelo, the admired of all, has thought fit to display to the world not less irreligious blasphemy than pictorial perfection! Is it possible that you, who in fancied divinity despise the fellowship of men, have done such things in the worthiest temple of God, over the chief altar of Christ, in the grandest of earthly oratories, wherein the great cardinals of the church, the reve-

read prelates, the vicar of Christ, make confession with sacred rites and holy orisons, and adoringly contemplate his body, his flesh, and his blood? Were it not loathsome to introduce such a comparison, I might boast of my virtue in the treatise of the *Nanna*, preferring my own prudence to your indiscretion, seeing that upon a licentious and obscene subject, I not only employ guarded and decorous words, but even speak in chaste and unexceptionable language; whilst you, in treating a theme so lofty, exhibit angels and saints, the latter devoid of earthly beauties, the former destitute of heavenly grace. Look to the heathens! who made no such displays, not only in the sculpture of a draped Diana, but when modelling a nude Venus, whom they make conceal with her hands what should not be displayed: and where is the Christian who, considering art more than religion, thinks it a fine exhibition that martyrs and sainted virgins should abandon decorum; not to speak of the indecent attitude of him who is borne away, towards which even a brothel would shut its eyes in astonishment. Your composition would befit a voluptuous bath, not a celestial choir. With such a creed, it would be a worse sin than you suppose, to impair the faith of others. But even now the excess of such rash extravagances goes not unpunished, since their marvels are fatal to your fame. You had, therefore, better repair your popularity, by making of your flames modesty pieces for the damned, and others for the beatified out of the sunbeams; or you may imitate the Florentine decorum, which veils your fine Colossus [the David] with some gilt leaves, though standing in a public piazza, and not in a consecrated place. And now, God pardon you all this, for I speak not thus from anger against such omissions, but because you ought diligently to perform what you promised to send me, and thereby appease my indignation, which would not have you persuaded but by Gherardi and Tomai. But if the treasure left you by Julius [II.], that you might deposit his remains in a tomb of your sculpture, was inadequate to make you observe your engagement, what hope have I? Yet not your ingratitude and greed, oh, mighty painter! but the bounty and worth of the pontiff, occasioned that; since it is God's will that his fame should be immortalised by simply having his tomb made during his own life, not by any haughty machine of a sepulchre in virtue of your style. Hence your having failed in your obligation is accounted equal to a theft. And, since your souls have more need of devotional feeling than of energetic design, may God inspire his Holiness Pope Paul, as he inspired St. Gregory, who formerly thought fit to disembellish Rome of her superb idol-statues, the merit whereof attracted the respect due to the humble images of saints. Lastly, if in composing the universe and the spacious void, and paradise with the glory, and honour, and terror, therein depicted, you had been guided by the learning, the example, and the literary acquirements which the age reads in me; I dare say that nature and every benign influence would have in noways regretted giving you that distinguished intelligence, which renders you the *beau ideal* of a prodigy of eminent talent; but that all-watchful providence would have given such a superintendence to the work, that it might have even observed the laws proper for the government of these hemispheres. Your servant,

" From Venice, November, 1545.

" ARETINO.

"Now that I have, in some degree, vented my rage against the cruelty you have shown towards my devotion, and that I have pretty well proved, that if you are of wine [*divino*], I am not of water; tear this to bits, as I too have done; and also take it into your consideration that I am one whose letters even kings and emperors answer."

Passing over some not less singular testimony to the character of this foul-mouthed reprobate, and to the inexplicable successes of his insolence, we shall extract a letter from the Grand Duke Cosmo I., which might well console Michelangelo under the lash of his libels.

"To Messer Michelagnolo Buonarroti.

"As the state of the times, and the accounts of your friends, give us some hopes that you are not alien to the wish of returning once again to Florence, in order to revisit for a time your country and possessions, after so many years, this would afford us a pleasure proportionate to the desire for it we long have entertained. We have, therefore, thought it right to exhort and pray you by this our letter, as we do now most heartily exhort and pray you to this step, persuading you to put yourself in the way of being very graciously received by us. Nor need you nourish a doubt lest we should impose upon you any sort of irksome duty or labour, for we know well the respect in every way due both to your age and to your extraordinary talents. Come, therefore, freely, and we promise that you may pass, entirely at your choice and liking, such stay as it may suit you to make, for to see you here is quite sufficient for us. For the rest, the more you enjoy your relaxation and quiet the better pleased shall we be, nor shall we take any thought but for your honour and comfort. May our Lord God preserve you! From Florence, 8th May, 1557."—Vol. ii., p. 418.

The kindly feelings of the Medici towards artists was of early date. In 1450 we find Giovanni, the younger son of Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*, addressed by an organ-maker as 'my dearest comrade,' in a letter full of gossip of his trade. Still quainter is an epistle to him, from one who subscribes himself 'the painter of Camerino who played upon the lute,' containing this proposal:—

"Should you not have taken a wife, I, for the great affection and duty I bear towards your highness, will, with your leave, seek for your highness a certain noble girl, who is paternally of the house of Chiavelli, daughter of the late Signor Battista of Fabriano, and by her mother of the house of Varano, being daughter of the Lady Guglielmina, the aunt of our magnificent sovereigns. She is a maiden about thirteen years of age, and in virtue and worth, I do not believe there is her like in Italy; as to her beauty, she will please you before all rivals, and she has a good dowry. I therefore beg that you will condescend to write me your ideas as to this, for it is enough that I have the will in order to bring matters about. And now I recollect that your highness lent me three ducats, and your brother Piero four, when we went to the baths of Pe—" &c.—Vol. i., p. 162.

Although this Giovanni is scarcely known to history, he seems to have been a zealous patron and collector of art, and he is often so mentioned in the *Carteggio*. In 1448, he sent an agent into the Low Countries to purchase tapestries and other rich furniture, who reported that he had found nothing of the quality and size wanted for his saloon, the finer descriptions of work being generally made to order. He however mentions having been offered an excellent piece with the history of Sampson, which was too large and too full of dead men, as well as too dear at seven hundred ducats; also a smaller one of Narcissus at a hundred and fifty (about 450*l.* in modern value), which was scarcely rich enough. (Vol. i., p. 158.)

We might easily swell our pages by similar notices of the Medicean princes, of which the third volume in particular is full. It may however be more acceptable to the reader to glance at a despatch from the ambassadors of Sienna to Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, in 1373. The envoys were four in number, including Andrea Vanni, who was equally esteemed as a painter and a politician. At Pisa, their port of embarkation, they found an embassy from Florence bound for the same quarter, and they joined in hiring vessels for the transport of both parties. For a bark to carry themselves, they were to pay a hundred florins of gold, and three others were engaged to take the horses, at the rate of four florins for each horse. The Florentines are described as an imposing cavalcade with twenty-four horses, besides a baggage beast for each person, and as handsomely dressed in a uniform colour, with many fine burgess clothes. The Siennese, jealous of this splendour, and anxious for the honour of their republic not to be outdone, immediately purchased a handsome horse for each of their number, costing in all two hundred florins, and also resolved by God's grace to buy each a cloak of fine cloth, without regard to cost, being determined to spend their all rather than fail in doing credit to their mission. But whilst they report this spirited resolution to their government, they take the opportunity of bringing under notice the heavy travelling expenses they were incurring, their lodging alone at inns costing two florins a day, and they being out of pocket in that sum daily beyond their pay; all which they pray may be taken into due consideration, bearing in mind the amount to which their whole journey will at this rate run, incurred only with a view to maintain the credit of the state against invidious sneers. (Vol. i., p. 76.)

From some curious documents in the archives of the same republic, we are enabled to form an idea of the tenure by which the small Italian townships were held in the fifteenth century. The lady Anna Palegina, daughter of Luke Grand Duke of Romeia, and formerly consort of the ex-emperor of Constantinople

and the Greeks (a personage as to whom history seems silent), received a grant from the Seigneury of Sienna in 1472, of the ruinous castle of Montacuto, to her and her heirs, so long as they were neither Italian sovereigns nor the sons of such, nor under suspicion of that commonwealth, to be held with mere and mixed jurisdiction, for the honour of Sienna, to which they were to swear allegiance, and to pay an annual cense of five pounds of wax, and two ducats towards providing a *pallium* for the cathedral there, besides a quit-rent of five *lire* every ten years. She and her Greek followers had licence to build there, within five years, a town for at least a hundred families, who were to be subject to the fiscal regulations of Sienna, but might exercise their national customs and laws except in cases of capital crimes. Should they depart within fifty years, the republic was bound to repay two-thirds of their outlay on ameliorations. (Vol. i., p. 247.)

Upon many of the most valuable historical materials which these volumes contain, our limits forbid us to enter. We must however, in conclusion, advert to a series of letters addressed by Cola di Rienzo to the government of Florence, during the brief period of his singular ascendancy. They are rare examples of selfish ambition and immoderate conceit, hurried onwards by religious enthusiasm, and disguised under a mantle of holy zeal. Verily, as regards human folly, nothing is new under the sun, and there are few phases even of error and absurdity which have not recurred under congenial circumstances. The cant of the Round-heads surpassed not the extravagance of these despatches, and the devotional phraseology of the Roman Tribune might have flowed from the pen of the English Protector, who fell as far short of him in vanity as he excelled him in talent. "Nicholas the knight, stern yet clement, the candidate of the Holy Ghost, the liberator of the city, the renovator of Italy, the friend of the universe, the august tribune," elsewhere thus swells his sonorous designations, as "tribune by the authority of our ever merciful Lord Jesus Christ for freedom and justice, illustrious liberator of the holy Roman republic, and distinguished prefect of the favoured city." There is throughout his letters a pervading tone of self-glorification, in the double character of a heaven-commissioned envoy, and an efficient reformer of all-prevailing abuses.

His first despatch, dated from the Capitol, on the 7th of June, 1347, sets out with announcing to the government and community of Florence, "the joyous gift of the Holy Spirit, which our pious father and Lord, Jesus Christ, on this venerable feast of Pentecost, deigned in mercy to bestow, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, upon this sacred city and its population, and upon all of you the faithful and orthodox people of Christ, who constitute his members." After this imposing prelude, the tribune

thus depicts with eloquent exaggeration the state in which he found Rome. "The condition of the favoured city, its inhabitants, and the entire Roman province was, by the fault of its corrupt and cruel rulers, or rather destroyers, thoroughly convulsed, and so reduced to ruin and misery that, even in the city itself, justice was violated, peace banished, freedom trampled upon, security abrogated, charity scouted, truth trodden down, pity outraged, and piety profaned, and neither strangers, pilgrims, nor even our Roman citizens and beloved neighbours and country folk; could resort hither, or dwell here in safety. On all sides indeed were oppression, sedition, arming, open war, homicides, robberies, raids, and incendiary fires, remorselessly perpetrated on sea and land." These things are described as fatal to pilgrimages and holy visits to the capital of Christendom, which was thus rendered a perilous desert and a den of robbers, whence pious believers could derive neither counsel nor consolation, even the ostensible government conniving at such abuses. In this state of affairs, at the intercession of St. Peter and St. Paul, the tutelary patrons of Rome, Jesus Christ, "by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, recalled the people to unity and concord, inflamed them with the desire of freedom, peace, and justice, and stimulated them to seek for safety and defence," which they were enabled to effect by "unanimously, in full public and solemn parliament, committing to our unworthy selves, absolute power, entire authority, and unfettered discretion, for reforming and providing for the tranquil state of the said city and whole Roman province; which commission and authority we have undertaken with devout heart and undaunted resolution, knowing our own feebleness and insufficiency for the support of such an honour, but assured also that it is the Lord's doing, and wondrous in our eyes." This inflated rhapsody at length resolves itself into three requests: that the seignury of Florence would join in returning public and festal thanks to the Saviour and his apostles for their divine interposition; that they would send deputies to the parliament summoned by Rienzo for the ensuing anniversary of St. Peter and St. Paul, to deliberate upon the welfare and peace of all Italy; and that they would send a skilful jurist to sit at Rome as a consistorial judge during six months, with an experienced die-cutter to prepare a new coinage. A postscript adds that, "a friend of the Lord came, after this letter had been sealed and despatched, whispering to us on the part of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we must postpone the day therein announced until the feast of St. Peter *ad vincula*," which was done accordingly. The remaining letters, which come down to the 9th of November, are full of equally curious illustrations of the Tribune and his times.—Vol. i., pp. 53, 395—407.

Those who would watch the expiring efforts of Florentine

freedom will find in the Carteggio a multitude of notices as to the fortifications supplied by San Gallo and Michelangelo for the last struggles; indeed the many details regarding military engineering which it supplies are generally precious for history. But it is time for us to close these volumes, which are fertile with important and minute facts as to artists and art, and enriched with valuable notes, supplying or correcting a multiplicity of dates, and affording at the same time a store of esthetical suggestions and critical inferences. Although prematurely cut off in his meritorious career, Gaye has left here a legacy for which the student of art may well be grateful, and which we trust will not be the only portion of his papers and collections given to the public. For the one fault of the work, although it is a material one, he is not to blame,—the total absence of such a consulting index as can alone render it generally useful.

ART. V.—1. *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Sechste Auflage.* (Poems by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.) 6th. Edition. Cotta, Stuttgart, and Tübingen, 1843.

2. *Ein Glaubensbekenntniss. Zeitgedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.* (A Confession of Faith. Poems for the Times, by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.) Mayence, 1844.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, born on the 17th of June, in Detmold in Westphalia, where his father was a teacher in the burgher school, was early destined for the pursuit of commerce. He is said to have given proofs, even in childhood, of a poetic temperament, and, at the age of seven, to have delighted his father by the production of his first copy of verses. This we cannot help thinking was a perilous thing for the schoolmaster's son. Heaven only knows how narrowly the boy's genius escaped being spoiled beyond cure by educational quackery; but his better genius interposed in the shape of an uncle, a rich merchant, who decreed that his promising nephew should walk in his own footsteps. In consequence of this decision, young Freiligrath was not only permitted, but encouraged, to indulge those tastes and feelings which had been awakened in his infant mind by the pictures in the old family Bible, and by the comments upon them that flowed direct from a mother's lips to the soul of her child. Visions of the East played continually before his vivid fancy; books of travel, and narratives of adventure by sea and land, were the cherished companions of his leisure; and when he left the gymnasium of his native town at the age of fifteen, to be initiated into the mysteries of commerce under his uncle at Soerst, that worthy and enlightened man allowed his

young nephew full opportunity to pursue his favourite studies. He remained six years in Soerst, where he made himself acquainted with the English, French, and Italian languages; and how thoroughly he mastered the first two at least, is manifested in his numerous poetical translations, all of them excellent, and some of them perfect prodigies in their way.

From Soerst he removed, in 1831, to Amsterdam, where he was employed until 1836, as clerk, in a considerable mercantile house. Now, however uncongenial the air and soil of Holland may generally be to the growth of poetry, it did not prove so in Freiligrath's case. His mind had already taken its decided bent, and not all the prosaic details of the wharf and the counting-house could smother the fire of genius within him: on the contrary, his vigorous imagination thrived well upon such food as would have killed a weaker one of indigestion. Invoices of sugar and whale-oil are not, perhaps, the sort of reading best fitted, in all instances, to nourish and develop the poetic faculty; but in every tub of oil, Freiligrath had bodily before him the life of the hardy whaler, its perils, hardships, and bursts of intense, joyous excitement; every cask of sugar spoke to him of tropic skies and tropic vegetation, of tornadoes and earthquakes, of pirates and slavers, and negroes toiling under the whiteman's lash, who, in their own wild land, had fought victoriously with the lion and rhinoceros for their spoils. The sights and sounds of the sea, which the great bulk of his countrymen know only by report, became for him visible and audible realities; he mingled with travellers and seafaring men, for his muse was not of that squeamish sort that 'loves not the savour of tar and pitch;' and many a band of emigrants, from his own Germany, did he see departing for the New World, and he talked with them of the untried homes they were seeking, and of that dear land they were never again to visit but in dreams. Thus his mind accumulated a vast store of images, not isolated or partial, but concrete and entire; he could say of himself,

'My eyes make pictures when they're shut,'

pictures which he projected into his verses, glowing with the vivid colours of the most intense life.

His poems, which he began to publish in 1830, in various periodicals, were first issued in a collected form in 1838, and they have now, in six years, reached as many editions. The causes of his extraordinary success are simple and obvious. In the first place, it was thoroughly deserved; the book was a genuine and original book, not faultless certainly, but possessing incontestible merits of no ordinary kind. And then, in addition to its intrinsic worth,

it had the incalculable advantage of being well timed. The voices of all the great poets of Germany were mute ; the public ear was wearied and disgusted with the endless monotony of their thousand and one imitators, and prepared to receive, with passionate delight, the first manly utterance that should break in upon the falsetto chorus. Then it was that Freiligrath stood forth among his countrymen as the first adventurer in a new field of lyric poetry, new at least, in Germany. Every thing about him wore the impress of individuality; nothing was borrowed, nothing conventional; his thoughts, his diction, were his own; and, above all, the stuff he wrought in was honest, substantial stuff, immeasurably different from the moonshine which his brethren delighted to spin. *His* poems were pictures, startling portraiture of real things ; *theirs* were pictures of nothing.

It has been repeatedly remarked, that the very titles of Freiligrath's pieces betoken the peculiar bent of his imagination ; many of them might figure appropriately in the catalogue of a gallery of paintings: *e.g.* 'The Emigrants,' 'The Skating Negro,' 'The Awakener in the Desert,' 'The Burial of the Bandit,' 'The Bivouac,' 'The Picture Bible,' 'Henry the Seafarer,' 'The Steppes,' 'The Lion's Ride,' 'The Traveller's Vision,' 'Under the Palms,' 'Leviathan, &c., &c.' The most celebrated of all his productions is 'The Lion's Ride,' a poem of great vigour, though we do not subscribe to the common opinion that it is the author's master-piece.

THE LION'S RIDE.

The Lion is the desert's king ; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim
chief ;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay ; when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal fires ; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo ;
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu ;

Then bend your gaze across the waste : what see ye ? The giraffe
Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph to quaff ;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride ?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate ?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed ;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.
Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard flies.

His feet have wings ; see how he springs across the moonlit plain !
As from their sockets they would burst his glaring eyeballs strain ;
In thick black streams of purling blood full fast his life is fleeting ;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of Israel traced,
Like an airy phantom dull and wan, a spirit of the waste,
From the sandy sea uprising, as the waterspout from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight the vulture whirs on high ;
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race ;
By the footprints wet with gore and sweat their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.
On ! on ! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain ;
The steed by such a rider backed, may madly plunge in vain !

Reeling upon the desert's verge he falls and breathes his last ;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried :—
Thus nightly o'er his broad domain the king of beasts doth ride.

The last rhyme of the second stanza—*karroo*, *gnu*—is an instance of an artifice much used by Freiligrath, and often with excellent effect. He is fond of proper names, and foreign or local terms, particularly in his rhymes, where they strike more sharply on the ear ; his purpose being, by the aid of these foreign accessories, to attune the reader's mind to that precise pitch which shall best harmonise with the poet's strain. Milton abounds with passages in which proper names are found to exercise an indescribable charm over the imagination : for instance—*Satan's shield*—

“ The broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand.” &c.

And the celebrated simile in Book IV.

“As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.”

The remarkable identity of subject between ‘The Lion’s Ride’ and a poem by our lamented countryman, Pringle, has led to the very plausible conjecture that the former was borrowed from the latter. Freiligrath, however, positively assured Nodnagel* that he had never seen Pringle’s lines, but had founded his own on a brief remark by some traveller. In truth, the story of the lion lying in ambush for the giraffe, and being carried away on the back of that magnificent creature, is not the invention of either the German or the Englishman. The fact does actually occur, or, at least, its occurrence is matter of very general belief among the people of South Africa; it was related to Pringle by old Teysho, a Bechuana chief. As the reader may be curious to compare the two poems—with all due allowance for the disadvantage at which one of them is placed by the process of translation—we beg to refer him to the note.†

The following pretty and ingenious lines exhibit the author’s fancy in one of its lighter and more sportive moods.

* ‘Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwart.’ Darmstadt, 1842: erster Heft.

† THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Wouldst thou view the lion’s den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
’Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless, at the ambushed brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong and he strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground.
He shrieks—he rushes through the
waste,

With glaring eye and headlong haste:
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim’s utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need:
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering
plain.

’Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is
sinking;
The victor’s fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine
stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o’er:
He falls—and, with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

PRINGLE.

DIE AMPHITRITE, Mai, 1832.

Siehst du vor Anker dort
Die Amphitrite liegen?
Festlich erglänzt der Bord,
Die rothen Wimpel fliegen.

Es hangen aufgehisst
Die Segel an den Stangen;
Der graue Meergott küsst
Schäumend der Gattin Wangen.

Sie ist zurückgekehrt
Aus fernen Morgenlanden,
Hat sich im Sturm bewährt,
Und Linienglut bestanden.

Der Schiffer steht am Mast,
Die Lenden roth umgürtet;
Er weiss nicht, welchen Gast
Sein räumig Schiff bewirthe.

Das ist der junge Mai,
Der südliche Geselle;
Den trug das Prachtgebäu
Durch die tiefblaue Welle.

Er lag in India
Am Rand des schattigen, dichten
Bananienhains, und sah
Das Schiff die Anker lichten.

Da sprang er auf vom Sand,
Zu schnüren die Sandale,
Zu ordnen das Gewand,
Und die reichen, weichen Schawle.

Da flog er hin an's Meer,
Und warf sich in das graue,
Und rastete nicht eh'r,
Bis an der Schiffes Taue.

Mit leichten Füßen, keck,
Vom Schiffsvolk ungesehen,
Schwang er sich auf das Deck,
Und liess den Landwind wehen.

Und nun die Brigg allhier
Im Hafen angekommen,
Ist er mit bunter Zier
Sofort ans Land geschwommen.

Es flattern vor ihm her
Die Störche als Propheten;
Ein Zauberer, ein Jongleur
Hat er den Strand betreten.

Nackte Bäume macht er grün,
Und blumig kahle Stätten;
Bunte Tulpen lässt er blühn,
Hyacinthen und Tazetten.

Die Erde wunderbar,
Schmückt er mit färbigem Schimmer.
Dank, rüstiger Laskar!
Willkommen, lockiger Schwimmer!—

THE AMPHITRITE, May, 1832.

Yonder at anchor see
The Amphitrite lying,
With gaily painted sides,
And crimson streamers flying.

Her snowy wings are furled;
The seagod on his breast
Lulls her with kisses soft,
And whispers her to rest.

From eastern coasts afar
The good ship is returned;
She hath braved the storm that blew,
And the tropic sun that burned.

In girdle red, against
The mast the skipper leaneth;
And what a guest doth grace
His craft he little weeneth.

A southern wight that guest,
The young and lusty May;
He hath crossed the deep blue waves,
He is here with us this day.

On Indian verdure lapped,
Beneath the odorous shade
Of the banyan thicket's verge,
He saw the anchor weighed.

Up leaping then he bound
His sandals on in haste,
Closer his mantle drew,
And the rich shawl round his waist.

Into the sea he dashed,
Bravely the surge he breasted,
And till a rope he clutched
Ne'er faltered he or rested.

He swung him light on deck,
Unseen by all the crew;
Straightway at his behest
A pleasant landwind blew.

And now arrived in port,
Quickly the shore he sought;
Marvellous goodly things
This new comer hath brought.

The storks, his heralds, fly,
Proclaiming through the land,
"A wondrous guest is ours,
A wizard treads our strand!"

Bare trees he clothes in green,
Bare spots with blossoms fills,
Bright tulips, violets dim,
Hairbells and daffodils.

The earth arrayed most fair
With thousand hues doth glimmer.
Thanks blithe and hale Lascar!
Right welcome, lusty swimmer!

Siehst du vor Anker dort
Die Amphitrite liegen ?
Festlich erglänzt der Bord,
Die rothen Wimpel fliegen.

Yonder at anchor, see
The Amphitrite lying,
With gaily painted sides,
And crimson streamers flying.

Ghosts, goblins, and all other supernatural visitants have long been unsparingly hunted out from every nook of Christendom, and have disappeared from amongst us as utterly as though they had never been. It would be almost as difficult to catch one of themselves by gas-light, as to find an Englishman, capable of writing his own name, who would avow a firm faith in their existence. The very miners of Germany, formerly proverbial for their credulity, are becoming freethinkers as to the article of kobolds, while the workers in our English coal-pits, as Mr. Kohl feelingly remarks, are downright materialists, and never see an inch into the black stones they pick at, or dream of the sprites that lurk within them. The feelings of wonder, awe, and terror, will now respond only to natural instigations, and the poet and the romance writer must own that a part of their occupation is gone. But there is yet one vast region of the earth, the last asylum of proscribed phantoms, across the borders of which philosophy finds that her writ does not run. There are spirits in the deserts of Africa as surely as there are honest men in Pennsylvania, or virtuous sages among the journalists of La Jeune France. Do you doubt the fact? Look at the mirage. On a spot where a moment before nothing met your eye but interminable, bare, brown sand, and a sky of brass, you shall see all at once a broad rolling river, with a noble forest waving on its banks, and beyond it hills covered with human dwellings and crowned with fortresses. You see this, your companions see it, every man in the caravan sees it. Philosophy cannot explain the phenomenon, but will shabbily put you off with mere talk about 'optical illusions,' words that leave you no wiser than you were before. She cannot define the nature or law of these illusions, or determine beforehand *what shape they shall necessarily assume*. Then there are illusions of hearing too; for did not the author of Eöthen hear the bells ringing to church in the desert, as plainly as ever he heard them in his native parish among the Blaygon hills? The sight of a ghost, we imagine, could scarcely have surprised him more. In sober earnestness we appeal to the strictest rules of logic, and we ask: If it is certain that spectres of rivers, lakes, forests, hills, and buildings, do rise up suddenly out of the sands, and vanish as they came, no man knows how, what greater improbability is there that apparitions of men, women, dromedaries, and horses, should come and go in the same mysterious fashion? With this preface we proceed to lay

before our readers 'The Traveller's Vision' (*Gesicht des Reisenden*), or, as we should rather call it,

THE GHOST-CARAVAN.

'Twas in the desert's depths we took our night-rest on the ground,
Our steeds unbridled, and by each a Bedouin sleeping sound.
Afar the moonbeams gleamed upon the long low hills of Nile,
Round us white bones of camels strewed the sands for many a mile.

I slept not: for a pillow my light saddle propp'd my head;
A wallet with my store of dates served in a bolster's stead;
My caftan was my coverlet; and ready to my hand
My naked sword, my lance, and gun lay by my couch of sand.

All silent, save the flickering flame, or crack of thorn in burning;
Save the hoarse croak of some vulture to his eyrie late returning;
Save the fitful stamp of hoofs in sleep among our tethered cattle;
Save the hasty clutching of a lance by one who dreamed of battle.

At once the earth is rocking, ghastly vapours wrap the sky,
Across the waste, in frantic haste, affrighted wild beasts fly;
The horses snort and plunge—our sheikh grasps the banner—like a man
Unnerved, he drops it, muttering, "Lord, the ghostly caravan!"

It comes. The phantom drivers lead the camels with their freight
Of lovely women, all unveiled, throned in voluptuous state.
Next after them walk maidens bearing pitchers, like Rebecca
At the fountain; horsemen follow, and they gallop on for Mecca.

Still others, still, past counting; ever endless seems the train.
Look! look! the bones around us strewn are camels once again;
And whirling up in dusky wreaths, fast changes the brown sand
To men, that seize the camel's rein each in his dusky hand.

For this the night, when all o'er whom the sand-flood ever heaved,
Whose wind-tossed dust this day, belike, unto our tongues hath cleaved,
Whose crumbling skulls our coursers' hoofs beat flat upon the plain,
Arise, and march to kneel and pray at Mecca's holy fane.

Still others, still; the hindmost of the train not yet have past,
And back, even now, with slackened rein, come the foremost trooping fast.
O'er Afric's breadth, from Cape de Verd to the shores of the Red Sea
They've galloped, ere my struggling horse from the foot-rope could get
free.

The horses, ho!—they're breaking loose:—quick, each man to his own!
For shame! like sheep by lions scared—why quake ye so and groan?
Though they press you close, though their floating robes your very
beards are brushing,
Shout, Allah! Allah! and away the spectre host goes rushing.

Stand fast, till in the morning breeze your turban feathers stream,
Glad cheer will come with morning's breath, with morning's ruddy gleam.
One beam of day, and dust are they, these pilgrims of the night,—
And see, it dawns! with joyous neigh my courser greets the light.

Objectors have not failed to note what they call our author's excessive predilection for things outward and material, rather than for what is inward, spiritual, and ideal. Heine, whose fame he eclipsed, and who seems to bear him little good-will, has a fling at the sensuous character of Freiligrath's muse, that is worth mentioning at least for its wit. The hero of Heine's poem, 'Atta Troll,' is an old bear, one that has received a superior education, has seen the world, and danced before the *beau monde* in the most fashionable resorts of the Pyrenees. He runs away from his keepers and escapes to his den, where we hear him recounting his experiences, and indulging in melancholy reflections on the injustice of man towards the rest of the animal creation. In what respects are the beasts, he asks, especially the bears, inferior to man? What architect can surpass the beaver? Are there not learned pigs and horses skilled in arithmetic? Are there not bears, and giraffes, and dromedaries that sing and compose ballads? *Is Freiligrath no poet?* (Ist Freiligrath kein Dichter?) A critic in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes'* attributes to our author, 'une imagination assez peu Allemande.' In the limited sense in which we may admit the phrase to be true, it conveys praise rather than censure; it implies bold innovation made where it was much needed. A man ought not to be robbed of his rights of literary citizenship because he sets his countrymen the first good example of departure from inveterate bad practices. We heartily wish that Germany had many Freiligraths: a little less of metaphysics, and a little more consideration given to the realities of God's breathing world, would tend vastly to exalt the wisdom, welfare, and dignity of the Teutonic nations. We think the Germans might reach this desirable consummation without un-Germanising themselves: but perhaps the French critic is of opinion that the character of Martin Luther's mind was 'assez peu Allemand.' He would have the German, who would be a German indeed, bend his eyes perpetually inward, after the manner, we suppose, of the monks of Mount Athos, as described by an abbot of the eleventh century. 'When thou art alone in thy cell, shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner: raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thy eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel, and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless; but, if thou persevere day and night, thou wilt feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light.'† Heaven knows how long learned Deutschland has been

* M. Saint-René Taillandier, tome iv., 460.

† Gibbon, xi., 388.

practising this manoeuvre, with what effect let history tell. ~~Such~~ the time is come when a change of posture would be a ~~well~~ relief to her.

We need not enter upon any formal disquisition to prove that Freiligrath is no mere mannerist, and that he is capable of something better than fiddling, however well, upon a single string; fortunately he has, by the publication of his new volume, rendered unnecessary any such vindication of his general powers, and of his warm and generous sympathies. The 'Confession of Faith' does him honour as a poet and as a man. We cannot better elucidate its tone and temper than by quoting the author's modest and ~~mainly~~ preface, for the fuller understanding of which, it may be proper to premise one or two remarks. In 1839, encouraged by the enthusiasm with which his first volume was received, Freiligrath withdrew from commercial pursuits. His means, which were probably not large, were increased, in 1842, by a small pension spontaneously bestowed on him by the King of Prussia. Whatever sinister motives may have prompted this seemingly graceful act of patronage, sure we are that it was received in no sordid and truckling spirit. Vulgar minds thought otherwise; the pension increased the unmerited odium Freiligrath had incurred by his opposition to the popular idol of the day, George Herwegh; and by his bold and honest protest, in the name of common sense, against the ranting nonsense of that very conceited young man. He saw plainly that the cause of national freedom might be damaged, but could never be faithfully served by such champions as Herwegh and his followers: mischief only could be expected when such planets ruled the hour, and he resolved to bide his time. The King of Prussia had made most liberal promises on his accession to the throne, and the frank-hearted poet would not, while a hope remained, believe his king guilty of deliberate falsehood. Leaving, therefore, to others to man the battlements of party, he chose his own station on 'the lofty watch-tower;' but having looked thence in vain for any token of royal justice and good faith, he has come down and mingled in the fray with the determined energy of a man whose purposes are not caprices, but whose warm earnest heart acts in happy concert with his sound, clear head. The following is the preface:

"The turn which things have very recently taken in my more restricted fatherland, Prussia, has, in many respects, painfully undeceived me, being as I did to the number of those who still hoped and trusted; and this it is, which has called forth most of the poems in the second edition of this volume. Not one of them, I can safely affirm, is a made thing (*gemacht*); every one of them has grown out of current circumstances, and has been a necessary and unavoidable result of the

clashing of those circumstances with my sense of right and my convictions, just as has been the resolution simultaneously adopted and carried out, of resigning into the king's hands my much talked of little pension. About new year, 1842, I was much surprised by the intimation that it had been conferred on me; since new year, 1844, I have ceased to receive it.

"Whilst I thus, by word and deed, openly and decidedly declare myself on the opposition side, I do at the same time prefix the first section of this volume to the second; before the unambiguous utterances of a thoroughly defined and firmly fixed system of political opinion, I publish the less sure and certain expressions of an inchoate system, of one yet undergoing the process of formation. I cannot do otherwise. He who stands at the goal should not deny even the circuitous route by which he has reached it. This is my creed, and this is the sole reason that induces me, on this occasion, to republish those older poems. Other motives, and especially those of hatred and envy, which were imputed to me on the occasion of my song against Herwegh, are as foreign to me now as they were then, and I here absolutely disavow them. The main object I have in view is to bring to a conclusion, visible to myself and others, a now past transition-period of my poetical and political education.

"And so I trustingly commit this collection, old and new, to the heart of the German people. The judicious and deliberate will, I hope, easily discover the numerous clues that lead from the first section to the second. They will, I hope, perceive that there can be no question in this case of any thing else than a progress and a development; none of an act of desertion, none of a prostitute change of flag, none of a flip-pant and frivolous catching after a thing so holy as the love and esteem of a people. They will, perhaps, the more readily perceive this, if they consider, at the same time, that the whole course of schooling which I, as an individual, have gone through before the eyes of the nation, is, after all, the same which the nation collectively had to undergo, and is still partially undergoing, in its efforts after political knowledge and thorough political education;—and the worst they will have to allege against me will probably, in the end, be limited to this one fact, that I am now come down from the 'loftier watch-tower' to the 'battlements of party.' To this charge I must certainly plead guilty. Firmly and unflinchingly I take my stand by the side of those who are resolute to breast the current of despotism. No more life for me without freedom! However the lot of this book and my own may fall; so long as the oppression endures under which I see my country suffering, my heart will bleed, and heave indignantly, and my mouth and my arm shall not weary of doing what they may towards the winning of better days. Thereto help me, next under God, the confidence of my fellow-countrymen! My face is turned towards the future."

The fine hearty song of which we are about to offer a translation, has the first claim on our attention, not more for its intrinsic excellence than in consideration of its having been honoured with the *veto* of the Upper and Lower Courts of Censorship.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

*O SAY not, believe not, the gloom of the grave
 For ever has closed upon Freedom's glad light,
 For that sealed are the lips of the honest and brave,
 And the scornors of baseness are robbed of their right.
 Though the true to their oaths into exile are driven,
 Or, weary of wrong, with their own hands have given
 Their blood to their jailers, their spirits to Heaven—
 Yet immortal is Freedom, immortal is Right.
 Freedom and Right!

* O, glaubt nicht, sie ruhe fortan bei den
 Todten,
 O, glaubt nicht sie meide fortan dies
 Geschlecht,
 Weil muthigen Sprechern das Wort
 man verboten
 Und Nichtdelatoren verweigert das
 Recht!
 Nein, ob in's Exil auch die Eidfesten
 schritten;
 Ob, müde der Willkür, die endlos sie
 litten,
 Sich Andre im Kerker die Adern
 zerschnitten—
 Doch lebt noch die Freiheit, und mit
 ihr das Recht!
 —Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Nicht mach' uns die einzelne Schlappe
 verlegen!
 Sie fördert die Siege des Ganzen erst
 recht;
 Das wirkt dass wir doppelt uns rühren
 und regen,
 Noch lauter es rufen: die Freiheit!
 das Recht!
 Denn ewig sind Eins diese heiligen
 Zweie!
 Sie halten zusammen in Trutz und in
 Treue:
 Wo das Recht ist, da wohnen von selber
 schon Freie,
 Und immer, wo Freie sind, waltet das
 Recht!
 —Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Und auch das sei ein Trost uns: Nie
 flogen, wie heuer,
 Die freudigen Zwei von Gefecht zu
 Gefecht!
 Nie stuhete voller ihr Odem und freier,
 Durch die Seele selbst brausend dem
 niedrigsten Knecht!
 Sie machen die Rande der Welt und
 der Lände,

Sie wecken und werben von Strande zu
 Strande,
 Schon sprengten sie kühn des Leibeigenen
 Bande,
 Und sagten zu denen des Negers: Zer-
 brecht!

—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Ja, ihr Banner entflattert und weht
 allerorten,
 Dass die Unbill gesühnt sei, die Schande
 gerächt!
 Ja, und siegen sie hier nicht, so siegen
 sie dorten,
 Und am Ende doch siegen sie gründlich
 und ächt!

O Gott, welch ein Kranz will sie glori-
 reich dann zieren!

All' die Länber, die Völker im Fahnen-
 tuch führen!

Die Olive des Griechen, das Kleeblatt
 des Iren,

Und vor Allen germanisches Eichen-
 geflecht!

—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Wohl ruhm dann schon manche, die
 jetzo noch leiden—

Doch ihr Schlummer ist süß, und ihr
 Ruhm ist gerecht!

Und licht an den Gräbern stehen die
 Beiden,

Die wir ihnen auch danken—die Frei-
 heit! das Recht!

Unterdes hebt die Gläser! Ihr Wohl,
 die da stritten!

Die da stritten, und muthig in's Elend
 drum schritten!

Die das Recht uns verfochten, und Un-
 recht drum litten!

Hoch ewig das Recht—und die Freiheit
 durch's Recht!

—Die Freiheit durch's Recht!

Let us not be by partial defeats disconcerted ;
 They will make the grand triumph more signal and bright ;
 Thus whetted, our zeal will be doubly exerted,
 And the cry be raised louder of Freedom and Right!
 For these two are one, and they mock all endeavour
 Of despots their holy alliance to sever,
 Where there's Right be ye sure there are freemen, and ever
 Where freemen are found, will God prosper the Right.
 Freedom and Right !

And let this thought, too, cheer us,—more proudly defiant
 The twins never bore them in fight after fight,
 Never breathed forth a spirit more joyous and buoyant,
 Making heroes of dastards in nature's despite.
 Round the wide earth they're marching; their message they've spoken,
 And nations leap up at the heart-thrilling token ;
 For the serf and the slave they have battled, and broken
 The fetters that hung upon black limbs and white.
 Freedom and Right !

And battle they still, where the voice of earth's sorrow
 Tells of wrongs to avenge, of oppressors to smite;
 And conquerors this day, or conquered to-morrow,
 Fear ye not, in the end they will conquer outright.
 Oh! to see the bright wreath round their victor brows shining,
 All the leaves that are dear to the nations combining,
 Erin's shamrock, the olive of Hellas entwining
 With the oak-leaf, proud emblem of Germany's might !
 Freedom and Right !

There are sore aching bosoms and dim eyes of weepers
 Will be gathered to rest ere that day see the light ;
 But ye two will hallow the graves of the sleepers,
 O ye blest ones, we owe to them, Freedom and Right !
 Fill your glasses meanwhile :—To the hearts that were true, boys,
 To the cause that they loved when the storm fiercest blew, boys,
 Who had wrong for their portion, but won right for you, boys,
 Drink to them, to the Right, and to Freedom through Right !
 Freedom through Right !

These lines and a translation of Burns's brave song, ' A man's a man for a' that,' were absolutely prohibited for reasons which we cite as a curiosity in their way. They are as follows:

" The fundamental notions from which both poems proceed are in their clear and pure conception and application perfectly true, and may even be uttered and extolled in a poetical form. But such a turn and import is given them in the said poems that a provocative appeal is thereby made to the tendencies in conflict with the existing social and political order of things, the first poem, namely, addressing itself to false

ideas of freedom, the second to the mutually hostile opposition of the several ranks of society: wherefore these poems are manifestly at variance with the principles of the censorship as laid down in the fourth article of the Instructions."^{*}

And it is in the teeth of such damning evidence as this that here and there some crotchety Englishman can affect to mourn over the poet's descent into the ignoble region of political strife! As if freedom were not the living breath of all true poetry, or as if there could be found champion more fit than the poet himself to defend the dignity and the existence of his noble art. Shut up your poet in a cage, a golden one if you will, give him a court censor for a singing master, and forbid him to warble his native notes as his own tuneful instincts prompt him, and then rejoice as you may in his performance. If he obeys, you will have mere tricks of sound, suited to tickle the ear of a Sybarite, but from which every manly hearer will turn away disgusted. But, thank heaven, the true poet will not, cannot obey; his voice will be heard indignantly protesting, warning, chiding, or it will be silent for ever. "Poetry," forsooth, "ought not to be degraded to common tasks." So says a contemporary: but is it a common task to rouse the mighty heart of a whole people, to put a living soul into the unformed mass of popular feeling, a voice into the inarticulate moanings of a nation's woe, to send forth winged words that shall pierce the despot's ear, despite his triple guard of pomp, custom, and authority? What powers were too great for a task like this; or what gift can the patriot deem too precious to bestow on his suffering country? "Rougher weapons may suffice for this strife;" but weapons must be wielded by strong hands, and hands are nothing without hearts. Music, like poetry, is an incorporeal thing; yet men ply the rude trade of war to its invigorating strains. No great poet, from Homer downwards, has ever been indifferent to the social and civil interests of his own times; not a few have drawn their noblest inspirations from the battle between right and might, waged before their own eyes. True it is, that Germany has been much infested of late by a tribe of political poetasters, journalists run mad, who write volumes of newspaper diatribes and leading articles in rhyme: but these

* Die Grundgedanken, von welchen beide Gedichte ausgehen, sind bei klarer und reiner Auffassung und Anwendung vollkommen wahr, und mögen auch in poetischer Form ausgesprochen und verherrlicht werden. Es ist aber denselben in vorliegenden Gedichten eine solche Wendung und Beziehung gegeben, dass damit den gegen die bestehende, sociale und politische, Ordnung der Dinge ankämpfenden Tendenzen—in dem ersten den falschen Freiheits-Ideen, in dem andern der feindlichen Entgegensetzung der verschiedenen Stände—in aufregender Weise das Wort geredet wird, wesshalb die Censurwidrigkeit dieser Gedichte nach Artikel iv. der Censur-Instruction sich klar herausstellt.

BERLIN, den 13 Februar, 1844.

Das königl. Ober-Censurgericht, BORNEMANN.

men mistake their vocation; Poetry disowns them; the man whom she marks for her own will not dishonour his high calling, whatever be the field in which he is pleased to exercise it. Let us, then, deal trustingly with Genius; it can walk safely by its own transcendent light, and needs not the farthing candle held up to it by critical pedantry.

Revenons à nos moutons. In a parallel between the character of Hamlet, and that of the Germans in general, Freiligrath places bodily before his countrymen that cardinal defect to which their political degradation is before all things ascribable.

HAMLET.

Deutschland ist Hamlet!—Ernst und stumm

In seinen Thoren jede Nacht
Geht die begrabene Freiheit um,
Und winkt dem Männern auf der Wacht.

Da steht die Hohe, blank bewehrt,
Und sagt dem Zaudrer, der noch zweifelt:

“Sei mir ein Rächer, zieh’ dein Schwert!

Man hat mir Gift in’s Ohr geträufelt!”

Er horcht mit zitterndem Gebein,
Bis ihm die Wahrheit schrecklich tagt;
Von Stund’ an will er Rächer sein—
Ob er es wirklich endlich wagt?
Er sinnt und träumt und weiss nicht Rath;

Kein Mittel, das die Brust ihm stähle!
Zu einer frischen, muth’gen That
Fehlt ihm die frische, muth’ge Seele!

Das macht, er hat zu viel gehockt;
Er lag und las zu viel im Bett.
Er wurde, weil das Blut ihm stockt,
Zu kurz von Athem und zu fett.
Er spann zu viel gelehrten Werg,
Sein bestes Thun ist eben Denken;
Er stack zu lang in Wittenberg,
Im Hörsaal oder in den Schenken.

Drum fehlt ihm die Entschlossenheit;
Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath—er stellt sich toll,

Hält Monologe lang und breit,
Und bringt in Verse seinen Groll;
Stutzt ihn zur Pantomime zu,
Und fällt’s ihm einmal ein, zu fechten:
So muss Polonius-Kotzebue
Den Stich empfangen statt des Rechtsen.

DEUTSCHLAND is Hamlet. Nightly round

His walls doth buried Freedom stalk;
With mute appeal, in woe profound,
Crossing the warders on their walk.
There stands the ghost in steel arrayed,
And to the doubting falterer saith,
“Be my avenger, draw thy blade!
My sleeping ear was drugged to death.”

The story of that deed accurst
Through all his tortured soul doth send

A dreadful light, a burning thirst
For vengeance:—aye, but mark the end!

He ponders, plans; what should he do?
His weak heart wavers, doubt assails him;

For deed of prompt and vigorous hue
The prompt and vigorous spirit fails him.

He has lived in fact too like a drome,
Lying and reading long abed;
His blood wants motion, and he’s grown
Fat, heavy, scant of breath; his head
With metaphysics crammed; a mere
Do-nothing, transcendental thinker;
Of Wittenberg, thy lore, thy bear,
He has been a too assiduous drinker.

So lacking resolution, he
Pretends he’s crazed, trusts all to time,
Soliloquises plentifully,
And breathes his choler out in rhyme:
In pantomime he vents it too;
And, once seized with a fighting fit,
He sticks Polonius-Kotzebue,
And lets the right man go unhit.

So trägt er träumerisch sein Weh'
Verhöhnt sich selber in's Geheim,
Lässt sich verschicken über See,
Und kehrt mit Stichelreden heim;
Verschiebt ein Arsenal von Spott,
Spricht von geflickten Lumpenkön'-
gen—
Doch eine That? Behüte Gott!
Nie hatt er Eine zu beschön'gen!

Bis endlich er die Klinge packt,
Ernst zu erfüllen seinem Schwur;
Doch ach—das ist im letzten Akt,
Und streckt ihn selbst zu Boden nur!
Bei den Erschlagen, die sein Hass
Preis gab der Schmach und dem Ver-
derben,
Liegt er entseelt, und Fortinbras
Rückt klirrend ein, das Reich zu
erben.—

Gottlob, noch sind wir nicht so weit!
Vier Akte sahn wir spielen erst.
Hab' Acht, Held, das die Aehnlichkeit
Nicht auch im fünften du bewährst!
Wir hoffen früh, wir hoffen spät:
O raff' dich auf, und komm' zu Streiche,
Und hilf entschlossen, weil es geht,
Zu ihrem Recht der fieh'nden Leiche!

Mach' den Moment zu Nutze dir!
Noch ist es Zeit—drein mit dem
Schwert,
Eh' mit französischen Rapier
Dich schnöd vergiftet ein Laert!
Eh' rasselnd naht ein nordisch Heer,
Das es für sich die Erbschaft nehme!
O sieh dich vor—ich zweifle sehr,
Ob diesmal es aus Norweg käme!

Nur ein Entschluss! Aufsteht die
Bahn—
Trist in die Schranken kühn und dreist!
Denk an den Schwur, den du gethan,
Und rühe deines Vaters Geist!
Wozu diese Grübeln für und für?
Doch—darf ich sohellen, alter Träumer?
Bin ich ja selbst ein Stück von dir
Du ew'ger Zauderer und Säumer!

Thus lives he sadly, dreamily,
And still his own faint heart im-
peaches;
He lets them send him over sea,
And comes back armed with—caustic
speeches.
If bitter words could kill the king,
None more expert than he to use 'em;
But downright action? That's a thing
Of which his worst foes can't accuse
him.

At last his sword is fairly out:
Something he will do now or never.
Alas, five acts to bring about
This tardy and ill-starred endeavour!
Lifeless, beside his felon foes,
The self-undone, behold he lies;
And Fortinbras, while none oppose,
Walks in and makes the realm his
prize.

Thank God, we're not yet come to that,
Our fifth act is not yet begun.
Beware, my hero, lest as pat
Even to the end the likeness run!
Here sit we hoping, hoping still;
O for one proof of manhood! Haste
With heart and hand, with wit and will
To right the poor ghost while thou
mayst.

Strike while 'tis time; strike bravely
now!
Ere treacherous Laertes come
With poisoned blade from France, and
thou
Be foully slain; ere trump and drum
An army from the north proclaim
Heirs of thy spoils;—as for the region
Whence we may now expect the same,
I greatly doubt if it's Norwegian.

But one resolve! Away with sloth!
Tread valiantly the path before thee!
Bethink thee of thy sacred oath;
Think whose the voice that doth im-
plore thee!
Why all this quibbling sophistry?
But can I chide, fantastic schemer?
Myself am but a part of thee,
Thou evermore unready dreamer!

We had marked several other pieces for translation, but their length obliges us to omit them all but one; this we have chosen as well for its hopeful spirit as for the ingenious manner in which it moralises a local phenomenon, somewhat perhaps as Jaques might have done if ever his habitual melancholy was

interrupted by a revulsion of cheerfulness. Willingly do we close our paper with words of good omen. Before he could venture to publish his last volume, Freiligrath was compelled to put himself beyond the reach of royal vengeance, and he is now living in exile in Brussels. Whether or not his foot shall ever again press his native soil, we trust the time will come when truth, honour, honesty, and genuine, not spurious, loyalty shall cease to be regarded as crimes against the state in any land where the German tongue is spoken.

WISPERWIND.

Der Wisperwind, der Wisperwind,
Den kennt bis Oestrich jedes Kind !
Des Morgens früh von vier bis zehn,
Da spürt man allermeist sein Wehn !
Stromauf aus Wald und Wiesengrund
Haucht ihn der Wisper kühler Mund !

Ja, immer, immer nur stromauf
Fährt er mit Pfeifen und Geschnauf;
Von unten jetzt und allezeit
Braus't er nach oben kampfbereit ;
Nie mit der Welle geht sein Strich,
Nur ihr entgegen stemmt er sich !

Er macht sich auf wo Hütten stehn ;
Wo Hütten stehn und Mühlen gehn.
Des Bauern Strohdach ohne Ruh'
Schickt ihn der Burg des Fürsten zu ;
Anfährt er trotzig, sagt mein Ferg,
Schloss Rheinstein und Johannisberg.

Er saus't und wüthet um sie her,
Frisch und gradaus wie keiner mehr ;
Er schiebt den Teufel sich um Gunst,
Er pfeift was auf den blauen Dunst,
Der trüb um ihre Zinnen hangt—
Er pfeift, bis klar der Himmel prangt.

Ja, heiter wird auf ihn der Tag ;
Drum braus' er, was er brausen mag !
Er selbst und noch ein Wisperwind :—
Ein neuer Tag der Welt beginnt !
Die Hähne krähen, der Wald erwacht,
Ein Wispern hat sich aufgemacht !

Von unten keck nach oben auch ;
Zieht dieser andern Wisper Hauch
Auf aus den Tiefen zu den Höhn ;
Erhebt sich frisch auch dieses Wehn ;
Strohdach und Werkstatt ohne Ruh'
Schicken der Fürstenburg es zu !

THE WHISPERWIND.

The Whisperwind is known to all
From north to south both great and small.

The banks of Rhine at morning seek,
You'll feel its freshness on your cheek.
Upstream it blows, from four till ten,
From dewy mead and forest glen.

Aye, piping, whistling, loud and shrill,
Its course is upward, upward still ;
Like one that scorns an easy life,
And rushes gaily into strife,
It will not with the current go,
But ever in its teeth doth blow.

Where cabins stand you'll hear it sound,
Where cabins stand and mills go round ;
From strawroofed cots away it scours,
And dashing at your princely towers,
It shakes them with its sturdy brawl,
Rheinstein, Johannisberg, and all.

A saucy wind ! 'twill budge no inch
Out of its course, nor cares a pinch
Of snuff for etiquette or forms :
Around the battlements it storms,
Knocking their gathered mists about,
Till clear at last the sky shines out.

Aye, clear and cloudless grows the day ;
So let it blow as blow it may !
Itself, and one more of its kin,
O then indeed will day begin !
Loud crow the cocks ; the woods are stirred ;
Another whisper hath been heard !

And upward, upward, bold and strong,
This other whisper speeds along :
From lowly spots it wings its flight
Aloft to every proudest height,
And forth from cot and workshop scours
To whistle round a monarch's towers.

Da hangen trüb die Nebel noch;
Geduld nur, es verjagt sie doch!
Wie zornig sie auch dräu'n, wie wirr,
Es lässt nicht ab, es wird nicht irr!
Mit kräft'gen Blasen, Ruck auf Ruck,
Macht es zunichte Dunst und Druck!

Hab' Dank, du frisch und freudig
Wehn!
Hab' Dank, hab' Dank—o, wär' es
Zehn!
Ja, Zehn und rings der Himmel rein!
Jetzt, mein' ich, wird es Sechse sein!—
Der Wisperwind, der Wisperwind,
Den kennt bis Oestrich jedes Kind!

Dim hang the mists those towers upon;
But patience, they will soon begone!
For all so big they look and frown,
The Whisper will not be put down,
But charging at them, blast on blast,
Scatters their sullen heaps at last.

So may it be! amen, amen!
Blow on good wind—O were it ten!
O were it ten, and clear the sky!
'Twill now methinks be six well nigh.—
The Whisperwind! 'Tis known to all
From north to south both great and
small.

ART. VI.—*Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.* By
Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. SLEEMAN, of the Bengal Army.
2 vols. London: Hatchard and Son. 1844.

THE popularity of Indian topics is increasing rapidly. Not a month, scarcely a week, passes without bringing along with it some new work on Indian topography, manners, or politics. The growth of the interest which, as a people, we take in Eastern subjects bears a very close analogy to the growth of our empire in the East. At first it was exceedingly feeble. Few cared to know what was doing in those remote regions, to bring intelligence from which required the lapse of more than half a year. The news, in fact, was already old before it reached us. We, therefore, troubled ourselves comparatively little about it, and exhausted our attention on matters which, though of much smaller dimensions, eclipsed the far greater objects lying at a distance. By degrees the circle of our power in India was enlarged, and its augmentation was accompanied by an enlarged sympathy at home. A sort of indefinite consciousness pervaded the public mind, that we had sown the seeds of great things in Asia, and might expect some day, no one exactly knew how or when, to behold them ripen into the glorious harvest of empire. Out of this feeling a particular department of our literature sprang up. A connexion was established between India and Great Britain which, obviously promising to be permanent, suggested to speculative men the necessity of explaining its origin, and pointing out how it might be rendered most profitable to both countries. For a while the class of persons affected by these speculations was exceedingly small. It required much leisure and severe habits of study to be able to comprehend the vast fabric of Indian society, with its strange

and mysterious religion, its intricate system of castes, its various forms of government, its peculiar civilisation, the mixture which it exhibits of refinement and barbarism, its extraordinary population at once heterogeneous and uniform, its history losing itself in the obscurity of the fabulous ages. Writers, however, persevered, and readers gradually presented themselves. One topic first and then another was investigated and explained. People perceived there was beauty and grandeur where at first they could discover nothing but a chaos of uncouth forms; and a sympathy was created for that modification of humanity which peculiar influences have invested with a hue of bronze. In this way we have arrived imperceptibly at the conviction, that the Hindús are our fellow-subjects, we might now perhaps almost say our fellow-countrymen, since India and England are only different parts of the same empire which, connected together by the ocean, studs the surface of the globe with large spaces rendered healthy and populous by industry, and radiant with the light of freedom.

We are now perhaps in danger of remaining in ignorance of many things connected with India, from the notion that because much has been written, our knowledge is already sufficiently extensive. In reality, however, we have a great deal still to learn, as any one who reads Colonel Sleeman's '*Rambles and Recollections*' may perceive. No doubt some topics are dwelt upon in these volumes which have already occupied the pens of other writers; but mingled with these are many curious revelations of Indian society, which will probably surprise even those who consider themselves best acquainted with the East. It is implied in this that Colonel Sleeman is an acute and careful observer. He is much more. United with remarkable abilities, we find in him a forbearing and tolerant disposition, a keen sense of what is due to the subject races of India, and a generous desire to make amends to them, by kindness and good government, for what they may have lost on the score of national independence. For this reason we regard it as a duty strongly to recommend his work to the public. To say that it is replete with information of the most valuable kind, would not be to state half its merits; because, while enlarging the sphere of our knowledge, and correcting the judgment, it perpetually entertains the fancy with rich and brilliant pictures, stores the memory with lively anecdotes, and warmly interests all the better feelings of our nature in behalf of the Hindús. It has been made, we believe, a reproach against Colonel Sleeman, that he has followed no strict method in the arrangement of his materials. In some sense this may be admitted to be a fault, though the general reader will scarcely object to it; since, through what is deemed a delinquency against the ordinary rules of art, the object of all art has

been attained, which is at once to administer instruction and delight.

Notwithstanding what has been said, we are far from adopting, on all subjects, the views of Colonel Sleeman, who is often most whimsically inconsistent. No man can be more thoroughly convinced than he that our government is the source of innumerable blessings to the people of India. He seizes upon every occasion that presents itself to reiterate, that it is the best system of rule they have ever known. Nay, he proves it by unanswerable arguments, and undeniable facts, and assures us, that the better and more enlightened portion of the natives frankly acknowledge it. From which might be inferred, that Colonel Sleeman advocates the extinction of those Hindú and Mohamedan despotisms which still deform the face of society in India, and inflict so much misery upon their subjects. Here, however, our author's humanity forsakes him. He ceases to be the friend of the Hindús, and stands forward, according to his own views, exclusively English. He would not have us extend the advantages of our rule to every part of India, for the most extraordinary of all reasons, that it would deprive our own subjects of opportunity for comparing their condition with that of their neighbours, and feeling, by contrast, how much happier they are. This is an atrocious fallacy, which assumes various forms according to the temper of those who put it forward. We have, in former articles, exposed its wickedness when made use of, to show that the native governments ought to be suffered to exist in order to supply us with something to fight with, and keep the bayonets of our sipahis from rusting. It assumes a new phase in Colonel Sleeman's theory, but is the same fallacy still. He fancies and endeavours to persuade his reader that the people of India would not be able to appreciate good government or know when they were kindly treated, if they had not perpetually before their eyes the detestable examples of oppression and tyranny supplied by the native states. His arguments, stated in his own language, are as follows:—

“There are two reasons why we should leave these two small native states under their own chiefs, even when the claim to the succession is feeble or defective; first, because it tends to relieve the minds of other native chiefs from the apprehension, already too prevalent among them, that we desire, by degrees, to absorb them all, because we think our government would do better for the people; and, secondly, because, by having them as a contrast, we afford to the people of India the opportunity of observing the superior advantages of our rule.

“‘This distance lends enchantment to the view’ in governments as well as in landscapes, and if the people of India, instead of the living proofs of what perilous things native governments, whether Hindú or

Mohammedan, in reality are, were acquainted with nothing but sur-pictures of them as are to be found in their histories and the imaginations of their priests and learned men (who lose much of their influence and importance under our rule), they would certainly, with proneness like theirs to delight in the marvellous, be far from satisfied, as they now are, that they never had a government so good as ours, and that they never could hope for another so good were ours removed."

With regard to the first of Colonel Sleeman's reasons it can only be supposed to possess weight by those who believe, that our empire may be endangered by fostering such apprehensions as he describes among native rulers. In reality, however, there are no princes in India from whom we have any thing to fear. They may believe what they please, and imagine what they please; their belief and their imaginings must always be matter of indifference to us, so long as we rule our own subjects wisely and justly. Besides, there is not and cannot be a native chief in all India who does not know as well as the governor-general himself, that the natural tendency of our system is to spread rapidly and overthrow, one after another, the various petty despotisms which stand in our way. The fact unquestionably and obviously is so, and no hypocritical show of moderation on our part could possibly disguise the truth from any who have an interest in becoming acquainted with it. Unless defeated by some rival state and driven out from India, it is and must be our policy to extend and consolidate our power there. The native princes cannot possibly withstand this tendency. Every day their means of resistance are diminished, while ours are multiplied and augmented. Nothing, therefore, that we could do would render them more inclined than they are at present to cabal and combine against us. Our security does not consist in their good will, but in their utter incapacity to harm us. We shall put them all down, and they know it, and await their certain destiny with the same composure that men look forward to the stroke of death. They are sure it will come, but cannot foretell the day or the hour, and therefore, in the meantime, enjoy themselves.

There is nothing to which Colonel Sleeman appears to be more inimical than the lust of conquest; and he expends a great deal of virtuous indignation against all who have fought for the extension of empire, from Alexander the Great to Sir John Malcolm. For the man of Macedon we need just now make no apology. A good deal has been said of him first or last, and, we dare say, the world has finally made up its mind respecting his merits or demerits. Not so with Sir John Malcolm. This distinguished Indian statesman is still but imperfectly understood. He was not by any means, however, what Colonel Sleeman would insinuate, a mere physical force conqueror. On the contrary, as far as we

have been able to comprehend, either his writings or his actions, his policy was precisely that which we must eventually follow if we desire to remain masters of India. Sir John Malcolm advocated the utmost forbearance towards the native princes, was most anxious that they should be treated with consideration, and desired, above all things, that in our dealings with them we should not only be just but merciful. At the same time he felt, and, indeed, could not avoid feeling, that our duties as a great nation by no means consisted in consulting the humours of nawabs and rajahs, but that, besides what might be due to ourselves, we had carefully to consider what was due to the people of India, invariably oppressed and rendered miserable when subjected to the sway of those rulers.

Latterly the conscience of the country has been a good deal disturbed by highly coloured pictures of our warlike proceedings in India. We have been represented as a conquering caste overthrowing venerable institutions with the sword, and violently putting an end to mild and paternal governments. We profoundly reverence the solicitude of the public, that things should not be so. Lord Ellenborough no doubt was guilty of very extraordinary caprices; but, with the exception of these, there is no act of our Indian government which might not be clearly shown to be for the advantage of mankind. Properly to estimate what we have already effected for India, it is necessary to understand the state of society which existed all over the country before we became masters of it, and which, in spite of all our efforts, exist still in many parts, and will long continue to defy our utmost vigilance. Colonel Sleeman supplies numerous illustrations both of the weakness of the former governments, and of the fearful demoralisation of the people, which may be regarded as one of its necessary consequences.

It would not, however, be dealing fairly with the subject were we to confine ourselves to the political impotence of the native rulers. That might, perhaps, be regarded rather as their misfortune than their fault. They were active perpetrators of iniquity, and still are wherever the power to be so remains with them. Not content with the revenues which the most refined arts of extortion can wring from their subjects, they constantly keep in their pay gangs of robbers and murderers, who spread themselves over the whole surface of India to commit crimes and collect booty, with which they retreat to the territories of their patrons, who afford them protection for a share of the spoil. These organised bands of criminals abound more especially in Central India, whence they issue perpetually to spread assassination and terror through the neighbouring districts of the Company's territories.

It was remarked long ago, by a very accurate observer of human society, that the vices of the great constitute the patterns which minor villains copy. It cannot accordingly surprise us to find, that where princes do not refuse to profit by offences, which in civilised communities would bring both principals and accessories to a shameful death, the lax and profligate of inferior grades should imitate their example. The great travelling gangs of stabbers and poisoners maintained by the sovereigns excite the envy of their ambitious subjects, who tread diligently in their footsteps. Consequently assassins of various kinds prevail everywhere. Sometimes, when circumstances render it practicable, they club their courage and ingenuity, and do business on a large scale; sometimes, when their means are limited, their operations are carried on by a few partners; and occasionally, when the stars are exceedingly unpropitious, they take to the road singly or in families, and inflict upon their honest neighbours what suffering or sorrow they can. We know that not two centuries ago, the passion for poisoning prevailed widely in a neighbouring country, infecting even ladies of the highest rank, and urging them into crimes which, in some cases, were expiated on the scaffold. It will therefore scarcely surprise us to behold destitute and desperate persons, among a people besotted by the worst of superstitions, which has almost obliterated from the mind the distinction between vice and virtue, perpetrating deeds which make us shudder with horror. Colonel Sleeman's book is full of examples of such atrocities, which deserve, all of them, public attention, because they are to be imputed in part to the religion, but chiefly to the native governments of the Hindús. We select a single example, which may be regarded as one of the most touching narratives of the kind ever laid before the public:—

“ People of great sensibility with hearts overcharged with sorrow, often appear cold and callous to those who seem to feel no interest in their afflictions. An instance of the kind I will here mention; it is one of the thousand I have met with in my Indian rambles. It was mentioned to me one day that an old Fakeer, who lived in a small hut close by a little shrine on the side of the road near the town of Moradabad, had lately lost his son, poisoned by a party of Dhutooreas, or professional poisoners, that now infest every road throughout India. I sent for him and requested him to tell me his story, as I might perhaps be able to trace the murderers. He did so, and a Persian writer took it down, while I listened with all the coldness of a magistrate who wanted merely to learn facts, and have nothing whatever to do with feelings. This is his story literally:—

“ I reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and a half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers and people of the sur-

rounding villages. About six weeks ago I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about ten years of age, when a man came up with his wife, his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, and the other a little younger, than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry and ate one cake and a half; I ate only a half one, for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy, and it was hanging in the branch of a tree that shaded the shrine, when these people came. My son and I soon became stupified. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy. I found him still breathing; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up and wandered about all night picking up straws, I know not why, I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me in the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me; but they had no hope of my son. I was then taken to the police of the town; but the landholders had begged me to say nothing about the poisoners, lest it might get them and the village community into trouble. The man was tall and fair, and about thirty-five, the woman short, stout, and fair, and about thirty; two of her teeth projected a good deal; the boy's eyelids were much diseased.'

"All this he told me without the slightest appearance of emotion, for he had not seen any appearance of it in me or my Persian writer, and a casual European observer would perhaps have exclaimed, 'What brutes these natives are! the fellow feels no more for the loss of his only son than he would for that of a goat!' But I knew the feeling was there. The Persian writer put up his paper and closed his inkstand, and the following dialogue, word for word, took place between me and the old man.

"*Question.*—'What made you conceal the real cause of your boy's death, and tell the police that he had been killed as well as eaten by wolves?'

"*Answer.*—'The landholders told me that they could never bring back my boy to life, and the whole village would be worried to death by them if I made any mention of the poison.'

"*Question.*—'And if they were to be punished for this they would annoy you?'

"*Answer.*—'Certainly; but I believe they advised me for my own good as well as their own.'

"*Question.*—'And if they should turn you away from that place, could you not make another?'

"*Answer.*—'Are not the bones of my poor boy there; and the trees that he and I planted and watched together for ten years?'

"*Question.*—'Have you no other relations? What became of your boy's mother?'

“Answer.”—‘She died at that place when my boy was only three months old. I have brought him up from that age; he was my only child, and he has been poisoned for the sake of the blanket!’ (Here the poor old man sobbed as if his heart-strings would break, and I was obliged to make him sit down on the floor while I walked up and down the room.)

“Question.”—‘Had you any children before?’

“Answer.”—‘Yes, sir. We had several, but they all died before their mother. We had been reduced to beggary by misfortunes, and I had become too weak and ill to work. I buried my poor wife’s bones by the side of the road where she died, raised the little shrine over them, planted the trees, and there have I sat ever since by her side, with our poor boy in my bosom. It is a sad place for wolves, and we used often to hear them howling outside; but my poor boy was never afraid of them when he knew I was near him: God preserved him to me, till the sight of the new blanket, for I had nothing else in the world, made these people poison us! I bought it for him only a few days before, when the rains were coming on, out of my savings, it was all I had.’ (The poor old man sobbed again and sat down while I paced the room, lest I should sob also; my heart was becoming a little too large for its apartment.) ‘I will never,’ continued he, ‘quit the bones of my wife and child, and the tree that he and I watered for so many years. I have not many years to live; there will I spend them, whatever the landholders may do—they advised me for my own good, and will never turn me out.’

“I found all the poor man stated to be true; the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour to destroy the poor old man and his son, for the sake of the new blanket, which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree and carried away with them.”

The above anecdote may be said to exemplify at once the evil and the good side of the Hindú character. We shall now extract a passage which, though it may give rise to regret, that a people, in whom feelings so kindly prevail, should be subjected to the sway of so frightful a superstition, will at the same time exhibit to us the manner in which they sometimes contrive to extract a blessing, out of what in itself must be regarded as a curse. Every body has heard of the numerous pilgrimages undertaken by our Hindú subjects, often, no doubt, to gratify the passion for a wandering life, often from much worse motives. Occasionally, however, the devotee is sent forth on his long and weary errand by feelings of which the noblest people on earth might be justly proud. Colonel Sleeman supplies us with a short relation of the pilgrimage of a whole family, prompted by these better motives, which our readers will, doubtless, be glad to find here.

“One morning the old Jemadar, the marriage of whose mango-grove with the Jasmine I have already described, brought his two sons and a nephew to pay their respects to me on their return to Jubbulpoor from a pilgrimage to Jaggannat’h. The sickness of the youngest, a nice boy

of about six years of age, had caused this pilgrimage. The eldest son was about twenty years of age, and the nephew about eighteen.

"After the usual compliments, I addressed the eldest son. 'And so your brother was really very ill when you set out?'

"'Very ill, sir, hardly able to stand without assistance.'

"'What was the matter with him?'

"'It was what we call a drying up, or withering of the system.'

"'What were the symptoms?'

"'Dysentery.'

"'Good. And what cured him, as he now seems quite well?'

"'Our mother and father vowed five pair of baskets of Ganges water to Gugadhur, an incarnation of the god Seva, at the temple of Byjoonath, and a visit to the temple of Jaggannath.'

"'And having fulfilled these vows your brother recovered?'

"'He had quite recovered, sir, before we set out from Jaggannath.'

"'And who carried the baskets?'

"'My mother, wife, cousin, myself, and little brother, all carried one pair each.'

"'This little boy could not, surely, carry a pair of baskets all the way?'

"'No, sir, we had a pair of small baskets made especially for him, and when within about three miles of the temple, he got down from his little pony, took up his baskets and carried them to the god; up to within three miles of the temple the baskets were carried by a Brahmin servant, whom we had taken with us to cook our food. We had with us another Brahmin, to whom we had to pay only a trifle, as his principal wages were made up of fees from families in the town of Jubbulpoor, who had made similar vows, and gave him so much a bottle for the water he carried in their several names for the god.'

"'Did you give all your water to the Byjoonath temple, or carry some with you to Jaggannath?'

"'No water is ever offered to Jaggannath, sir, he is an incarnation of Vishnoo.'

"'And does Vishnoo never drink?'

"'He drinks, sir, no doubt; but he gets nothing but offerings of food and money.'

"'And what is the distance you went?'

"'From this to Bindachul, on the Ganges, two hundred and thirty miles; thence to Byjoonath, a hundred and fifty miles; and thence to Jaggannath, some four or five hundred miles more.'

"'And your mother and wife walked all the way with their baskets?'

"'All the way, sir, except when either of them got sick, when she mounted the pony with my little brother till she felt well again.'

"Here were four members of a respectable family walking a pilgrimage of between twelve and fourteen hundred miles, going and coming, and carrying burdens on their shoulders, for the recovery of the poor sick boy, and millions of families are every year doing the same from all parts of India. The change of air and exercise cured the boy,

and no doubt did them all a great deal of good, but no physician in the world, but a religious one, could have persuaded them to undertake such a journey for the same purpose."

It would have afforded us much satisfaction to lay in this place before our readers all those passages of Colonel Sleeman's 'Rambles' which serve to illustrate the character of the natives of India. But this we find to be impossible. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to such extracts as may serve to show the disadvantages under which they always laboured till Providence conducted the English into their country. We beg it may be borne in mind that Colonel Sleeman is not the advocate of conquest, but that, on the contrary, he contends strenuously for the upholding of the native governments, and directs all the force of his political economy, such as it is, against Sir John Malcolm, and all who agree with us in thinking that even for Hindús good government is more desirable than bad. His theory, however, does not betray him into the suppression of facts. His arguments look one way, his testimony the other. He is, consequently, a more unexceptionable witness than if his narratives were given in support of the hypothesis which, in our opinion, they are alone calculated to uphold. Our conviction at any rate is, that the generality of impartial persons will rise from the perusal of Colonel Sleeman's book thoroughly persuaded that the sooner all India is placed under the mild and beneficent sway of Great Britain the better will it be for those who inhabit it. Frequently the most forcible illustrations of the pernicious influence of the indigenous despotisms are not found in political disquisitions, but occur by the way where the author is describing manners and customs, or recounting circumstances which he observed in moving along. For example, in giving a description of the prodigious extravagance of which Hindús of all ranks are guilty in the celebration of their children's marriages, he says:—

"One of the evils which press most upon Indian society is the necessity which long usage has established, of squandering large sums in marriage ceremonies, instead of giving what they can to their children to establish them, and enable them to provide for their families, and rise in the world; parents everywhere feel bound to squander all they have, and all they can borrow, in the festivities of their marriages. Men in India could never feel secure of being permitted freely to enjoy their property under despotic and unsettled governments, the only kind of governments they knew or hoped for; and much of the means that would otherwise have been laid out in forming substantial works, with a view to a return in income of some sort or other for the remainder of their own lives, and for those of their children, were expended in tombs, temples, suraes, tanks, groves, and other works, useful and ornamental.

no doubt, but from which neither they nor their children could ever hope to derive income of any kind. The same feeling of insecurity gave birth, no doubt, to this preposterous usage, which tends so much to keep down the great mass of the people of India to that grade in which they were born, and in which they have nothing but their manual labour to depend upon for their subsistence. Every man feels himself bound to waste all his stock and capital, and exhaust all his credit, in feeding idlers during the ceremonies which attend the marriage of his children, because his ancestors squandered similar sums, and he would sink in the estimation of society if he were to allow his children to be married with less."

By the operation of the same causes the same effects have everywhere been produced. Hence the inhabitants of all despotic states are confessedly remarkable for the laxity of their morals, their proneness to snatch, at all hazards, and enjoy, at any price, the pleasures of the hour, because they know not what the next may bring forth. Let us eat and drink, say they, for to-morrow we die. This accounts for the inferior standard of morals, which prevails universally through Asia, without having recourse to those differences of race, which some fanciful speculators are so fond of putting forward. Under the pressure of tyranny continued through many ages, even the Englishman would be found to degenerate into a liar and a profligate, as any one may convince himself, who will be at the pains to contrast the godless rabble who took up arms for Charles I., and swarmed afterwards about his son, with the stern and magnanimous puritans, who, in the words of the preacher, Irving, 'made their chivalry to skip.' But it is not the morals only that are deteriorated by the influence of despotism, which is found to wither even the intellectual powers.

"A great difference appeared to me to be observable between the minds and manners of the people among whom we were now travelling, and those of the people of the Saugor and Nerbudda territories; they seemed here to want the urbanity and intelligence we find among our subjects in the latter quarters. The apparent stupidity of the people when questioned upon points the most interesting to them, regarding their history, their agriculture, their tanks and temples, was most provoking; and their manners seemed to me to be more rude and clownish than those of the people in any other part of India I had travelled over. I asked my little friend, the Sureemunt, who rode with me, what he thought of this?

"I think," said he, "that it arises from the harsh character of the government under which they live; it makes every man wish to appear a fool, in order that he may be thought a beggar, and not worth the plundering."

"It strikes me, my friend Sureemunt, that their government has made them in reality the beggars and the fools that they appear to be."

“‘God only knows,’ said Sureemunt; ‘certain it is, that they are neither in mind nor in manners what the people of our districts are.’”

It has been observed above, that the princes of Central India, not content with the revenues which, by the ordinary processes of oppression, they can extort from the unhappy people under their sway, ally themselves habitually with robbers and assassins to replenish their treasuries. This, at first sight, may look like satire or exaggeration. But if we examine carefully the history of all Asia, we shall find not only that the sovereigns of that part of the world have associated themselves with thieves, but that, in many cases, they have themselves been members of that worshipful fraternity. What but a robber was Jenghiz Khan, or Timúr, or Nadir Shah? They carried on, indeed, their *chuppaows* upon a large scale; but in their vocabulary, conquest and robbery were synonymous terms, and the same thing may still be predicated of nearly all the native princes in India.

“There is hardly a single chief of the Hindú military class in the Bundelcund, or Gwalior territories, who does not keep a gang of robbers of some kind or other, and consider it as a valuable and legitimate source of revenue; or who would not embrace with cordiality the leader of a gang of assassins by profession, who should bring him home from every expedition a good horse, a good sword, or a valuable pair of shawls, taken from their victims. It is much the same in the kingdom of Oude, where the lands are, for the most part, held by the same Hindú and military classes, who are in a continual state of war with each other, or with the government authorities. Three-fourths of the recruits for native infantry regiments are from this class of military agriculturists of Oude, who have been trained in this school of contest, and many of the lads, when they enter our ranks, are found to have marks of the cold steel upon their persons. A braver set of men is hardly anywhere to be found, or one trained up with finer feelings of devotion towards the power whose salt they eat. A good many of the other fourth of the recruits for our native infantry are drawn from among the Oujeen Rajpoots, or Rajpoots from Oujeyn, who were established many generations ago in the same manner at Bhajpore, on the banks of the Ganges.”

From the sovereigns the practice descends to their dependants through all grades of society. What the supreme chief permits himself, is considered not only lawful but honourable by those who square their conduct after his example. Accordingly, all their Jaghiredars, we are told, “live beyond their legitimate means, and make up the deficiency by maintaining upon their estates gangs of thieves, robbers, and murderers, who extend their depredations into the countries around, and share the prey with their chiefs and their officers, and under-tenants. They keep them as *poachers*

keep their *dogs*; and the paramount power, whose subjects they plunder, might as well ask them for the best horse in the stable as for the best thief that lives under their protection. In the Gwalior territory the Mahratta amirs, or governors of districts, do the same, and keep gangs of robbers on purpose to plunder their neighbours; and if you ask them for their thieves, they will actually tell you that to part with them would be ruin, as they are their only defence against the thieves of their neighbours!"

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find that the great body of the people here, as elsewhere throughout India, desire to pass under British rule. An example of the blessings which their own native governments procure them, the public have just witnessed in the Raj of Kolapore. There the prince being an infant, public affairs were necessarily entrusted to ministers, who, having no interest in the stability of the government, thought only of turning their brief period of authority to account. Against their oppressions the people first complained, and then broke forth into rebellion, not from any distinct, well-founded hope of deliverance, but because the yoke under which they groaned was insupportable. Owing, however, to our absurd theory of moderation and forbearance, we have here again, as in so many other cases, been compelled to interfere on behalf of despotism against the suffering people. When shall we be sufficiently enlightened to perceive that it would be more honourable to our character, more consonant with the natural maxims of a Christian state, to root out from all India the nests of petty tyrants that now infest it, and disturb its tranquillity? Many of the states of India are at this moment under the nominal sway of infants, which means that they are abandoned to the extreme of mismanagement. The result in these cases may be said to be before the world, in the Southern Mahratta state we have mentioned above, in Gwalior, and in the Punjâb. Yet, Colonel Sleeman is anxious to persuade us, that our wisest and best course is to leave things precisely as they are, except, perhaps, in Gwalior, where the state of things is too execrable to be tolerated even by him. Among the Bundelas he finds attachment even to the wretched forms of tyranny, which our affectation of disinterestedness still tolerates in Bundelcund. We cannot, of course, otherwise than admire the spirit of independence wherever it may be found. There must always exist other good qualities when the attachment to country is strong. But, if our government of India be accompanied by all that justice and mildness which the spirit of our national institutions is calculated to inspire, we shall surely be able to make up to the Hindû of every caste and occupation, for the imaginary loss he may sustain by the overthrow of despots, who have nothing in common with him but

their creed and colour. To illustrate the feelings of the natives towards their rapacious and oppressive masters, Colonel Sleeman relates the following anecdote:

“ A poor, half-naked man, reduced to beggary by the late famine, ran along by my horse to show me the road; and to the great amusement of my attendants exclaimed: ‘ That he felt exactly as if he were always falling down a well,’ meaning, as if he were immersed in cold water. He said: ‘ That the cold season was suited only to gentlemen who could afford to be well clothed, but to a poor man like himself, and the great mass of people, in Bundelcund at least, the hot season was much better.’ He told me: ‘ That the late rajah, though a harsh, was thought to be a just man, and that his good sense, and, above all, his good faith, had preserved the principality entire, but God only, and the forbearance of the Honourable Company, could now save it under such an imbecile as the present chief.’ He seemed quite melancholy at the thought of living to see this principality, the oldest in Bundelcund, lose its independence. Even this poor, unclothed, and starving wretch, had a feeling of patriotism, a pride of country, though that country had been so wretchedly governed, and was now desolated by a famine.”

Sentiments like these must, indeed, be deeply rooted in the hearts of the Hindús, or the circumstances of their condition would long ago have eradicated them. No people on the surface of the globe have had a longer or more bitter experience of misrule. By the great conquerors who set up their thrones in Hindustan they were always treated ignominiously, and in many cases, having been first deprived of their political rights, were robbed also of their property, nay, had their wives and children torn from them to be immured in the zenanas of their oppressors, or converted forcibly to their religion. Examples of such acts of power, as Lord Clarendon would have termed them, occurred perpetually under the Mohammedan emperors, whose ‘ munificent charities’ Lord Ellenborough went out to emulate. It is impossible that the voice even of tradition should for ages to come cease to relate transactions such as these. The natives of India cannot, therefore, forget from what kind of thralldom we have delivered them, or cease to be deeply sensible of the difference between the manner in which we exercise our authority and that in which their Tartar conquerors wielded theirs. As Colonel Sleeman observes, however, there exists hitherto no necessity for invoking the testimony of the past. Wherever a native principality has survived, whether Mussulman or Hindú, there ignorance and crime, injustice on the part of the rulers,—rebellion and revenge on that of the subject, keep in a state of perpetual development the drama of demoralisation. Should the reader have ever been tempted to accuse the East India Company

of inordinate ambition, we intreat him to consider well, the import of the passage we are about to lay before him. It is not written by an advocate of territorial aggrandisement ; it is not brought forward by its author to justify or palliate the annexation of provinces. It is the voluntary confession of a writer who, in spite of what he relates, contends strenuously for the expediency of preserving, for the sake of moral contrast, all those sources of iniquity, known under the name of native governments. If we be not grievously mistaken, Colonel Sleeman's facts will prevail over his arguments. The people of Great Britain are not a nation of Jesuits. As it is not their custom to do evil that good may come, so neither is it their custom to suffer evil that they may derive advantage from it. To overthrow the native princes may occasion us some pecuniary loss, may expose us to some obloquy ; but, in the name of heaven, let us brave these trifling evils, which can affect only ourselves, that we may not be wanting in our duty to the natives of Hindustan, who look up, and have a right to look up to us, for protection. The condition from which we may deliver them is thus described :

"Though, no doubt, very familiar to our ancestors during the middle ages, the *Bhoomeawut* is a thing happily but little understood in Europe at the present day.

"*Bhoomeawut*, in *Bundelcund*, signifies a war or fight for landed inheritance, from *Bhown*, the land, earth, &c. ; *Bhoomeea*, a landed proprietor. When a member of the landed aristocracy, no matter however small, has a dispute with his ruler, he collects his followers, and levies indiscriminate war upon his territories, plundering and burning his towns and villages, and murdering their inhabitants, till he is invited back upon his own terms. During this war, it is a point of honour not to allow a single acre to be tilled upon the estate which he has deserted, or from which he has been driven ; and he will murder any man who attempts to drive a plough in it, together with all his family, if he can.

"The smallest member of this landed aristocracy of the Hindú military class, will often cause a terrible devastation during the interval that he is engaged in his *Bhoomeawut*, for there are always vast numbers of loose characters floating upon the surface of Indian society, ready to 'gird up their loins,' and use their sharp swords in the service of marauders of this kind, when they cannot get employment in that of the constituted authorities of government.

"Such a marauder has generally the sympathy of nearly all the members of his own class and clan, who are apt to think that his case may be one day their own. He is thus looked upon as contending for the interests of all ; and if his chief happen to be on bad terms with other chiefs in the neighbourhood, the latter will clandestinely support the outlaw and his cause, by giving him and his followers shelter in their

hills and jungles, and concealing their families and stolen property in their castles. It is a maxim in India, and in the less settled parts of it a true one, that, 'One pindara or robber makes a hundred;' that is, where one robber, by a series of atrocious murders and robberies frightens the people into non-resistance, a hundred loose characters, from among the peasantry of the country, will take advantage of the occasion, and adopt his name, in order to plunder with the smallest possible degree of personal risk to themselves.

"Some magistrates and local rulers, under such circumstances, have very unwisely adopted the measure of prohibiting the people from carrying, or having arms in their houses. The very thing which, above all others, such robbers most wish; for they know, though such magistrates and rulers do not, that it is the innocent only, and the friends to order, who will obey the command. The robber will always be able to conceal his arms, or keep with them out of the reach of the magistrates; and he is now relieved altogether from the salutary dread of a shot from a door or window. He may rob at his leisure, or sit down like a gentleman, and have all that the people of the surrounding towns and villages possess, brought to him; for no man can any longer attempt to defend himself or his family.

"Weak governments are soon obliged to invite back the robber on his own terms, for the people can pay them no revenue, being prevented from cultivating their lands, and obliged to give all they have to the robbers, or submit to be plundered of it. Jansee and Jhalone are exceedingly weak governments, from having their territories studded with estates, held rent free, at a quit rent, by Powar, Bondela, and Dhundele barons, who have always the sympathy of the numerous chiefs and their barons of the same clans around.

"In the year 1832, the Powar barons, of the estates of Nonnere, Signee, Odegow, and Belchree, in Jansee, had some cause of dissatisfaction with their chief, and this they presented to Lord William Bentinck, as he passed the province, in December. His lordship told them, that these were questions of internal administration, which they must settle amongst themselves, as the Supreme Government would not interfere. They had, therefore, only one way of settling such disputes, and that was to raise the standard Bhoomeawut, and cry, 'To your tents, O Israel.' This they did; and though the Jansee chief had a military force of 12,000 men, they burnt down every town and village in the territory that did not come into their terms, and the chief had possession of only too,—Jansee, the capital, and the large commercial town of Alow, when the Bandelah rajahs of Orcha and Duteea, who had hitherto clandestinely supported the insurgents, consented to become the arbitrators. A suspension of arms followed, the barons got all they demanded, and the Bhoomeawut ceased. But the Jansee chiefs, who had hitherto lent large sums to the other chiefs in the provinces, was reduced to the necessity of borrowing from them all, and from Gwalior, and mortgaging to them a good portion of their lands.

1 "Gwalior is weak itself in the same way. A great portion of its

lands are held by barons of the Hindú military classes, equally addicted to Bhoomewut, and one or more of them is always engaged in this kind of indiscriminate warfare, and it must be confessed that unless they are always considered ready to engage in it, they have very little chance of retaining their possessions on moderate terms, for those weak governments are generally the most rapacious when they have it in their power.

"A good deal of the lands of the Mohammedan sovereign of Oude are, in the same manner, held by barons of the Rajpoot tribes, and some of them are almost always in the field engaged in the same kind of warfare against their sovereign. The baron who pursues it with vigour is almost sure to be invited back upon his own terms very soon. If his lands are worth 100,000*l.* a year, he will get them for 10,000*l.*; and have this remitted for the next five years, till ready for another Bhoomewut, on the ground of the injuries sustained during the last, from which his estate has to recover. The baron who is peaceable and obedient, soon gets rack-rented out of his estate and reduced to beggary.

"In 1818, some companies of my regiment were, for several months, employed in Oude after a young Bhoomewutee of this kind, Seid Ruttun Singh. He was the nephew and heir of the Rajah of Pentabgur, who wished to exclude him from his inheritance by the adoption of a brother of his young bride. Seid Ruttun had a small village for his maintenance, and said nothing to his old uncle till the governor of the province, Gholab Hoseyn, accepted an invitation to be present at the ceremony of adoption. He knew that if he acquiesced any longer he would lose his inheritance, and cried, 'To your tents, O Israel!' he got a small band of three hundred Rajpoots, with nothing but their swords, shields, and spears, to follow him, all of the same clan and true men. They were bivouacked in a jungle not more than seven miles from our cantonments at Pertabghur, when Gholab Hoseyn marched to attack them with three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two nine-pounders. He thought he should surprise them, and contrived so that he should come upon them about daybreak. Seid Ruttun knew all his plans. He placed one hundred and fifty of his men in ambuscade at the entrance of the jungle, and kept the other hundred and fifty by him in the centre. When they had got well in, the party in ambush rushed upon the rear, while he attacked them in front. After a short resistance Gholab Hoseyn's force took to flight, leaving five hundred men dead on the field and their two guns behind them. Gholab Hoseyn was so ashamed of the drubbing he got, that he bribed all the newswriters within twenty miles of the place, to say nothing about it in their reports to court, and he never made any report of it himself. A detachment of my regiment passed over the dead dodies, in the course of the day, on their return to cantonments from detached command, or we should have known nothing about it. It is true we heard the firing, but that we heard every day; and I have seen from my bungalow half-a-dozen villages in flames at the same time from this species of contest between the Rajpoot landholders and the government authorities. Our canton-

ments were generally full of the women and children who had been burnt out of house and home."

Having thus exhibited some few of the features by which the governments of the native princes are distinguished, it may be useful to suggest, rather than describe, the contrast supplied by our own rule. History mentions it among the merits of one of the military states of antiquity, that the women of the capital had not, during five hundred years, beheld the smoke of an enemy's camp. To the praise of having so long protected India from foreign invasion, we cannot yet lay claim; but, as we have already observed, it is now upwards of eighty years since the natives of Bengal have been visited by the scourge of war; and, throughout the whole of the peninsula, and Hindustan itself, we may boldly affirm, that the paroxysms of contest and anarchy, which invariably precede the downfall of a state, have constantly been growing fewer, and less violent, in proportion to the growth of our influence. Nor has this fact escaped the notice of the inhabitants. They feel and enjoy the state of tranquillity which our arms have procured for them. Throughout the northern provinces, the peasant will point out to any one who visits the country, immense tracts of land, now covered, as far as the eye can reach, with a sea of waving grain, interspersed with smiling hamlets and homesteads, which, not many years ago, were an unproductive waste, ravaged with fire and sword by the Sikhs and Mahrattas. In those days, the farmer ploughed his field with a sword buckled to his girdle, while a strong guard of matchlock-men was stationed at the several corners of his field, to prevent him and his cattle from being swept away by gangs of marauders. Now, the same individual is found whistling or singing at his work, while the sword hangs up rusting in his cottage, or has been bartered away for something useful at the neighbouring town. For this state of things, it is universally felt the country is indebted to the English. Another blessing which we have conferred on the Hindús may, perhaps, be thought of more equivocal character here at home. We allude to the entire abolition of the pilgrim-tax throughout India. It is, of course, difficult for us to enter into the religious feelings of a people like the Hindús, who regard as something inestimable the privilege to visit, without let or hindrance, the various holy places which exist in their land. But so it is; and, in consequence of our having facilitated this progress, when a body of pilgrims meet an Englishman on any of the great roads, they are sure to greet him as he passes with shouts and blessings. Secretly, it would almost appear that they attach something of sacred to their conception of our character. Few are the instances on record of natives rising against an Englishman. When the

wives and daughters of our officers arrive at Calcutta, and have to join their husbands and fathers at distant stations, they fearlessly undertake a journey of twelve or fourteen hundred miles, from the Hooghly, for example, to Indiana, without escort or servants, and attended only by the Hindús who bear their palanquins ; yet there is no instance on record of the slightest insult having ever been offered to any of these ladies. Another evidence of respect for the English occurred during the mutiny at Barrackpore. Though resolved to set the government of the province at defiance, in order to carry a point on which they had set their hearts, the idea of inflicting injury on any particular member of the ruling caste never occurred to them ; or if it did, only presented itself to suggest the necessity of guarding against it. The mutinous soldiers bound themselves by oath, not under any circumstances to molest or injure any English lady or child, and, to show that the greatest faith was put in their professions, it may be mentioned that the children of Major —— were suffered to wander into the lines of the mutinous regiments and play with the soldiers up to the very hour in which the artillery opened upon them.

Another very curious proof of the favourable light in which we are beginning to be contemplated by the sacerdotal caste which necessarily exercises the greatest influence over the minds of the people, is thus given by Colonel Sleeman.

“ A very learned Hindoo once told me, in central India, that the oracle of Mahadeo had been, at the same time, consulted at three of his greatest temples—one in the Deccan, one in Rajpootana, and one, I think, in Bengal, as to the result of the government of India by Europeans, who seemed determined to fill all the high offices of administration with their own countrymen, to the exclusion of the people of the country. A day was appointed for the answer ; and when the priest came to receive it, they found Mahadeo (Sewa), himself, with an European complexion, and dressed in European clothes ! He told them that their European government was in reality nothing more than a multiplied incarnation of himself ; and that he had come among them in this shape, to prevent their cutting each other's throats, as they had been doing for some centuries past ; that these, his incarnations, appeared to have no religion themselves, in order that they might be the more impartial arbitrators between the people of so many different creeds and sects, who now inhabited the country ; that they must be aware that they never before had been so impartially governed, and that they must continue to obey these governors, without attempting to pry further into futurity or the will of their gods. Mahadeo performs a part in the great drama of the Ramaen, or the Rape of Secta, and he is the only figure there represented with a divine face.”

Of such a nation it is obvious we may make any thing we please, by an upright and beneficent course of policy. Throughout the whole of our vast empire they entertain the most exalted opinion of our character, intellectual and moral. Much has been said, and is still repeated, even by Colonel Sleeman, of our neglect to strew the face of India with architectural, and other material monuments of our greatness and proficiency in the arts and sciences. We admit that something might be done in this way, and that it is not for a wise people to neglect any means of benefiting and inspiring with respect those who are subject to their sway. But we have wisely commenced at the right end, that is, have endeavoured to improve the institutions and moral habits of the people, and to better their domestic condition, after which, if time permit, we may dazzle their imaginations by erecting magnificent structures in the various Presidencies. However, it is mere prejudice to imagine, as many do, that if we were driven out of India to-morrow, we should leave behind us no enduring monuments of our occupation. We have built numerous churches, hospitals, school-houses, and bridges, and constructed great roads to facilitate the transit of merchandise and agricultural produce from one part of the country to the other: we have ameliorated the native system of tillage; we have improved the breed of horses, sheep, and cattle: we have taught the natives 'to lay out parks and plant gardens;' and, what is of infinitely greater importance, we have inspired them with the belief, that so long as the government of their country shall remain in our hands, they may without the slightest fear enjoy and display their wealth in any manner they think proper. Nay, more, we have imprinted on the national mind of India a new impress, which will never permit us to be forgotten. They have learned of us to believe that good government is their due, and will therefore henceforward be satisfied with nothing less. This is a monument far more glorious and beautiful than any bequeathed to India by the Mohammedan emperors. The Tag Mahat will perish—the very marble of which it is composed will be disintegrated and mingled with the dust—but the feeling and persuasion that justice is due to the governed from all who dare pretend to rule over them, will be immortal in Hindustan, and compel its people to bless the name of England. It was well remarked several years ago by Colonel Sutherland, that the government of India by the Company is one of the most perfect systems of its kind ever invented. Still this government is not without its defects. Its law courts and police, for example, might be very greatly improved, and we think Colonel Sleeman has done very great service

by pointing out in what those defects consist, and suggesting how they may be removed. Up to this time public opinion has not been brought sufficiently to bear on the affairs of India. When abuses have sprung up, therefore, it has been a long time before they have been observed. The case is now altered. A hundred publications have their attention steadily directed to the East. No act of mal-administration can pass there unnoticed. It was the press that recalled Lord Ellenborough, and the same power will recall his successor if he shall be found unequal to the performance of his duty. Of this the Tory cabinet are beginning to be aware, and therefore direct their own section of the press industriously to bespeak public favour for their governor-general. This is a fact at which the people of India may rejoice as well as we.

It would be improper to conclude this notice, without remarking that the illustrations to Colonel Sleeman's work are extremely beautiful, and represent some of the most extraordinary monuments in Northern India.

ART. VII.—1. *Survey of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, executed in the Years 1842 and 1843, with the intent of Establishing a Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and under the Superintendence of a Scientific Commission appointed by the Projector, Don JOSÉ DE GARAY.* London: Ackermann and Co. 1844.

2. *L'Isthme de Panama, Examen historique et géographique des différentes directions suivant lesquelles on pourrait le percer et des moyens à y employer, suivi d'un aperçu sur l'Isthme de Suez.* (The Isthmus of Panama, a historical and geographical Inquiry into the various directions in which it might be cut through, and the means to be employed for that purpose, with some brief Considerations on the Isthmus of Suez.) Par MICHEL CHEVALIER. Paris. 1844.

RIGHTLY has it been said in a recent number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' that 'with no other interest in view than to have for minister on one side Sir Robert Peel, on the other M. Guizot, you will never effect what can justly be called an alliance between two nations. All you will effect will be a compact between men actuated by selfish ambition.' What an eloquent commentary on this text is supplied by the events of the last few years, and above all of the last few months! How plainly do they show that whilst a 'cordial understanding' subsists between the ministers on either side of the channel, there is secret war between their respective

nations:—if that indeed be war, ‘*ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*,’ where France is the constant aggressor, and England must patiently endure incessant insult and injury. To thwart England, right or wrong, is the darling wish of French politicians, to accomplish which they will stick at no meanness or wickedness. The atrocious slave trade must be maintained and its horrors aggravated, because England desires to put it down. Spain, just emerging from the deluge of civil war, must be overwhelmed more hopelessly than ever, not more for sake of the gain that may ultimately accrue to Louis Philippe’s dynasty, than for the purpose of spiting his dear friends the British. Intrigues prompted by the same devilish spirit of mischief have been practised with the like success in Greece. The Ottoman empire is insidiously urged on to its destruction, that piratical France may share in the scramble for its spoils, and rejoice at all events over the downfall of a bulwark, in the integrity of which England has always felt so deep an interest. Such are a few of the pleasant fruits we gather from the ‘cordial understanding.’ Our interests and our honour as a nation are bartered away:—but what of that? There abides with us the sweet consolation of knowing that we suffer for the convenience of the Tory administration. Relieved from the trouble of watching our tricky rivals abroad, Sir Robert Peel has the ampler leisure at home to jockey his friends and cajole his enemies; and while we are fooled by the foreigner, Lord Aberdeen, cannie man, eats his porridge and says nothing.

It may be alleged that in the instances above alluded to France had some direct positive advantage to hope for as the result of her policy; but no such excuse can be offered for her crooked dealings in the affair of the Cairo and Suez Railway. Here her motives must have been purely negative, purely and gratuitously inimical to Great Britain. It is notorious that the project of the railway was not merely approved of by Mohammed Ali, but that it was one on which he was earnestly bent, as a safe, easy, and expeditious mode of greatly augmenting his revenue. French intrigues have prevailed with the old viceroy, and have induced him to forego his cherished scheme. No one, we presume, will venture to deny that it was the duty of our foreign secretary to counteract those intrigues, nor can we imagine that the most unblushing, thick-and-thin defender of ministerial imbecility, will affect to doubt that Lord Aberdeen could easily have done so, had he and his subordinates exerted for good a tithe of the activity which his friend, M. Guizot, has put in operation for evil. God forbid we should push any man upon enterprises cruelly disproportioned to his powers or his courage; but here was a case that seemed provided on purpose for his lordship’s timid hand to deal with. There cer-

tainly needs no colossal effort to induce a man, whose choice is perfectly free, to do the very thing he has both the will and the means to do, a thing which would enrich himself, benefit others, and injure no one. The dullest apprentice in diplomacy might have ventured successfully upon a task like this: it was as easy, and quite as safe, as doing the dirty work of the despicable Sardinian government.

Our hopes of completing almost indispensable arrangements for speedy communication with our Indian empire by means of an Egyptian railway are now indefinitely postponed: meanwhile our attention is solicited elsewhere to a kindred project of immeasurable importance. Don José de Garay having been empowered by the Mexican government to effect a communication through its territory between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, now lays before the British public his credentials, and a report of the survey made under his directions by an accomplished engineer and his assistants. M. de Garay alleges that he has ascertained the perfect practicability of carrying a ship canal across the great American isthmus, and he publishes decrees of his government, by which the most ample rights and immunities are conferred on him, on condition of his accomplishing the proposed work. Upon the security of these concessions we presume he intends to raise the necessary funds; and it is a significant fact, that his first step after completing his preliminary arrangements, was to come to this country and put forth the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. We are bound to say that the case he has made out is, *prima facie*, an exceedingly strong one, and merits the serious attention of our capitalists, merchants, men of science, and others. It is superfluous to remark, that before Englishmen engage their capital in the proposed undertaking, they will carefully verify all the projector's statements, and obtain full security for their investments, as far as he is concerned. These are matters wherein they must rely on their own sagacity; but they will also have need of other precautions, for which they must have recourse to the government of their country. They will require protection against the open or secret machinations of unscrupulous foreign rivals, and against the not impossible contingency of bad faith on the part of Mexico. Can they hope for such protection at the hands of the present ministry? The fate of the Cairo and Suez Railway is a melancholy omen. Nevertheless, let us not despair: a sordid and pusillanimous administration may be forced to assume a virtue that is not its own; nor is its tenure of office perpetual, whereas a determination to vindicate their indefeasible rights is an imperishable instinct in the breasts of the British people.

The idea of a direct navigation between Europe and the eastern shores of Asia is no new birth of modern times. This was indeed the grand thought that filled the mind of Columbus, when he steered his adventurous course westwards; not as has long been erroneously supposed, in search of a new continent, but of a shorter passage to the golden and spice-bearing shores of Japan and Cathay. He found not what he sought, but something infinitely beyond his boldest hopes. Such is the fortune that commonly befalls all the great efforts of innovating intellect. New objects are proposed; new means are devised for their attainment; and these means, whether or not they effect the special end originally aimed at, rarely fail of producing a rich harvest of results, all the more welcome for being wholly unexpected. So may it be in the instance we are now about to consider. It is impossible to believe that human enterprise will long endure the obstacles presented to it by the narrow barrier that separates the Atlantic from the Pacific waters; and equally impossible is it to foresee the scope or the details of that stupendous revolution in the affairs of nations and the course of civilisation, which will be occasioned by the opening of the American isthmus.

Both Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci died in the full persuasion that the lands they had discovered were appendages of Asia: but even after it was apparent that a new continent had been revealed, imagination ceased not to dwell with impassioned delight on the wealth and marvels of India and Cathay; and the primary impulse still prompted adventurers to seek out some strait or arm of the sea by which they might make their way *al nacimiento de la especeria*, to the regions where spices grew. In 1517 Magellan discovered the straits that bear his name; but these were too remote to facilitate the intercourse of Europeans with Asia. Meanwhile Cortes was achieving the conquest of Mexico, and during the brief period of his friendship with Montezuma he failed not to question that monarch closely as to *the secret of the straits*, and as to the possibility of finding on the Mexican shores some better anchorage than that of Vera Cruz. The Aztec emperor gave Cortes a map of the coast drawn on cotton cloth, whereon was laid down the mouth of a great river, which the Spanish pilots recognised as that of the Coatzacoalcos. A survey was instituted, and showed that there was no strait at that point, but it was ascertained that, between the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos and Tehuantepec, the continent contracts and forms an isthmus, across which a rapid communication from sea to sea was practicable, partly by the Coatzacoalcos and the Chimalapa. Dockyards were soon formed at Tehuantepec, where the vessels employed

in two great expeditions were built, at the mouth of the Chimalapa, with wood felled in the neighbouring forests of Tarifa, and other materials imported by the Coatzacoalcos. It would seem, indeed, that even after the hope of discovering a strait through the isthmus had faded away, the sagacious mind of Cortes was fully impressed with the topographical advantages of this region; for here he selected for himself the estate whence he derived his title as marquis. Now, as is remarked by M. Moro (M. de Garay's chief engineer, and author of the report), it is not easy to explain why in the midst of a country so prodigiously fertile the conqueror should have chosen for his own domain the only portion of it comparatively unproductive, unless he clearly foresaw that any mode of communication to be afterwards effected between the two oceans must necessarily pass over this ground.

It was now certain that no strait, connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, existed in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Mexico; but still the search was prosecuted further north. The English took up the work which the Portuguese abandoned, and began, at the close of the sixteenth century, those efforts for the discovery of the North-west Passage, which have been pushed to their utmost limits in our own day, and which have ended in clearly establishing this conclusion: that recourse must be had to artificial means, if the nations of Europe and their American progeny would realise the idea which they have pursued for three centuries and a half with such extraordinary ardour and pertinacity.

The American isthmus reaches from Tehuantepec and the Coatzacoalcos on the north, to Darien on the south, a length of five hundred and seventy-five leagues, and is traversed through its whole extent by a range of mountains, continuous at either extremity with the great chains that form the spines of both continents. Nine different parts of this isthmus have been proposed, at various times, as offering special facilities for effecting the desired communication; but it was at length ascertained that only three of these localities were worthy of consideration; those, namely, which, from their principal towns, are respectively designated Isthmus of Panama (properly so called), of Nicaragua, and of Tehuantepec.

The distance from ocean to ocean, across the Isthmus of Panama, is only forty miles. Were our judgment, therefore, to be formed from a mere inspection of the map, an inclination to consider this point the most eligible would be inevitable. The space that divides the two seas is greater at Nicaragua, namely, ninety-five miles, but being intersected by a lake of vast di-

mensions, this tract of country would also appear to offer considerable advantages. Lastly, the territory of Tehuantepec, forming a continued line of 130 miles, is that which, upon a superficial examination, appears to be the least suited for the accomplishment of the object contemplated.

"However, notwithstanding these appearances, as a greater or less distance is not the only circumstance to be considered, it precisely happens in the three above-mentioned instances that the practicability of the work is in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the distance; and thus, while in the present state of our knowledge, it is apparently impossible at Panama, and attended with immense difficulties at Nicaragua, we find it practicable and easy at Tehuantepec."—*Moro*.

It is known that a special survey of the Isthmus of Panama has recently been made by order of the French government. The report has not been published, but it is generally supposed to be unfavourable. Even supposing, what is by no means certain, that the nature of the ground offered no formidable engineering difficulties, there are others quite sufficient to condemn the project, and these are, unfortunately, insurmountable. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that the proposed canal, wherever executed, shall be navigable, from sea to sea, by trading vessels of a large class, without their being compelled to discharge their cargoes. Works on a smaller scale would, indeed, confer vast benefits on the country through which they passed, and these would, no doubt, react indirectly on Europe: but they could never offer the great commercial nations of the Old World such advantages as should induce them to lend the undertaking that financial aid, without which there seems no likelihood of its accomplishment. Now, as M. Chevalier observes:

"This condition of a maritime canal which shall permit vessels from Europe or the United States to hold on their course, from ocean to ocean, without unloading, and to reach their respective destinations at Lima, Acapulco, or Macao, infers another likewise which must not be overlooked. The canal must be in immediate connexion with the deep sea. Each of its extremities must open into a port affording suitable anchorage to vessels, not merely at a certain distance from the shore, but close up against the land. In many harbours, that of Panama for instance, the anchorage is at some distance from the land, and the loading and unloading of vessels is effected by means of boats. This is but a trifling inconvenience in a port where the voyage terminates; it adds a little to the cost of shipping or unshipping the cargo, and that is all. But at either extremity of an oceanic canal it would be nothing less than a full stop put to a vessel's course: it would be as effectual in this way as a wall a hundred feet high stretched right across the middle of the canal. This supplementary clause in the programme

will not be easy to fulfil [in Panama], and an accomplished captain in our royal navy, just returned from a cruise off the isthmus, told me with very great reason, that it seemed to him likely to occasion more trouble than the cutting even of a canal five or six mètres deep between the two oceans. Lastly, this maritime canal must, of necessity, be free from tunnels. In fact, to make these passable for ships, even with their top-masts struck, their arches should be loftier than that of Posilippo, unless ship-builders devise some way by which all the masts can easily be laid level with the deck."

M. Chevalier likewise observes very justly, that among the circumstances to be kept in view in selecting the line of the canal, one of the most important is its salubrity. However great, he says, might be the saving of time effected by steering through the isthmus, it would always be shunned by vessels if it were to prove a charnel-house. Now the climate of the Isthmus of Panama is confessedly noxious, a fact confirmed by Humboldt and other writers. To this grievous cause is to be ascribed the paucity of population, and the want of the necessary means of existence in that isthmus; and as the climate does not permit the increase of the former, there is no possibility of augmenting the latter.

"The population is thinly scattered, and generally not well-disposed to work.....The presumption is, that it would be necessary to bring over masons, miners, and even excavators, from Europe. Were the natives even willing to work they have not the requisite skill.....On the other hand there is a fearful responsibility involved in the act of transporting European workmen to the isthmus. The climate is in fact a dangerous one for all who have not been born in it, or who are not prepared for it, but it is deadly for all who expose themselves to the heat of the sun, or who inhale the miasmata of the marshes, and those which always issue from the soil when recently turned up. It would be necessary to find shelter for the workmen, to encamp them, and to provide for all their wants; it would be necessary to lay down strict rules for the preservation of their health, and what is far more difficult, even with every means supplied them, to make them observe those rules in spite of the temptations strewn in their way. During the six months of the rainy season, from May to October, all operations in the open air must necessarily be suspended. What should be done then with the multitude? How protect them from the diseases of the country and from all the mischiefs engendered by idleness?"—*Chevalier*.

The Isthmus of Nicaragua possesses a fertile territory, a healthy climate, and is not deficient in population. Its breadth, measured directly from the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, is ninety-five miles; obliquely, from the same point to San Juan south on the Pacific, it is 155; and from San Juan de Nicaragua to Realejo, it is more than 250 miles. But by far the greater part of this

space is occupied by the Lakes Leon and Nicaragua, the deep river Tipitapa, which flows from the former into the latter, and the ample bed of the San Juan, by which the Lake of Nicaragua pours its waters into the Atlantic. The resemblance between this noble body of water and the chain of lakes which has been converted into the Caledonian canal cannot be overlooked, and the probability seems strong, on a first view, that nature has here laid down the basis of a great oceanic communication, which invites the fashioning hand of man to complete it. As to harbours on either coast, all accounts speak favourably of that of San Juan on the Atlantic side. Mr. Bailey, of the English navy, says, it is 'unexceptionable,' but small; whilst all other testimonies agree in attributing to it considerable extent. MM. Rouhaud and Dumartray say it is 'vast and perfectly safe,' and according to M. Chevalier, 'some skilful members of the French marine, sent to examine it in 1843, expressly declare that it is a *vast and safe asylum*, a *fine situation*, an *excellent port*, with a *good anchorage close to the land*.' On the Pacific we have San Juan south, which, however, is inadequate from its small dimensions; a score of vessels it is said would be enough to fill it. But further north, nearly coinciding with the direction of the axis of Lake Leon, is Realejo, one of the finest harbours in the world. Hence, and on account of the nature of the ground between the lake and San Juan south, which would render a tunnel inevitable in that direction, it is probable that if ever a Nicaraguan canal shall be constructed, it will be in the direction of the longest of the three lines specified above. Its actual length, when completed, would probably be about 300 miles. The portion of this space occupied by the lakes and by the Tipitapa would need no outlay, except an inconsiderable one to enable vessels to pass one fall of thirteen feet in that river: but the difficulties on the other parts of the line would probably be formidable.

The course of the river San Juan, with all its windings, is about ninety-five miles in length, more than four miles of which are obstructed by four rapids, caused by banks of rocks stretching across the whole width of the river. These obstacles have been considered so formidable as to suggest the construction of a lateral canal, as an easier operation than that of rendering the river itself navigable for large vessels; and the cost of this work alone, taking the average engineering prices of the United States as a standard, has been estimated by Mr. Stephens, from data furnished by Mr. Bailey, as amounting to ten or twelve millions of dollars.

Unfortunately we have as yet no certain data to enable us to say what may be the amount of difficulty to be overcome between the

extremity of Lake Leon and the Pacific. All we know is, that from Moabita, at the north-west point of the lake, the distance to Realejo is twenty-two miles, and to Tamarindo, another port on the same shore, nine miles, and that the nature of the ground is apparently favourable. All this country is yet to be explored. These regions, so interesting as regards the commerce of the whole world, so fascinating by their beauty, their wondrous fertility, and the exquisite charms of their climate, have hitherto been less frequented by inquiring travellers than the inhospitable steppes of Tartary, and the burning or icy deserts of Africa or the pole. It is said, that the crest to be surmounted or cut through, is probably not much elevated above the level of the lake; but that a great number of locks would be indispensable in order to descend from the level of Lake Leon to that of the Pacific, the difference between these two being forty-eight mètres (157 feet).

One fact must by no means be left out of consideration in discussing the Nicaraguan line. 'There is not,' says Humboldt, 'on the face of the globe another spot so thickly studded with volcanoes as that part of America which lies between the 11th and 13th degrees of northern latitude.' These volcanoes, and the earthquakes, which are their sure concomitants, are of evil omen for the success of the project.

We come now to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the first chosen and long regarded as the most eligible point for the great work, the execution of which was definitively appointed to take place here by a decree of the Spanish cortes, dated April 30, 1814. Then came the war of independence; and, when peace was restored, and the government of Mexico returned to the consideration of the project, the isthmus unhappily fell into unmerited discredit, in consequence of the grossly erroneous reports made by General Orbeago, who was sent to survey it, much against his will, and with instrumental and other means ridiculously inadequate to the task he had to perform. The recent labours of Signor Moro and his associates have completely reversed the false judgment pronounced on the isthmus by General Orbeago, and adopted by M. Chevalier on his authority in the work named at the head of this article.

The breadth of the isthmus in a straight line from the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos is 220 kilomètres (130 miles), but the greater part of this space is occupied on the south by lagoons and extensive plains, and on the Atlantic side by the course of the Coatzacoalcos, which can easily be rendered navigable up to its confluence with the Malatengo. The principal works, therefore, to be executed would be comprised between latitude 16° 36' and 17° 3' N., including a space less than thirty-one miles in extent, wherein no excavation whatever exceeding the usual limits would be required. The highest point to be surmounted is at the Portello de

Tarifa, a pass between the mountains only 200 mètres (656 feet) above the level of the Pacific, and 160 mètres above the mouth of the Malatengo. There is an abundance of water, which may be applied with great facility to the service of the canal, being derived from the Chicapa or Chimalapa and its confluent the Monetza, and from a more considerable river, the Ostuta, which, like the former, flows into the lagoons not far from the town of Tehuantepec. The grand condition of a good harbour at either extremity of the line seems capable of being amply fulfilled in this case. The mouth of the Coatzacoalcas, 700 mètres wide, and with never less than twenty-one feet of water on its bar, quite enough to float a frigate, is, according to Balbi, 'the finest port formed by any one of the rivers that discharge themselves into the Gulf of Mexico, not even excepting the Mississippi.' Hitherto it had been very generally supposed that no harbour could be established on the Pacific side; but Signor Moro has cleared up this difficulty. The lagoons near Tehuantepec have a depth seldom less than five or six mètres, and this could easily be increased by dredging, the bottom being nothing but mud and shingle. The Boca Barra, by which they empty themselves into the ocean, is not obstructed by a true bar, but a little way within it there is an accumulation of sand which might be destroyed with extreme facility, whilst the cause of its deposit might be effectually removed. The isthmus is but scantily peopled, but it was once possessed by a dense and thriving population until the devastations of the buccaneers converted it into a wilderness. There is no reason why it might not again become as populous as ever. It possesses a fine climate, and in many places a most fruitful soil. Timbers for ship-building, dyewoods, superb mahogany, and other close-grained trees are to be found in profusion in its vast and dense forests, and the abundance of cattle and resources of all descriptions would enable vessels passing through the canal to renew their provisions at easy prices, in the isthmus, so that they might devote a greater portion of their holds to the stowage of merchandise. Lastly, among the advantages offered by the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, not the least considerable, is the mildness and salubrity of its climate, precisely in those localities where the assistance of European workmen would be required. This matter was sufficiently tested in 1830, when an abortive attempt was made to found a French colony in the isthmus. The unfortunate settlers, shamefully deluded by the projectors of the colony, found themselves from the moment of their arrival destitute of all resources, having neither food nor shelter provided for them; yet there occurred amongst them no case of yellow fever or other epidemic.

As to the probable cost of the undertaking, M. Moro speaks with becoming diffidence, not being in possession of all the data

requisite to enable him to make an exact estimate. Many circumstances he thinks would combine to reduce the rate of cost below the European average; nevertheless, he takes for his standard of comparison the cost of an analogous work, the Caledonian Canal, generally admitted to have been exceedingly expensive, from a combination of adverse circumstances; and in applying that standard to his own project, he purposely disregards many favourable circumstances, and exaggerates others of a contrary nature. The result is, that the maximum cost of the canal of Tehuantepec would probably not exceed 85,000,000 francs (say three millions and a half sterling;) and M. Moro thinks the work might possibly be completed for less than 2,500,000*l.* sterling

Assuming that it should even cost four millions, there can be little doubt that an ample return might be realised by a moderate toll, even should we found our calculations on the existing state of commerce and navigation, and leave wholly out of consideration the vast increase they would infallibly receive so soon as the barrier of the isthmus was broken down. The new route would then be taken by all vessels from Europe destined for those points which are now reached by doubling Cape Horn; that is to say, the whole western coast of North and South America, and the islands of the South Sea. It would be taken by all vessels from the United States to China, and probably by a large proportion of those leaving Europe for that destination. The latter would not indeed gain any thing as to mere length of way; they would even lose something in this respect; but this disadvantage would be more than compensated by the assistance of the trade winds and the gulf stream, and by the total absence of danger during the greater part of the year. The opportunity of making port half way in a country that seems likely, from its natural wealth, to arrive at a high degree of prosperity, would be a strong attraction; and steam-vessels, proceeding by this course to China, would be able to estimate very closely beforehand the probable duration of the voyage.

Having laid before our readers this mere outline of a subject so vast and important, we must refer them for further details to M. de Garay's publication. There is a class of politicians in England, at this moment unhappily an influential one, to whom the idea of *any* canal through the American isthmus is distasteful. These men may prevent the execution of the work under English auspices, but their power can extend no further. Executed it certainly will be by others, if not by us. The French government has given unequivocal proofs of its desire to promote this great undertaking, and the shrewd people of the United States too well know their own interests to refuse their aid, should it be solicited. That nation will certainly be placed in a position of peculiar ad-

vantage, whose wealth shall realize the grandest of all engineering schemes, and whose children shall colonize the superb wilderness which will then pour its teeming riches into the lap of industry. We scorn to waste arguments on those who deem that the proud and fairly won supremacy of the English flag is to be maintained by imitating the pettyfogging policy of France in the affair of the Cairo and Suez railway; men like these would put out the sun, if they could, in order to protect their own trade in coals and tallow candles. A most rare opportunity is offered us of achieving honour, profit, and influence, by means perfectly legitimate; if the prize be suffered to pass into other hands, England will have had one more cause to rue the effects of Tory ascendancy. The cold and narrow conservatism of our Henry VII. stood between his people and the gift of a new world, which Columbus would have conferred on them: we may owe a more grievous loss to the sinister influence of the Peel cabinet.

ART. VIII.—1. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (New Musical Journal). Leipsic. 1844.

2. *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Universal Musical Magazine). Leipsic. 1844.

MUSIC has within a few years so greatly extended the sphere of her influence, and enlarged the circle of her votaries, as to render her future operations and destiny a subject of the most interesting speculation. Who will give the art her next impulse?—to whom is it reserved to take Music from its present state, and carry it forward to some remote point of improvement, as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven severally did in their day? This is a natural inquiry; and though the supposition implied may seem incredible, in this age of artificial excitement and mechanical industry in music, yet we have no doubt but that nature, in her infinite and mysterious combinations, will one day solve the difficulty after her own manner, by bestowing on some favoured individual the powerful genius—the rare idiosyncrasy of the first-rate composer. Instead of feeling oppressed, cramped, and confined, by the numerous examples of perfection that the classics of the art have now accumulated in every department, the invention of this man will be free, he will neither attempt to avoid nor imitate; he may erect new landmarks in symphony, dramatic and chamber music, but this only, when having tested and confirmed his powers, he has gained self-reliance in proportion, and can unreservedly follow the dictates of his fancy. This example of the faith which ‘removes mountains’ has been displayed in every epoch of the transformation of art by him who has accomplished it—it is the necessary accompaniment of the great composer, the warrant of his genius, the stamp

of his fame. The difficulties which beset the ordinary artist are unknown to him, he hesitates not, nor leans his head upon his hand for an idea; prompt in conception and rapid in execution—original without seeking to be so, his works follow one another in one constant stream of variety, nor cease but with his life. Such a composer was Mozart. Yet for all that is come and gone, he must be a great infidel who obstinately disbelieves that nature can ever repeat her own work; on the contrary, we would rather infer from the profound stillness that has prevailed through the latter part of the present century, as respects high composition, that she has some such operation in hand, and certain we are that the regenerator of music, appear when he may, will never be too early for our wants.

The prevailing musical characteristic of the present day is an immense activity in supplying the demand for novelty. Since the time when Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Sarti, Sacchini, and Jomelli were contemporaries, what a change has taken place in the aspect of the musical world? Individual models of composition may have declined, but what a multitude of composers has arisen, what an increase of music shops, what an important branch of European commerce, a true index to the public which supports it, has music become! Formerly, the most precious composition was with difficulty disposed of; now, the new works of Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., are marketable commodities, that command at once for the copyright the price affixed by their authors. This eagerness in the public for new forms of musical beauty may be traced to the gradual influence of the works of the great musicians of the eighteenth century, who, however, cultivated their art amidst many personal vicissitudes, which mingle regrets in the train of their triumphs. Not all the powers of Europe could produce a new '*Sinfonia Eroica*,' or revive the melodious charm of a '*Le Nozze di Figaro*,' and yet Beethoven lived in apprehension of want, and Mozart could only exist by occasional resort to ball-room composition. The misfortunes of artist-life, during a period of transition in taste, were not confined to these illustrious examples; the chronicle of them during the last century, when patronage was confined to a few princes and men of cultivated minds, is unfortunately frequent and full. Their successors, however, have profited; thanks to them music is now universally one of the necessities of polite life, moderate talents find an existence, great ones are amply rewarded. As for poor Mozart, who left this earth some two or three hundred pounds in debt, which his widow subsequently scraped together and duly repaid, what a source of 'riches fineness' have his works been—what a legacy to Europe—to the world! Apart from what we owe him, as the minister to our most spiritual enjoyments, his works have been a constant

benefaction to a large tribe of the humbler artists, singers, music teachers, and orchestra players, who owe to him, and others like him, a large proportion of the means to their physical existence.

In instrumental music Germany retains the pre-eminence over other countries, which she gained through the completion of the modern style by Haydn, and the revolution in the orchestra by Mozart. There is an atmosphere of artist-life in Germany peculiarly favourable to that branch of composition, which requires fancy, learning, taste, and feeling; in short, a stretch of the poetical faculty to which it is impossible to rise without the excitement of continual comparison and friendly collision. Continental living is altogether better adapted to this object than that of England; the social footing of artists is easier and more unreserved, and a more exact pace with the progress of the day is maintained. Even some Englishmen of talent have become very successful instrumental composers abroad, of which Onslow and the fine harpist Parish Alvars are examples; and we notice these artists the more particularly as the preponderance of the merit of native composition has been for some years decidedly vocal. The advantages of the German Kapellmeister consist in a perpetual intercourse with his art, as exhibited in its finest varieties of music for the church, theatre, concert-room, or chamber; in the power to find recreation as well as study in his profession; in easy and assured circumstances, which leave his mind at liberty; and, above all, in freedom from the soul-blighting, mechanical routine of tuition. Admiration of something beautiful just performed is his inducement to compose, and affords him the necessary stimulus in composition: thus one work generates another. Without that natural *pabulum* to the mind of the composer, which is derived from an atmosphere of fine music, and social sympathies inspired by congenial taste, high composition cannot be carried on; the flame of genius burns feebly or totally expires. The tenure of the artist's position—constant production and constant excellence—is honourable in proportion to its difficulty, and it frequently happens in this strife that a man's most doughty antagonist is himself. We hardly know who would come unscathed out of the contest, did it not happen that music diverges into many styles, a man grown too famous in one may avoid comparison in another; habit comes to his assistance, he achieves a new success, and his fame in a particular style remains untarnished. And fortunate it is when ill-opinion is thus disarmed, for the more eminent the reputation and services of any master, the greater in general is the alacrity of the scientific world to discover the symptoms of his decay, and to obtain the first glimpse of the 'bottom of the bag.'

Of the living masters who have most honourably acquitted themselves in the career of the musician, we must hail as first

the veteran Louis Spohr. The European celebrity of this fine artist has been nobly earned;—it has been the reward of an immense and very successful application to composition, with an uncompromising fidelity to the *ideal* of his classical predecessors. It compensates somewhat for the inferiority of our own times in point of musical invention, that the improved condition of artists enables them to dispense with those popular considerations and appeals, from which Mozart and Haydn were never entirely free. Hence, in the finales to certain of their instrumental works, trios, quartets, &c., we see the obvious necessity of composers who must ‘please to live,’ exhibited in a condescension to the favour of the majority, to which the artist of the present day would not give an instant’s admittance. All that he has now to do, is to follow out his fancy, write the best he can, and commit it fairly to the public—let who will admire or not. It is true that, with this severe standard of chamber music, and this entire absence of triviality and commonplace, we miss the fascination of Mozart’s pen: the charming vivacity, the entire new face on every composition, and that most characteristic art, by which a mean or vulgar theme is suddenly represented under an aspect the most surprising and delightful to the connoisseur. It suits well with the qualities and condition of modern genius to be free from these difficult necessities of self-vindication. Spohr and Mendelssohn differ from the great founders of the modern school in nothing more than in the obvious mould of their composition: their new works seldom or never disclose entirely new scenes, free from reminiscences of themselves or others. With Mozart and Beethoven it was not thus; the physiognomy of their works is of an inexhaustible variety, and it must have been utterly impossible to the most gifted auditor of any new sonata, trio, or quartet, by them, to infer from one what would be the appearance of the next.

If, however, intellectual novelty be not the prevailing feature of modern composition, we have reason to admire the industry with which its place is supplied by new designs, new combinations and effects. Spohr, at an age when most men are not indifferent to repose, and when, by one of his approved good service to music, it might be most honourably enjoyed, has entered upon a new path in his art as a pianoforte composer. His first sonata in A flat, dedicated to Felix Mendelssohn, contains, in the opening allegro, one of the loveliest effusions of vocal style that the art has known since the days of Dussek. A designed compliment to the author of the ‘*Lieder ohne Worte*’ seems to have excited all his powers of song, while the new medium of expression, a keyed instrument, and not a violin, has been favourable to his ideas, and corrected a vicious mannerism and monotony, into

which his figures,* for the latter instrument, have a tendency to run. His three new concertante trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, are characterised by a great superiority in the writing and effects of the stringed parts over those made by mere pianoforte writers, and supply that mixture of refinement of style, and difficulty of execution, which is the main requirement of the chamber music of the day. The master is evident in the handling of every thing of Spohr's, from the two-part exercises of his admirable violin school, to the profound counterpoint of his double quartets. And yet, such is the peculiarity of Spohr—his predilection for a certain chromatic harmony—for the enharmonic change, for sundry closes and cadences, which are at once recognised as his, and give an unmistakeable air to his music, that though he has attempted nearly all the styles of the art, he has completely succeeded only in a part of them. What he produces from the energy of his own nature is truly admirable; his feeling being profound and his taste exquisite; but when it becomes expedient that he change the style, he is not so happy. For this reason his operas, with the exception of the pretty and naïve 'Azor and Zemira,' will be remembered chiefly for isolated beauties and single scenes of merit, rather than for connected and condensed interest, as entire works. The same defect of fancy which militates against the success of his dramas, also places his orchestral symphonies, in the aggregate, at a distance from those of Mozart and Beethoven, which will not permit us to consider them very successful. Even the two last, 'The Power of Sound,' and the 'Historical Symphony,' descriptive of the various epochs of the art, seem neither in England, nor on the continent, to have realised the new effects that the programme promised. The most complete successes of Spohr relate to branches of composition, in which his mannerism has been less sensibly conspicuous as an impediment to gratification. His oratorios, 'Die letzten Dinge,' and its successor, the 'Crucifixion,' have a sweetness, gravity, and depth of religious feeling, to which nothing, in modern music, can make equal pretension; their feeling flows entirely from the author's breast, without reviving any idea of model or exemplar. Let us recall his numerous quartets, quintets, and double quartets, for violins, his concertos for violin, clarinet, &c., his magnificent overtures—of which that to 'Faust' will always remain a striking example; the sacred music above-mentioned—his nonetto, and other pieces of harmony; his separate songs and dramatic scenes, constructed somewhat on the model of Mozart,—and we have a *coup d'œil* of the available services to music, public and private,

* Figures (*figuren*), so the Germans term the form of certain bravura passages, or the motion of certain subjects.

of this celebrated master. By his side we may now place for a moment one or two memorable artists deceased during the present century. Hummel, though limited in the range of his compositorial endowments, had a most pleasing warmth of fancy, and an air of inspiration in his composition, with a total absence of mannerism; he was also first rate in two styles—concerted pianoforte music, and in the masses of his own church. Since the death of Haydn, Catholic music has scarcely received any contribution so effective and splendid as the masses of Hummel, —whether clearness of the fugues, brilliancy and richness of the orchestral accompaniments, or a certain ecclesiastical gusto, are considered. The fault of the classical Hummel was a treacherous memory, which betrayed him into the unconscious appropriation of many good things, originally belonging to Mozart and Beethoven. It is remarkable, that neither Hummel nor Cherubini, another acknowledged master of the orchestra, contributed a single symphony to vary our slender stock of first-rate works of that class; Clementi was the only man of their rank of inventive genius, who had the courage to signalise his incapacity by an attempt. If the abstinence of musicians from any style in which perfection has been achieved, with numerous examples of the failure in it of the most redoubted talents, be any criterion of the difficulty and honour of the path, this retrospective glance certainly elevates Spohr as a symphonist. But, though interest and amusement are sustained by the productions of modern pens, we recede farther and farther from the poetical gusto of the style; the art, in its present condition, desiderates a revival—an entire freedom from the magical and absorbing influence of the past—a new pen, in which the dead shall not speak, as they do ever and anon in the novelties of Spohr and Mendelssohn. This, too, has been attempted by Berlioz, in Paris, with ludicrous failure; and it seems to be the fate of symphony that, from the time of Holzbauer and Vanhall, the predecessors of Haydn and Mozart, to that of our contemporaries, Berlioz and Potter, whole reams of paper should have been blotted to no other purpose, than to establish the indisputable pre-eminence of some thirty or forty classical works.

In justice to Mendelssohn it should, however, be observed, that his symphonies, of which a very respectable family is by this time accumulated, show progressive interest: his last in A, heard here during the late Philharmonic season, is rich in the newest and most impressive orchestral effects, and though he has certainly attained the period of life at which the artist has generally reached his culminating point—the vivid fancy of youth being in him now tempered with the judgment and experience of considerable practice—it would still be hazardous to attempt to set bounds to his

career. The individuality of this most interesting master is not less striking than that of Spohr, though manifested in a totally dissimilar manner :—while the one is wedded to the peculiarities of his own elegiacal style and graceful turn of harmony and cadence—the works of the other are characterised by an adroit fusion of all the classics of the art. Of the composers from whom Mendelssohn has most liberally borrowed, the principal are certainly Bach and Beethoven. We speak this in no dishonourable sense ; for his charming and most discriminative reminiscences have not only been highly conducive to the gratification of the amateurs of the day, but have consolidated the principles of true taste, and awakened new faith in the classics—we allude to it, therefore, rather as a fact in connexion with his compositions, which imparts to them their strongest character and colouring. To catch the tone and style of the greatest musicians without suffering them to degenerate or awaken mean comparisons, could only be accomplished by great native power, profound science, and varied resources, blended with a principle of combination as rare. We cannot, and would not, separate Mendelssohn from those of his musical idols with whom his entire intellectual and sensitive being is involved, to ascertain the exact merit and extent of his originality. It is for him to pursue rejoicingly the path that he has selected, and for the public to enjoy.

Seated at the piano as solo or concerto player, Mendelssohn certainly realises the most complete idea of the accomplished artist. Trusting much to his impulses, and capable of great emotion and enthusiasm, he is yet never transported in the improvisation of his cadenzas into any combinations of the difficult, the surprising, or the eccentric, which his execution imperfectly masters. There order reigns throughout ; and the hearer has only leisure to admire the uncommonly forcible and polished execution when he has dismissed his surprise at the far-sighted calculation of effect, the *keeping* maintained with the composition in hand, and the fine extravagance of fancy manifested. The extempore cadences of Mendelssohn to Bach's triple concerto, performed by him, Thalberg, and Moscheles, at the morning concert of the latter, and to Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G, performed by him at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, were certainly the most memorable things of the last London musical season. On the former occasion it was extraordinary to notice the diminished lustre of that professed master of effect, Thalberg, when required to illustrate Bach by the side of Mendelssohn—not only were the ideas destitute of the true character, but even the touch seemed inferior—and so powerful and appropriate was the form of cadence selected by Mendelssohn (an unison passage in double octaves which recalled

the fantastic style of the pedal solos in Bach's organ fugues), that when once heard each previous attempt was forgotten, and this alone seemed to stamp truth and conviction on the mind of the connoisseur.

As a composer for the pianoforte, Mendelssohn has effected a large opening for the best music in his 'Lieder ohne Worte,' which from being gently attractive at first, through pleasing melody and novelty in the harmonic disposition of the hands, has gradually extended itself in designs of greater elaboration that demand a first-rate execution to express them, and revealing many fine combinations and new effects peculiar to the author's style of playing, at length interested the whole body of musicians. This new form of composition, which originated with Mendelssohn, seems happily designed to give local habitation and a name to certain little jets of fancy and effect, probably not worth the development of a sonata, and yet too good to be lost. Accompanying these lighter effusions we have concertos, pianoforte quartets, and trios—and sonatas, chiefly of late, with violoncello obligato—a combination in which the composer has worthily followed up what Beethoven long since most admirably began. In all his chamber music for the pianoforte and stringed instruments, there is reason to admire the broad and open style—the masterly accompaniments and the fine contrast of effects. Some of the solos of his pianoforte quartets (of the one in B minor for instance), may be distinguished as the finest specimens of brilliant harmonic figures—combining the utmost clearness in the progressions with rapidity of movement—that modern times have produced. In his quartets for stringed instruments, of which we are sorry to say we have heard but few, he appears to us less successful—seeking effect at the expense of greater difficulties than belong naturally to that refined style of chamber music, and often employing more counterpoint than fancy or feeling.

An organ performer and a devoted student of that sacred instrument, Mendelssohn, is found naturally in his element in fugues and church performances. 'St. Paul' is a sombre and severe specimen of the modern oratorio—its science and elevation of style extend at times to the characteristics of Bach and Handel; but the *arioso* beauty of the latter is wanting; and though the hearer is often exalted in the course of the performance, his final sensations are those of weariness. Vocal melody is certainly not the *forte* of the composer, correct as is his theory with regard to the style—the simplicity and purity of sacred song. The interest of the well-known air 'Jerusalem'—if air it can be truly called—is purely harmonic. Herein is the deficiency which may prevent our receiving any numerous collection of extensive

sacred compositions from Mendelssohn ; for popular favour, or, indeed, any permanent impression, in pieces of great length, diversity of air is required, and not merely of chorus or orchestral effect. In shorter sacred compositions he has, however, succeeded perfectly ; and in none more so than in his motets for female voices ; and in his '42nd Psalm'—the lovely opening chorus of which, and the verse for five men's voices, will equally interest the admirers of Beethoven, and of our later English cathedral writers.

The newest effort of the composer has been dramatic :—music to a German version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Freed here from the necessity for solo and air, which must have brought him into immediate contact with Gluck and Mozart, he has expressed in choral strophe and antistrophe, the striking and universal sentiment of the Greek tragedian. Nor has he suffered to escape in this congenial work of chorus-writing those means of new effect, which the appliances and improved cultivation of the modern lyric stage had placed at his disposal. In this work, we for the first time meet with recitative delivered in the gigantic tones of a chorus in unison—and also with another effect, which, though capable of historic precedent, has through disuse become a novelty in the musical drama, namely, spoken words accompanied by symphony. The expression by instrumental music of sentiment and situation carries us back to an early age of opera, and brings in review the '*Pygmalion*' of Rousseau, the '*Ariadne in Naxos*' and '*Medea*' of Benda, and the '*Semiramis*' (a lost monodrame) of Mozart, all of them works founded in the true philosophy of the art, and in their degree conducive to the perfection ultimately attained by opera ; yet rather, if we rightly recollect, aiding the expression of the actor by the interspersions of symphony as in accompanied recitative, than attempting the simultaneous movement of music and language. Some slight idea of this last may, perhaps, be revived in those who have witnessed the incantation scene of '*Der Freischütz*,' which, before its monsters come into operation, delights every poetical mind, and is certainly very solemn and imposing.

In fact Mendelssohn's greatest fame will not be obtained in the direct track of Mozart and Beethoven—nor yet in that of Bach and Handel ; it is his excursions into 'fresh fields and pastures new,' from which he always returns with honour, and with the advantage of a first discoverer, that raise him in opinion, and seem most aptly to fulfil his mission as an artist.

Spohr and Mendelssohn are, in England, the only acknowledged representatives of German art, while their country, truly viewed, is actually an ant-hill of musical labour. Performers no longer

wait to have compositions written for them, but compose for themselves, and the capacity to execute this task respectably is almost as common as the talent of the solo-player. The numerous specific distinctions in the old-fashioned generic term musician are thus abolished, and to be in modern times an artist on the violin, piano, or any other instrument, includes, at least, such a knowledge of composition as a man may require to exhibit himself, and more particularly to dispose favourably in his concerto of the rarest feats which he may have mastered in his private practice. By this prudent economy nothing is lost to the player, however his composition may suffer in point of connexion, unity, and true inspiration. The music-shops of Leipsic, Francfort, and Berlin, teem with these 'occasional' compositions, fantasias, &c., the productions of virtuosi for themselves, which having performed with 'unbounded applause,' they commit to paper and print during the first ebullition of popular astonishment. These things, evanescent as the spring fashions, are highly characteristic of modern Germany, where no one is too poor to publish, or so unhappy as not to find a publisher. The last century was one of manuscripts, of which some memorable specimens have struggled into light—the present one, notwithstanding its luxuriance of paper and print, seems to address itself principally to a posterity of trunk-makers and cheesemongers.

The productions of the German instrumental composers of the second rank, Lindpainter, Reissiger, Kalliwoda, Lachner, &c., are really curious for their fidelity to a good style, for the science and ability they display, and for their number, under circumstances of no great public encouragement. There is a national pertinacity about the composers of this class; they like to accumulate works, content now and then to hit the mark of public satisfaction, anxious at all times to maintain an honourable rank by industrious and conscientious efforts, which, whatever their deficiency in genius, never sacrifice good taste. Where players are numerous, novelty must be had—be it novelty in name rather than in substance. But long comparison of works of this kind with the beautiful and imperishable remains of the Mozart and Haydn school has awakened in many places, somewhat tardily, the notion of patronage as a means to the revival of genius, and we are not to believe that if a composer of the good old sort were to appear he would be left to pine in obscurity, or to write waltzes and polkas for his living. Premiums for symphonies have now been offered from various quarters for several years, and laureates have been found:—however that any approach to a new Beethoven has been made we will not venture to assert. The favourite symphonist and present director of the Leipsic concerts, Neils. W. Gade, a

young Dane, obtained his first distinction in this way, a symphony of his having been crowned by a prize offered at Copenhagen, which was adjudged by Spohr and F. Schneider. The Leipsic amateurs hailed the appearance of this youthful talent—they discovered that his physiognomy resembled Mozart's, while the letters of his name composed the four open strings of the violin; and, with pardonable superstition, they drew from these circumstances favourable prognostics. Gade has, indeed, shown every disposition to avail himself of the advantages of study afforded by the highly musical city of Leipsic, but his second symphony has appeared, and is pronounced to be very much like his first. The second work is the touchstone of a new pen in any walk of art; but we would not deal in unfavourable omens where so fair a career of life seems open. Had nothing further been done to evince the general sense entertained of Gade's merits than his election to an office of conductor, in which his two immediate predecessors were Mendelssohn and Hiller, that alone would have sufficed. The Leipsic subscription concerts are becoming quite a venerable musical foundation, they have great influence on instrumental music throughout Germany, while their annual list of twenty performances gives ample room to admit new competitors by the side of the standard classical masters.*

We can do little more than indicate the state of instrumental solo composition, such an enormous troop of artists and adventurers at present occupy that profitable field. The pianoforte is an anomalous state:—with a mechanism brought to such perfection as should render it one of the most delightful of instruments, it is but too frequently employed in public to delight gaping curiosity by a low species of harlequinade in which music has no share.

We can sympathise with the enthusiasm which may naturally arise on seeing the almost invincible difficulties of the mechanism of the pianoforte thoroughly mastered; but this sensation is transient, the spell of surprise is at length broken by the mere congregation of the wizards, and, without music to fall back upon, how poor the chance of a permanent reputation! The Liszts, the Thalbergs, the Döhlers, the Myers, *et hoc genus omne*, what is their reputation as musicians—as composers? Nothing—they have absolutely produced nothing but the pompous and imposing inanities which form their private exercises. The profit, which any one

* The eight concerts of the London Philharmonic Society rarely admit novelties. During the last season we had, indeed, one curiosity, the overture to 'Furabraz,' by Schubert,—selected by her Majesty—but which, notwithstanding, threatened to act upon the musicians like the celebrated medicament of that name, which the knight of La Mancha administered to himself and squire in the castle of the enchanted Moor. Gade's symphony was rehearsed, but rejected. We fear the society is swayed too much by names and too little by real merit.

may fairly calculate upon who has accomplished the art of making the public stare, offers a great bait to cupidity, and life, shifting the scene from town to town, sweeping in the proceeds of performances, and amid the perpetual jollity of new acquaintance, may have its charms. But the poet-musician, without quitting the solitude and stillness of his chamber, we must not forget, has entertained still greater audiences. And how much more nobly, let Hummel bear witness, whose delightful church and chamber music have associated, with the sylvan retirement of Weimar, feelings as strong as any that Goethe or Schiller have connected with it in poetry. We mention this master, whose solid works are before the public of Europe, the rather because his appointment is now possessed by Liszt, a man who has produced nothing; for which degeneracy how he will answer to his patrons, or to the 'inexorable judge within,' is more than we can tell. Liszt made Kapellmeister at Weimar, and Dreyschock at Darmstadt, may encourage ingenuous youth to practise the scales and emulate the *Tarentella furiosa* and *Galope chromatique*—hardly to undergo the severer ordeal of contrapuntal study. But though a new *hexenmeister* of this bad school, a Dane named Wilmers, has appeared, again out-Heroding Herod, we trust that it is nodding to its fall. A strong party, supported by all the good taste of the country, has declared in favour of the classical in form and style, and endeavoured to rescue the genius and character of the pianoforte from the eccentric usage which threatens to overwhelm them. Sonatas of the old solid construction are welcome revivals at the present day, not only from Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Thalberg, but from younger pens desirous to identify themselves with music at any rate, even should the wish rather than the accomplishment be discerned. This is a hopeful symptom in the music of Young Germany; another peculiarly appropriate to this age of restoration and conservatism is the passionate recognition of the merits of the old masters. Mortier de Fontaine, a pianist of celebrity, has not only performed in public several of Handel's concertos for keyed instruments, but has even found sufficient encouragement to publish them. Then, again, we now possess, for the first time, collected into one uniform edition, in ten volumes, beautifully printed, and as carefully edited by Czerny, the whole of the pianoforte or Clavier works of J. S. Bach, among which are several most exquisite fugues never yet published. A work repeatedly commenced by various continental houses, and as often laid aside through distrust of public encouragement; a work the essence of which is abstract and remote, and whose beauties are ideal and profound, is a testimony to the progress of the actual musical world not easily confuted. How delightful to the musician to be ena-

bled to drink at the same Helicon which nourished the infant genius of Mendelssohn! While we listen to the remains of this immortal master, proved by his chromatic fantasia, the undoubted founder of the modern school, for the modulation therein exhibited, and that of Beethoven seems absolutely coeval, we can scarcely believe in the existence of a public, eager for waltzes or trifles of mere ostentation, ambitious of difficulty for its own vain display—still less in that of artists willing to pander to them.

The art of Orpheus on the violin seems to have been little cultivated since the death of Paganini, which is in some respects an advantage to good taste—though Ole Bull still cleaves to the money-making of the craft, and entertains with *diablerie*, which is equally well rewarded by the public and the connoisseurs, and brings coin on the one hand, and disdain on the other. Less profitable than the pianoforte, the violin has happily in its train fewer charlatans, and the removal of pecuniary temptation to the abuse of their powers, renders its professors the most absolute votaries of the art. The German school, renowned for its technical solidity, from the days of Fraenzl to Spohr, and the reputation of which is still so well supported by Molique, David, &c., is at present considerably influenced by the admirable artists from time to time turned out of the Conservatorio of Brussels, and who as naturally migrate to Germany as the young water-fowl moves by instinct to the pool. De Beriot, partly, if not wholly, withdrawn from public life, has devoted his leisure with the greatest advantage to the prosperity of this institution, he has enlarged by twelve his stock of concertos, and imbued his young countrymen and pupils with the chivalrous style, and the fine qualities of tone and intonation, and with the elegance and variety of bowing, for which he has long been conspicuous. This Belgian infusion has ameliorated the purely German system of the violin, whose solidity tended to heaviness; it has added originality and lightness to the *coups d'archet*, and in some measure assimilated the salient features of the various continental schools. A violin player, properly so called, will now hardly be discovered by his play to belong to any one nation in particular—the French are solid and scientific, the Germans light and elegant, the Belgians both;—in fact, a long peace has so diffused intercourse, and encouraged community of studies and feelings, that strong features of nationality are disappearing from groups and masses, and are detected now chiefly in the peculiarities of individual artists. One distinction most truly earned by Germany regards the technical part of musical education. It has multiplied the finest artists, by watching genius in the bud of infancy, bestowing on it the most philosophical culture, and gathering its fruits only when mature. The youthful perfection which

has been manifested on the violin of late years has been truly surprising; if, indeed, any thing can be rightly so admitted, where *work* has been gained from ingenious, happily constituted children, and each step of it directed by consummate experience. What is to accrue from the manhood of such a boy as Joseph Joachim, who, at the age of fourteen, performed during our last London musical season such pieces as Beethoven's Concerto, Mendelssohn's Overture, Beethoven's Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, &c., &c., all of them requiring finished style and great powers of physical endurance, it may be for some future amateur to discover. The whole relation would seem fabulous, were it not told of a boy wonderfully endowed, both intellectually and corporeally. That this early development of the musical nature is, however, a work that incurs risk, and should be prosecuted with caution, we have lately had a melancholy instance in the death of one of the Eichorns, at the age of twenty-two—formerly in the tenderest infancy a *Wunder-Kind*, and then, with his little brother, astonishing Spohr and other good judges of the difficulties of the violin with feats that were deemed prodigious. Such is too often the fate of talent—it ripens into the great artist, or becomes an early sacrifice to death.

Pre-eminence on the violoncello belongs also to Belgian art; and the modern concerto style of that instrument, in which the whole finger-board is traversed, and the strings crossed up to the bridge, with a great display of flexible bowing, and variety of *coups d'archet*, assimilates the mechanism and manipulation to those of the violin, while thus its successful cultivation depends as much on muscular power and endurance as on musical requisites. The violoncello, played as it is now played in continental concert-rooms, is a truly formidable instrument—it now attacks all the difficulties of the violin; the rapid and brilliant allegro, with its double notes and octave passages—the vocal adagio, with its modifications and fine inflections of tone, the piquant rondo, with its playful and eccentric phrases,—are all given by it in turn, and at the end admiration is often divided between the address and taste of the player and his immense physical power. A finished specimen of endurance and mastery combined was lately given by Demunck, a young man, professor of the violoncello in the Conservatorio of Brussels, by performing at one of the concerts of that institution, an arrangement of De Beriot's Violin Concerto in B minor, a feat that excited general astonishment among all who were able to judge practically of its arduous character. But the first man of the day in the new art of handling the violoncello, an art which has made it even transcend the violin in the variety of its effects, is undoubtedly the Belgian violoncellist, Servais. He takes this position naturally and unopposed, having now added to that fine practical skill, which was so justly admired in England, a solid reputation as a composer

for his instrument. Servais, and his young countryman Vieuxtemps, the violin player, do great honour to the music of Belgium; their progress in Germany has been rendered doubly successful by excellent compositions as well as performances, their names have become classical, and half the young aspirants to instrumental celebrity on the continent hope to make a more auspicious commencement by producing themselves in one of their pieces.

Such artists as these who are received with the warmest greetings wherever they appear, and whose travelling concerts soon replenish their purses, and repay what has been expended by them in self-cultivation or in composition, would seem to mark the difference between the love of the instrumental art in Germany and England. Here there is an absolute want of patronage for a concerto-player:—if one happen to have cultivated his art with great enthusiasm and self-denial, M. Jullien may possibly introduce him to the public for a few nights at the Promenade Concerts, but then his glory wanes, and he may trim his course as he can between ambition and expediency. This discouraging frigidity of the public is the reason why English performance on the violoncello rarely extends beyond the solo, the quartet, or the obligato accompaniment, in which, though we may observe a certain beauty and sweetness of tone characteristic of this country, through the influence of that remarkable quality in Lindley's play, yet there is none of the grandeur and magnificence of style which belong to the habitual concerto player. Putting Lindley's *auld world* concertos out of the question, which indeed were never of any merit as compositions, or distinguished by pretension to classical structure, if mere antiquity had not exempted them from consideration, as connected with the modern art of the violoncello, we may say that the concerto style of that instrument is totally unrepresented, and almost obsolete in England. It is nearly as bad with the violin, on which we have several professors of great industry, talent, and ambition;—distrust of audiences—fear of playing music too good to preserve the player's popularity, has made the concerto give way to the flimsy show-piece, and both the style and the manual execution have become deteriorated in consequence. The vice of high English patronage has been to believe nothing worthy of it that is not foreign—'far fetched and dear bought';—an exclusiveness not only unnatural, but which has established a prescriptive superiority in the continent, and made many go abroad to learn, and some to live. Whatever may be the faults of German artists, it can, however, be only said of their country, that she is in the highest degree liberal and friendly to all who appear before her with the credentials of talent.

The interest felt by the Germans in the cultivation of stringed instruments is not confined solely to grand displays of mechanism

and of difficulty successfully combated; but is distributed between concert-room music and the quartet style, which is still the delight of the most polished musical society. The classics of this art, as established by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, do not satisfy the ardour of the day for new pleasures, nor quell the rising ambition of young artists—quartet composition is, therefore, a strong feature of the chivalry of modern music; it is a constant form of publication, exhibits a variety of pens and as varied success, with one object unchangeably in view—reputation. The art can never, we suspect, fall into any great danger of total neglect and decay while this abstract motive is well supported. Robert Schumann of Leipsic has gained great applause by his *débüt* as quartet composer, and from one quarter or another, out of the numerous attempts made, some in the old and symmetrical form of Haydn, some in the fantastic style of Beethoven, or in the piquant and effective manner of Onslow, a fair contribution of interesting novelties is gathered, and in a mode of writing which the greatest musical wits have confessed to be difficult. Mozart, in the preface to his six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, speaks expressly of the ‘labour and pains’ which their composition had cost him. But, whatever may be the relative merit of new quartet compositions, the charm of that social style of performance is certainly carried to its height in Germany at the present day. Sometimes it unites four composers, in which *réunion*, if the composition rendered be really no better than it would be in the hands of merely practical artists, there is something still to flatter the imagination. At other times a family of brothers has been seen to devote themselves entirely to social practice and improvement; custom confirming always as a theory founded on experience, that towards the true beauty of quartet performance there will ever be something more wanting than the presence of four competent players casually brought together. The chamber concerts at Leipsic, during the early part of last year, presented a great attraction in Mendelssohn’s ‘Otetto,’ led by David, with the parts of first and second tenor sustained by the composer and Neils. W. Gade of rising orchestral celebrity. We may be sure that the violas on this occasion were not the least listened to, and it will be a new gratification to the admirers of the genial Mendelssohn to know that he can become the heart of the social musical circle in this humble capacity.

It is pleasant to observe among the musicians of the actual epoch, some who bear the names of certain great organists formed in the school of Sebastian Bach, viz.: Krebs, Kittl, &c. These are, doubtless, the descendants of composers, in whom, after lying dormant for a generation or two, the spirit of music is again awakened. We are thankful even for a name that revives associations with

great masters or solemn styles of music, and we could not see among the able organists of Berlin that of Thiele without remembering that such a name is connected historically with the formation of Handel's individual and majestic style on the organ. Meantime new names have sprung up allied to deeds of fame in composition and practical skill worthy to forestal antiquity. Adolph Hesse, organist of the cathedral of Breslau, is one of this class. He has written the most excellent organ music, besides six symphonies for the orchestra, that are exceedingly well received among new compositions of that kind; while his playing discovers a noble style, and a mechanism so neat, smooth, and distinct, that Spohr, mentioning him with admiration, once exclaimed 'He makes the pedals sing.' The musical traveller who visits the cathedral cities of Germany, finds the imposing effect of the spacious and venerable *Dom Kirche* greatly enhanced in most cases by the size, magnificence, and architectural symmetry of its enormous organ, an edifice itself, and not an unimpressive one even in its silence, adorned as it is by sumptuous wood-carvings, by figures of jubilant angels with uplifted trumpets, and every symbol of sacred harmony and solemn adoration. The liberality which furnished these fine instruments is like the whole plan of Gothic ornament and architecture, one of the magnificent mysteries of the past. Such an organ as we have described, of an immense semicircular front covering the whole breadth of the choir, and rising to its greatest height at the wings, angel crowned, stands in the cathedral of which Hesse is the principal organist. This, with its noble pedal pipes, and endless stock of combinations, might well pique the skill and invention of the artist, who, in this particular instance, has become the first performer of his country; but similar advantages enjoyed here and there by others, together with the quiet life of Germany, have conspired to keep organ music at a very high state of cultivation, and we take this pursuit, which is often prosecuted with great ardour in comparative solitude, to realise as much of Arcadian simplicity and enjoyment as musical life is capable of affording. We have followed, with great pleasure, Hesse to Paris, whither he was invited to display the effects of a new organ erected in the church of St. Eustache, and to introduce the German style of organ playing, as exhibited in the execution of Bach's fugues and Toccatas. We can imagine the surprise with which this fine music, with its splendid examples of the obligato pedal, must have burst upon the French artists, who, though not destitute of talent of a certain order, were wholly so of mechanism, playing to their extemporary compositions nothing but *pizzicato* basses, and that only with one foot, while the other rested very conveniently on a ledge made, as it seemed, for that purpose. Notwithstanding

this backwardness in the management of their organ, the musicians at St. Eustache understood and relished good music: the motets of Palestrina were the order of the day among them, and from the appreciation of so severe a style to that of Bach's organ music, is but a gentle gradation. Let us hope that Hesse has established a school of execution which will shortly find as many disciples in Paris as it has already obtained among the rising musicians of London.

The lyric drama of Germany seems rather to be distinguished by the abundance of its modern repertory than by the quality or intrinsic merit of individual specimens. New operas are almost as complete a necessity of German life as of Italian, and what the workmanship of native talent fails to supply in this respect is made up by translations and adaptations from the French and Italian stage. In observing the crowd of musicians who think themselves qualified to exercise the vocation of dramatic composers, we are little surprised at the ephemeral character which prevails in their productions. For the truth is, that opera music has ceased to fulfil any higher object than that of pastime, and being thus degraded from its original standard as the interpreter of sentiment and situation, which the art of the musician displayed and contrasted with the happiest resources of his genius, it calls no longer for any remarkable individuality of nature, but may be indifferently the work of any one who has a technical acquaintance with the orchestra, and is versed in the routine of combination and effect. The bulk of this work is of imitative origin, therefore artificial, and incapable of rooting itself in the mind or affections. Wagner, who is at the head of the German opera at Dresden, was shortly one of the favourites of expectation, through his lyrical treatment of Captain Marryat's popular tale, 'The flying Dutchman;' but in his new five-act opera, 'Rienzi,' he has not soared so triumphantly, having, as some think, in that lengthy exhibition of scenic pageantry and display, sunk down into the confirmed imitator of Meyerbeer. It is in this opera, we believe, that a chorus is sung by men on horseback, a new choral medium for the expression of heroic sentiment, and a sure card for applause. The public like to be addressed from the back of an animal, and Liston, we remember, used to mount an ass for the occasion, in doing which, however, he consulted the effect rather than the dignity of his appearance; and in much the same way the equestrian opera writers balance between novelty and propriety. How gladly however would the admirer of the lyric drama exchange all the effect, the glare and glitter of the modern heroic opera of the Meyerbeer school, with its processions, costumes, and pompous array of the chivalry of the middle ages, for some scenes touched with human interest and with nature, which in the truest poetry

or romance still most delightfully come home to the bosoms and business of men! Such are the true materials for music, and of such, without going far back for examples of them, were the dramas which Weber composed—music that lives in the heart and the imagination, and which, when it has temporally ceased to be heard at the theatre, has a new existence on the pianoforte of the amateur. But for the big bulks of operas, now spun out to five acts, we may see by their inelastic nature how destitute they are of soul and spirit, the cessation of their term being for them complete oblivion, a death from which there is no resurrection. It is plain, therefore, that imagination and feeling must animate the mass in the opera as well as the poem destined to last—and that the theatre, supplied as it is with flashy and artificial resources, cannot by a general contribution of her artists in the least supersede the labours of real genius—that faculty which informs, pervades and influences the whole; and which, instead of borrowing any aid from scenery or costume, lends it. There is scarcely a theatrical barn so poor as to be unable to muster costumes for the classical opera, and the fine music of 'Don Juan' and the 'Freischütz' has often been given, we fear, to lighten the labours of those important performers in ballet and pantomime—the scene shifters. But in spite of this managerial indignity the music lives, while the grand opera of the day becomes antiquated in a season.

There are some things about Wagner that render it doubtful how far he will fulfil expectation, or satisfy that immense anxiety to catch a composer in which modern Europe, and Germany especially, pays a tribute to the past. In the place once held by C. M. von Weber, whose industry and taste first raised the German opera of Dresden into importance, he has not evinced the due love for, or study of, the musical classics, which is naturally expected from a young composer. The connoisseurs were lately surprised to hear Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Don Giovanni,' conducted by him in a manner that defied all tradition as to the time of the movements. This argues as ill for native feeling as for study, and when we examine the fruits of Wagner's genius, we find that, like Meyerbeer's, they are choral from first to last. We possess, however, already but too much of this, and require fine melodious airs to restore the opera. Another dramatic composer who affects the comic style, Albert Lortzing, appears to have struck out a path that promises more originality and entertainment. Both these composers unite in one particular which is important to the music of the theatre—they are both the authors of the *libretti* of their operas, and can thus the better consult the effect of movements from collocation and contrast.

There is little encouragement in the present state of Catholic Church government to attempt to supply new orchestral com-

positions for the service,—masses, motets, &c., of which so many admirable specimens have been furnished within these few years by Hummel and Cherubini. Indeed it seems doubtful at present whether orchestras will not be entirely forbidden to assist in the offices of the Catholic Church, a movement to that effect having taken place in Flanders, the especial domain of popery; but still, under orders, so imperfect in authority, and so partially influential, that the musicians driven from one church have found refuge and countenance in another. It is not a very easy or a very safe matter to attempt innovations where pleasure has, for a series of years, gone hand in hand with duty; and the restoration of the austere plain chant of the Gregorian era, endangers heresy in those who are accustomed to the benignity and graciousness of religion according to the beautiful versions of it given in Mozart's and Haydn's masses. We know of no more portentous thing than the sounds of a Gregorian *canto fermo* delivered in a requiem or other solemnity from the thick throats of a number of hale priests, who seem as if they had learned music of bulls, bass-horns, and ophicleides; the effect of their unison on the nerves of a sensitive stranger is tremendous, it fills the imagination with gloom and horror. But the impression of this atrabilious music is weakened by habit, and though one must here recognise a powerful engine if occasionally employed, or in the hands of a good composer, yet nature resists continual denunciations, and vindicates a pleasantness as her constant mode of life even in religion. Curiously enough it happens that while the Catholics are identifying their service with this severe, unisonous chant, the Puseyites are endeavouring to introduce the same into the reformed Anglican church; by which we may see that the Gregorian *canto fermo* is a powerful lever in religion, and of admirable utility as a first step in the assimilation of creeds. This innovation will, however, certainly meet with resistance in Germany, particularly at Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, where there are fine orchestras which have tended much to incorporate music with divine service in those places, and to render one hardly distinguishable from the other. This is, perhaps, as it should be; ancient doctors having discovered, in the elements of harmony, the symbols of the Trinity. At all events, whatever disagreements may exist among the hierarchy as to the proper style of church music, the mass, according to the form which its music has assumed in the hands of Haydn and Mozart, possesses devotees who will support it independent of churches and the opinion of zealots. This they do purely out of musical enthusiasm: the mass exhibits such admirable varieties of treatment, admits such pathos, elegance, choral grandeur, and beauty of instrumentation, that it stands out, like the symphony, a test of very peculiar talents in

the art of composition appreciable by secular ears as well as those of the orthodox. Thus Reissiger employs himself with much zeal in extracting new effects from the fine choir and orchestra of the church of Our Lady at Dresden; and others, without his advantages, are tempted to the same kind of employment through the premiums offered by private societies, and their own natural inclination to the task. The protection of church music by persons totally unconnected with the church, is a peculiar characteristic of this age—it is a thing of passion and sentiment like the Gothic arch, or storied window, those mute chroniclers of faded chivalry and romance—and the feeling abounds alike in Germany and in England. Perhaps no more memorable instance of it was ever given, than when, a year or two ago in London, some of the first musicians and amateurs met together to perform ‘Tallis’s Litany’ after a dinner at a tavern. The enthusiasm of publication, whether of Catholic or Protestant music (for in this distinctions of creed are unknown), keeps pace with that of performance. Whatever excellent the past has, which may be conducive to modern delight or advancement, finds its way into public. Among the novelties of old music, that the musician will view with delight in the immortality of print, are a number of the manuscript cantatas of Sebastian Bach, of which one hundred and thirty-four were collected at Berlin about the commencement of the present year. We shall now see this great composer—incontestably, as facts have proved, the most voluminous musical author that ever lived—placed by the side of Handel in vocal composition. It were presumption to anticipate a futurity of thirty years as to the probably then existing opinion upon these great composers; but the march of time and opinion, at present, is strongly in favour of Bach, a man whose style necessarily awaited an age of cultivation for due homage. This Albert Durer of music seems to have anticipated all the grace and charm of modern melody, without having made further acquaintance with the Italian models of his day than might be found in an occasional journey to hear Hasse’s operas at Dresden. The cadences and harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven abound in his works, as they do also in the works of the great Henry Purcell; while Handel, who had travelled in Italy, has decidedly a more antiquated air.

We had designed to speak of the societies for part singing in Germany—half festive, half musical, but our space is exhausted. The glee or four part song for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, is now sometimes produced; but when will Germany realise the exquisite performance of the Vaughans, Harrisons, and Bartlemans? For such a performance we must not leave England—still rich as it is in the finest traditions of concerted song.

ART. IX.—*Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of Southern Africa, delineated from Life in their Native Haunts during a hunting Expedition from the Cape Colony as far as the Tropic of Capricorn, in 1836 and 1837, with Sketches of the Field Sports*, by Major Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS, drawn on Stone by FRANK HOWARD. London: Pelham Richardson. 1844.

No man can have set his foot upon the wilds of Africa, without feeling himself to be in a country totally different from all others. This is the case throughout every part of the vast continent, but more especially in that southern horn which formed the scene of Sir Cornwallis Harris's sporting excursions. It consists of a most strange assemblage of mountains and plains, of spots lovely and picturesque beyond description, and gifted with inexhaustible fertility, and of seemingly boundless plains where barrenness reigns so completely paramount, that the very principle of vegetation appears to be extinct. At a certain distance from the colony, we enter upon regions over which the most delightful clouds of ignorance—almost the only clouds one meets with—still brood. We traverse large rivers, which rise no one knows where, and envelop their exits in equal obscurity. Ranges of mountains, also, with appellations uncouth, and hiding God knows what treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in their unvisited recesses, sweep before us along the verge of the horizon, dim, blue, and shadowy, like so many fragments of fairy land. And if the great outlines of the landscape be original and bold, the filling up and colouring are no less so. Every thing upon which the eye rests, has the appearance of having been cast in a mould, nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals what bulk and fantastic formations! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits what extremes appear to meet! How unspeakably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who will dare to say, that in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves? If there be any thing we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, which, under the name of Bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over those sublime savannahs. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wilderness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour

like rain: streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosas, weeping willows, and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful, purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel-thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes with heads eighteen feet high, browsing on the tops of trees. Elsewhere the rhinoceros pokes forth his long ugly snout from a brake. While the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines in sphinx-like attitude beneath some ancient tree.

Of the rich garniture of plants and flowers, which adorn several portions of this division of Africa, Sir Cornwallis Harris speaks in terms of eloquent admiration.

“At every step we take,” says he, “what thousands and tens of thousands of gay flowers rear their lovely heads around us. Of a surety the enthusiasm of the botanist has not painted the wonders of these regions in colours more brilliant than they deserve; for Afric is the mother of the most magnificent exotics that grace the green-houses of Europe. Turn where we will, some new plant discovers itself to the admiring gaze, and every barren rock being decorated with some large and showy blossom, it can be no exaggeration to compare the country to a botanical garden left in a state of nature. The regal Protea, for whose beauties we have from childhood entertained an almost instinctive respect, here blossoms spontaneously on every side, the buzzing host of bees, beetles, and other parasites by which its choice sweets are surrounded, being often joined by the tiny humming-bird, herself scarcely larger than a butterfly, who perches on the edge of a broad flower, and darts her tubular tongue into the chalice. But the bulbous plants must be considered to form the most characteristic class: and in no region of the globe are they to be found so numerous, so varied, or so beautiful. To the brilliant and sweet-smelling *Ixia*, and to the superb species of the iris, there is no end; the morell, the corn-flag, the amaryllis, the hamanthus, and pancratium, being countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. After the autumnal rains their gaudy flowers, mixed with those of the brilliant orchidæ, impart life and beauty, for a brief season, to the most sandy wastes, and covering alike the meadows and the foot of the mountains, are succeeded by the gnaphalium, the xeranthemum, and a whole train of everlastings, which display their red, blue, or silky white flowers among a host of scented geraniums, flourishing like so many weeds. Even in the midst of stony deserts arise a variety of aloes and other fleshy plants—the stapelia, or carrion-flower, with square, succuluous, leafless stems, and flowers resembling star-fish, form-

ing a numerous and highly eccentric genus, in odour so nearly allied to putrescent animal matter, that insects are induced to deposit their larvae thereon. The brilliant mesanbryanthemum, or fig marigold, comprising another genus almost peculiar to South Africa, extends to nearly three hundred species, and whilst they possess a magazine of juices, which enables them to bear without shrinking a long privation of moisture, their roots are admirably calculated to fix the loose shifting sands which form the superficies of so large a portion of the soil. But amid this gay and motley assemblage, the heaths, whether in number or in beauty, stand confessedly unrivalled. Nature has extended that elegant shrub to almost every soil and situation—the marsh, the river brink, the richest loam, and the barest mural cliff, being alike

‘Empurpled with the heather’s dye.’

“Upwards of three hundred and fifty distinct species exist, nor is the form of their flowers less diversified than are their varied hues. Cup-shaped, globular, and bell-shaped, some exhibit the figure of a cone, others that of a cylinder; some are contracted at the base, others in the middle, and still more are bulged out like the mouth of a trumpet. Whilst many are smooth and glossy, some are covered with down, and others, again, are encrusted with mucilage. Red in every variety and depth of shade, from blush to the brightest crimson, is their prevailing complexion; but green, yellow and purple are scarcely less abundant, and blue is almost the only colour whose absence can be remarked.”

‘In emerald tufts, flowers purple, pink, and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery
Buckled below fair knighthood’s bending knee,
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.’”

Such is the scene over which the sportsman pursues his game in South Africa. Of the animals hunted we can say but little. Sir Cornwallis Harris has described them with the most graphic beauty, and added to his descriptions large lithographic portraits, which, for truth of delineation and delicacy of colouring, have never been surpassed. Nor is this all. Each animal is represented in a landscape resembling that in which he is found in nature: and as the features which extra-tropical Africa puts on in the southern hemisphere are peculiarly strange and magnificent, every illustration may be regarded as a rich pastoral piece. Where vegetation abounds we have trees, and plants, and flowers, all of peculiar shapes and hues; some standing detached, and appearing like a succession of leafy platforms, smoothed and levelled, to be the scene of the midnight gambles of fairies, high in air—others, gnarled and tortuous, meeting and interlacing above, and supporting, besides, a lavish profusion of parasites, stretch over the green sward a canopy impenetrable by the rays of the fiercest sun; while others, again, rising on the margins of lakes and streams, bend down their drooping arms towards the water, as if enamoured

of their reflected images. Elsewhere we are placed upon the surface of the wild Karroo, almost scorched to a cinder by the heat. Even here, however, the rich play of light invests the scene with something like beauty. A variety of colours is sprinkled over the waste. Thin filmy vapours, impregnated with silver or azure rays, expand like a mantle over the eminences and fill up the far background with uncertain forms. Beheld in wildernesses such as these, even the strangest animals appear at home. We are not surprised to view the quagga, or the gnou, the giraffe, the oryx, or the black antelope, occupying the foreground of landscapes so singular. Africa has always enjoyed the reputation of being the mother of monsters; and if we group together in imagination the fantastic creatures portrayed in Sir Cornwallis Harris's '*Portraits of Game and Wild Animals*,' couple together the tall and brilliantly painted camel-leopard with the lumbering hippopotamus, resembling a huge cylinder of fat, supported awkwardly on stumps, and the ungainly rhinoceros, looking, in his corrugated skin, like a shrivelled hodman who has got into a coat a world too wide for him; if we place the slender leopard, agile, springy, light, and flexible as an eel, beside the cumbrous bulk of the elephant, striding along the plain, which seems to shake beneath him; if we set side by side the cerulean antelope and the lion, the springbok and the wild boar, the sassabe and the gnou, the zebra and the eland, the minute humming bird and the gigantic ostrich—if we do this, we say, and compare the proportion and structure of the various animals, we shall probably conclude, that poetry has seldom fabled any thing more unlike our ordinary notions of reality than what nature has actually produced on the further extreme of the African continent.

That a sportsman like Sir Cornwallis Harris should enjoy a journey through such a region may easily be conceived; but the relentless hostility with which he pursued his quarry, is scarcely to be accounted for on the same principles. He appears to have declared perpetual war against the whole four-footed race, and never to be happy but when engaged in thinning their numbers. His horse and his rifle are part of himself; he lives on powder and two-ounce balls. He stalks abroad in the morning, and death follows his footsteps. No sooner is the sun above the horizon, than the fatal rifle is at work, and throughout the day its report never ceases to be heard amongst the hills, or along the sun-burnt face of the plain. Sometimes he dwells with a sort of rapturous admiration upon certain animals—upon the giraffe, for example, or that huge antelope, equalling a horse in size—and you begin to imagine that he longed only to gaze upon its beauty—to behold it move to and fro before him, to tame and make a

pet of it, and lead it about over the wilderness as the ornament of his wandering *kafila*. No such thing: he only wanted to kill it! He reminds us of the story of Zeus and Semele; he approaches with thunder and lightning the object of his affection, and destroys it through intense love. Could the ostrich or the zebra speak, however, it would exclaim, 'Heaven defend me from the preference of a sportsman!' But, after all, there is an unspeakable charm in excitement, and it is excitement that the hunter seeks, when, at break-neck pace, he pursues the flying game over hill and dale, dashes through breaks—or plunges into streams and quagmires. No man, perhaps, was ever more strongly possessed by the passion for the chase than Sir Cornwallis Harris, or more capable of imparting his feelings to the reader. His magnificent volume is accordingly by no means what its exterior would seem to promise—a succession of poetical or pastoral pictures—but abounds everywhere with narratives of the most stirring interest, during the perusal of which, we expect to part company with our author, and behold him snapped up by a lion,—pen, pencil, and all,—or drowned in some swampy river, or hurled headlong down some treacherous precipice. Many of his most romantic adventures we strongly desire to lay before the reader; but our limits not permitting this, we are compelled to content ourselves with extracting one or two passages; merely premising, that there are hundreds of others equally vivid and exciting.

"On the morning of the 9th of October, when the waggons had started on their way to the Meritsane river our next stage, I turned off the road in pursuit of a group of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another which was joined by a third still larger; then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassaybes and hartebeests pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing in with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain. Still unsatisfied I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket compass, and being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success: the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which together with drawing materials I

carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day, under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and to my inexpressible astonishment found them deserted; the same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited. I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual bring some stragglers to the spot, but no: the keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling hay-stacks, and under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water; alas! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social grosbeaks, those winged republicans, of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened; large troops of ostriches running in one direction plainly indicated that I was approaching water, and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children; soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

"Those only who have suffered as I did during this day from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may say, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, which I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the waggons before dark. The banks are precipitous, the channels deep, broken, and rocky, clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing round, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prow, were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and having knee-haltered my horse, to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much

from the chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and, commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep. On opening my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look out; but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his footmark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now crossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human bones, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the waggon-road; but, as I could detect no recent traces of it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Sicklajole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the waggons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain."

We remember once, in the same quarter of the world, following the track of a lion, along the sandy face of the desert. We had never yet beheld him in his own domains. How, therefore, did our heart beat as we advanced, expecting every moment to see him leap forth from between the rocks to put the mettle of our whole party to the test. What careful priming of pistols and rifles was there!—with how keen an eye did we examine the burning horizon all round! From the length of his bound, he had evidently been pursuing some fleet prey—probably the light gazelle. The sand had been freshly scooped up; so that unquestionably he was somewhere in our neighbourhood, though we had not the good or ill-fortune to fall in with him. We can enter, however, fully into the feelings of our author, when, sitting quietly in his solitary bush, he listened for hours to the music of the king of beasts, while making a progress through his territories by starlight.

In the section appropriated to the ostrich, Sir Cornwallis Harris touches upon the province of comedy, and he must indeed be a grave reader who does not laugh heartily as he proceeds. All the fun, however, is not extracted out of the ostrich, though he is made to contribute his share. The natives of Africa, though gifted with little aptitude for civilisation, according to our notion of the thing, have yet, in some particulars, exhibited a bold-

ness of conception which the most refined philosophers of the north might envy; for example, it is they, and only they, who have had the boldness to convert a bird into a steed. It is quite a mistake to suppose, that the negroes have no brains in their woolly pates; were any libeller of these descendants of Ham to behold a couple of them astride upon an ostrich, while the animal was moving across the desert at the speed superior to that of the best patent steam-engine, he would probably learn to respect their genius. We can now only lament, that if the President of the Zoological Society were to take it, some fine morning, into his head to enjoy a canter round the gardens upon one of the ostriches of the society, for the amusement of the cockneys, he would only be imitating the woolly-headed professors of the interior of Africa. The chase of such a creature must be greatly calculated to improve one's wind. Just listen to Sir Cornwallis Harris while he describes a troop of them, putting their best foot foremost upon the desert.

"They have already been peering over their shoulders at you for a considerable time past, and having apprehended your design, now raise their white-plumed wings above their backs, and working them like paddles, with a motion corresponding with that of the legs, are getting gently under weigh. No sooner do they perceive by your increased pace that you are really in earnest, than, letting on their steam, they begin to travel at a rate that beggars all description, moving their pillar-like legs with a rapidity that might make you believe they were skimming above the ground, did not their great heavy toes make the dust and pebbles fly behind them, and create as much clatter as a horse in trotting. With their long, straight, slender necks, reared high above the withered shrubs, like knobbed stakes in a hedge-row, and their delicate white plumes floating in the rude breeze of the desert—those snowy plumes which are destined perhaps some day to wave in regal palaces above the marble brow of beauty, with long, hasty strides, oars and paddles going, here come 'the running ostriches;' and in ten more seconds will cross the path from which, in another direction, you are urging your panting courser to meet them. A noble cock is leading, in stature some yard or so loftier than yourself, and clad in a suit of deep mourning, his sable shroud surmounted by three bunches of nodding plumes argent. Now you are nearly across his bows. Halt! as he luffs up in the wind to pass you—abandon your blowing steed, who, by the bye, is not very likely to run away from you, hold your breath tight :—as the gigantic bird thunders past, let drive at his swarthy ribs."

Every body has heard of the stupidity of the ostrich; but Sir Cornwallis Harris is disposed on this point to call in question the testimony of naturalists. He makes it a point of conscience to rescue from ridicule the victims of his rifle; neither will he admit the charge of want of affection so liberally preferred against the

giant bird. Beyond the tropics, at least, they perform like kind parents the task of incubation, both cocks and hens taking the duty in turns. No doubt their nests are not of the most elaborate construction, consisting only of a large hollow, like a bowl, scooped out in the sand, but furnished with an elevated rim to prevent the numerous eggs from rolling away. To capture these spoils was one of the chief amusements of our traveller's Hotentots. They never apparently inquired whether the shell contained young birds or not, but gobbled up its contents with indiscriminating relish. His account of the style in which the black-faces robbed the nests is singularly grotesque.

"We always," he says, "considered fresh eggs a prize worth carrying away. The old birds are said to kick them to pieces, should even the print of a human foot be discovered; but our followers were so unable to endure the idea of leaving a single one behind, that they never failed to render this trouble superfluous. The number being often far greater than could be conveniently dealt with, the expedient by which the removal was effected proved highly diverting. Taking off their leathern inexpressibles, which, by the way, were more frequently carried on the muzzles of their guns than on their nether extremities, the Hotentots tied the lower ends, so as to form a double sack, and cramming them full, and placing them either across the saddle or their own backs. Few exhibitions can be conceived more grotesque and diverting than the appearance of the bandy-legged gentlemen *en chemise*, their baboonish physiognomies protruding betwixt the straddling legs of such a load, and each diligently smoking a clay-pipe as he advanced."

Let us now return to the quadrupeds, and join our Indian Nimrod in the chase of the gnoo. Field sports in these northern latitudes are, it must be owned, very tame amusements compared with those which may be enjoyed along the northern frontier of our Cape colony. There, all the courage and mental resources of the hunter are constantly called forth. In order properly to follow the game, he must adopt for a time all the habits of nomadic life: must live for months together in his waggon, and consort the whole time with savages. But then, what wild pleasures does he enjoy! By what vast varieties and multitudes of game is he surrounded! At one season of the year the springboks issue from the desert—where, Heaven knows on what they feed—in countless myriads, and spread themselves over the cultivated country like prodigious locust swarms, stripping the whole earth of every vestige of vegetation. Various other animals are sometimes, also, beheld in almost equal numbers: what a picture of the superabundance of animal life does the following passage present to us!

"It would be difficult for those who have never visited the interior of Southern Africa, to form even a remote conception of the countless herds of this ungainly quadruped, which are occasionally to be met with on the bosom of her broad plains. Lack of water, the curse, and the prevailing feature of these savage regions, frequently compels the *ferre nature* to assemble in countless companies, around the last dregs of expiring moisture, without reference either to caste or hereditary animosities; and on such occasions the picture they present to the eye of the sportsman is one of no common enchantment. Delighting in shade, the brindled gnou especially resorts to level tracts, thinly sprinkled with the picturesque and feathery mimosa, reclining beneath spreading clumps, of which, or scattered over the boundless landscape, like 'cattle grazing upon a thousand hills,' they impart to the sylvan scene a truly pastoral effect. At a single *coup d'œil* may be seen mixed multitudes of those inseparable friends, the kokoon and Burchell's zebra. The Damon and Pythias of the brute creation, interspersed with gaily-painted groups of the hartebeest and sassaybe, both seeming to have just escaped from the hands of the sign dauber. Some are quietly cropping the short grass, and others are huddled together beneath the shadow, cast by some tall, umbrella-shaped mokaala, the tree that forms the favourite food of the stately giraffe. From the spreading boughs of this magnificent species of acacia, the only approach to a tree which may be seen in these regions, dangle clusters of evergreen mistleto, sparkling with scarlet berries. And under the deep shadow cast on the sunny landscape by yonder clump, the twisted branches of which literally groan under the huge, haystack-looking nests of the republican bird, stand the sombre and massive figures of two elands, indolently defending their sleek, pursy sides from the buzzing persecutions of a host of yellow-bodied cattle flies, or leisurely chewing the cud in the midst of a knot of recumbent gnous, whose high humps peer above their elliptical horns. Mixed squads of kookons and zebras are practising their wild gambols over the level plain, kicking, frolicking, butting, and pursuing each other with untiring perseverance. Here a pair of exasperated combatants are engaged in a deadly joust, in the presence of a group of dames, who, as of old, will bestow their favours on the most valiant. Battering their hard fronts against each other, tossing their curled manes aloft, and lashing their swarthy sides with their streaming tails, their fierce little round eyes glisten the while, like sparks of fire, beneath their shaggy forelocks. Umpire-like, on one side of the scene of this gentle passage of arms, behold a few solitary bulls at gaze, posted, apparently, as sentinels, and standing full to the front, their dark eyes glancing wildly from the duellists to the enemy, and a deep hollow moan occasionally escaping from their innermost recesses. The human foe still approaches, and is observed to be armed with weapons of offence: up go their taper heels with a sideling flourish, the signal for the cessation of intestine hostilities, and for an indiscriminate retreat. With their high Roman noses, almost raking the earth, *saute qui peut*, away they scour in headlong haste, turning up the sand by bushelfuls. Now the sleek variegated coats of a

well-drilled troop of Burchell's zebras glisten in the rays of the sun as they charge furiously past in close squadron; at one moment, obscured under the gloom of an avenue of spreading mokaala trees—at the next emerging in unbroken files, followed by a smoke-like pillar of dust, which traces their serpentine course long after they have disappeared over the brow of yon gentle eminence. Crack goes the rifle, and the leading gnoo of the next sable section, arrested in full career, cuts three or four perfect somersets, measures his shaggy length upon the ground, and is trampled under foot of his thronging companions. Troop upon troop pour in from every quarter, and continue to join each other, until the whole plain seems alive, and thousands still bearing down from every point of the compass, a vast extent of country, which presently becomes chequered white and black with their congregated masses, at length presents the appearance of a moving mass, of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. Their incredible numbers so impede their onward progress that the horseman experiences no difficulty in closing with the motley band. As the panic caused by the repeated reports of his rifle increases, the rear ranks pressing tumultuously upon the heels of the leaders of the retreating phalanx, cause indescribable confusion, dense clouds of dust hover over them, and the long necks of troops of ostriches are to be seen towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybes and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, charging down from every direction, likewise lend their aid—whilst a host of hungry vultures, which, wheeling in airy circlets, like small specks in the firmament, have been gradually descending, and now stoop with the velocity of lightning, as each succeeding flash of the deadly tube gives token of prey—serve to complete a picture which must be seen to be understood, and which beggars all attempt at description.

‘Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms,
Dusky they spread, in close embodied crowds,
And o’er the vales descend in living clouds.’”

Notwithstanding what has been said, we feel that we have not done justice to this superb work, which, in all respects, is one of the most beautiful that have ever issued from the press. The illustrations are worthy of the letter-press, which the reader, we feel assured, will agree with us, is the highest praise we could bestow on them. Taken together they may be said to transport Southern Africa, with its landscapes, its animals, and its skies, into our drawing-rooms and libraries; and if the author's former volume entitled ‘Wild Sports’ be got up on a smaller scale, it yet deserves to keep company with its more colossal companion.

- ART. X.—1. *The Chinese Repository*. Vols. VII.—XII. Canton. 1839-1843.
2. *Lecture on the War with China, delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society, December, 1841*. By the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS of Massachusetts, United States of America.
3. *An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China*. By Captain ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME. 2 vols. London: Saunders and OTLEY. 1844.
4. *Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis*; from the Notes of Commodore W. H. HALL, R.N., with personal Observations by W. D. BERNARD Esq., A.M. Oxon. Second Edition. London: Colburn. 1844.
5. *Fifth Annual Report of the Morrison Education Society, for the Year ending September 28, 1843*. Macao: S. Wells Williams. 1843.
6. *Notices of China, &c.* By the Rev. W. C. MILNE. (Manuscript.)

It is important to consider at the present moment the state of our relations, commercial, political, and religious, with the Celestial Empire. The subject may be said to be almost new; for though China, within a few years, has attracted a great, though not a disproportionate share of public attention, more has been said of the brilliant achievements of the late war—so calculated to strike the imagination; more of the history—so uncertain,—of the antiquities—so little understood,—of the manners—so quaint and apparently barbarous—of the people;—far more has been said of all these, than of the hopes that may be legitimately entertained, of profitable intercourse with our new allies. Absolute silence, it is true, has not been maintained on this branch of the question. But the speculations indulged in have generally been so vague and indeterminate as to fly the grasp of criticism, and dissolve if subjected to the operation of analysis. When reduced to any tangible form, they invariably present themselves in some such shape as this,—that wonderful things are to be expected. On what ground, few give themselves the trouble to inquire.

Political writers in England are, indeed, compelled to base their conclusions respecting China upon a scanty foundation. There are a great many notions floating up and down in society that are useful to awaken curiosity and promote inquiry, but will not bear the weight of the least systematical superstructure. A steady gaze disperses these shadowy materials, and reveals the extent of our poverty. It is not the object of the present article to explain,

but in some slight degree to remedy, this state of things. Though many of the valuable facts brought home by those who figured in the war, or in the negotiations that accompanied and succeeded it, have been suppressed by the foreign office, a good deal has transpired in printed works, or been communicated in familiar conversation. We purpose to give a general sketch of the relative position of the Chinese and British empires, principally with the object of leading the mind of the reader to contemplate the nature and amount of the mutual influence they are to exercise. No attempt will be made to enter into detail. It will be impossible at present to do more than indicate the nature of the intercourse that is to exist henceforward.

Few persons have any accurate knowledge of what has taken place in China since the signing of the supplementary treaty, or what has been the result of our commercial operations there. No more striking proof of this can be given than the fact, that the misrepresentations of a French paper with respect to certain provisions of the treaty itself, found, a little while ago, almost implicit credence in England; at least a great many mercantile men, together with a considerable portion of the public were deceived; and it was not until Sir Henry Pottinger himself, at the dinner given him by the merchants of the City of London—and this by the bye was the only plain piece of information that ventured to present itself amidst the crowd of courtly compliments on that occasion—distinctly denied that any blunder had been made by us, or any advantage gained by the Chinese. It would be useless to multiply similar evidences of the popular ignorance, which is very extensively shared even by the press. Among the honourable exceptions we may particularise the '*Morning Chronicle*,' which, in its view of the money market and summary of city news, as well as elsewhere, exhibits great familiarity with all questions relative to the China trade.

In discussing the present posture of affairs, we cannot altogether avoid saying something of the war, just as it is difficult to contemplate a calm without recurring to the storm that preceded. We are invited to do so by two works which have recently made their appearance. One of these is by Captain Arthur Cunynghame, and merits the name of a pleasant and agreeable book, quite such a book as one would like to read about a country of which we had never before heard, and might never wish to hear again, incomplete of course with reference to the general subject, but quite satisfactory as far as it goes. Interspersed throughout are capital anecdotes, comic stories, and amusing personal adventures; but there is also a good deal of political information communicated carelessly, as if the writer was not anxious to show that he had

thought much of the subject. Occasionally there are passages of a higher strain, in which Captain Cunyngame, irresistibly influenced by his subject, approaches the dignity of history. There is no effort observable, but the reader's mind suddenly feels itself carried along and kindled by the sparks of enthusiasm that pass into it like the electric fluid, through the medium of ink and paper. The description of the ascent of the Yang-tse-Kiang, impresses us with a very high idea of the author's powers. The topic certainly was worthy to employ the pen of a Thucydides. A whole fleet and army, brought from the opposite quarter of the globe, projected into the heart of one of the largest of empires, up a stream famous for violent currents, never before stemmed by any European craft, whose banks bristled with batteries and frowned with fortifications, was a glorious picture to portray. The succession of victories, made brighter by the clemency and humanity of the victors; the approach to a capital once so vast and populous, now so abject in itself, and yet encircled by so much of its former reputation that those who have eyes cannot see, and will persist, despite the evidence of their senses, in believing it still to count its millions of inhabitants; the turn of circumstances by which this mysterious city was permitted to remain unentered by a British army, though encamped without its walls; the negotiations that ensued, and the final conclusion of a treaty with an emperor, now humbled, but who until then had refused to acknowledge his equal upon earth—these are subjects of the deepest interest, and are related admirably by Captain Cunyngame. All, therefore, who would peruse the most vivid and animated account of the splendid closing scenes of the Chinese war must necessarily resort to his volumes.

Another work of great value is the narrative of the voyage of the *Nemesis*, sent out to solve the problem of the utility of iron steamers, as instruments of war, in the eastern seas. It was a fine idea so to group the events of the struggle round the vessel that took such an active part in it, as to render it in some sort the hero of the piece. An epic interest is thus imparted to the work which could have been derived from no other source. The simple announcement of the idea awakens curiosity; and the execution, while it cannot be said to exceed, certainly does not fall short of expectation. Though the writer, Mr. Bernard, lacks much of that power of imagination which would have enabled Fenimore Cooper to infuse life into the *Nemesis*, and force us to sympathise with her as if she were a moral personage, yet he has good historical abilities, relates with considerable vivacity, and intersperses judiciously, though with a sparing hand, many really philosophical remarks.

The fault of both these writers is a certain timidity when they

have to deal with the future. The majesty of the Chinese empire overawes their minds, and they unwillingly perform a sort of intellectual *koutou* before it. In this, however, they are not singular. It has become the fashion to abdicate the use of reason on entering the China seas. Persons who can think justly on almost any other topic, become bewildered when they approach the Celestial Empire. Sensible men—men who are fit to be entrusted with the management of their household affairs—are not ashamed to chatter about eternal, or quasi-eternal, Chinese dynasties, the most modern of which began before the birth of history. Those whose orthodoxy prevents them from falling into this absurd strain, date the commencement of Chinese national existence from ‘the first dispersion of mankind.’ All seem to agree in representing the Celestials as an anomalous people, possessed of a sort of god-like immutability; and in ascribing to them the invention of almost every art, science, and convenience that ever has been invented. Criticism becomes powerless as soon as it touches the shores of China, as if stupefied by the vapours of opium; and implicit credence is placed in the histories, chronologies, and traditions of a people eminently distinguished for lying and deceit. With the fact staring them in the face, that the histories, chronologies, and traditions of the Chinese become more minute, more full of details, in proportion as they recede into antiquity, few ever venture to question their accuracy. Persons remarkable for incredulity in this quarter of the globe, travel to Eastern Asia to satisfy the appetite for belief inherent in every mind, and take for granted whatever is advanced in the imperfect and inartificial language of the Chinese. On its assertions, scholars and philologists build back a causeway into the past, which retires, leaving dynasties, kingdoms, empires, epochs, the deluge, the creation itself, on either hand, until it penetrates, supported on the airy foundations of fancy, so far back into the unfathomable abysses of time, that the weary and exhausted mind at length refuses to follow it any longer!

All this, however, would be harmless enough did not the influence of such a habit of thought extend to political discussions. When one bold set of statesmen, far in advance of their age, had determined to measure the strength of the British empire against the colossal power of Eastern Asia, the greater part of the world stood appalled. What temerity! what rashness! what unheard-of hardihood! War with four hundred millions of men!—with one third of the human race!* Why the mind of man never in the drunken-

* On the subject of the population of China we have at present no space to enter. But we cannot refrain from copying an extract out of a clever little

ness of its pride conceived so impossible an enterprise! We are giants it is true, but can we do battle with the gods?—Such was the language of the enemies of the liberal administration. Even many of its friends trembled for the consequences of the imprudent undertaking, and he was considered rather an eccentric individual, who did not despair of the commonwealth. A vast party in this country, numbering many politicians of distinguished ability, hungry after place, led on by the eager desire of power, and the keen appetite for emolument, blinded by ignorance or anger, joined in one long savage howl against the war. It must not be supposed for a moment that the movement which took place was hypocritical. There was a general impression abroad that we had neither the power nor the right on our side. The mass of the people was deceived. A few self-devoted persons undertook, on that occasion, to bear the whole burden, the entire responsibility of the falsehoods it was found expedient to utter. By these men all the fabulous history and statistics of China were brought forward to witness against those wise statesmen who had so accurately calculated the might of the country whose destinies they wielded. The awful phantom of Chinese omnipotence and diuturnity, was conjured up in the House of Commons, to frighten the ministers from their posts; and the attempt all but succeeded. It was only by a majority of nine that the British Parliament declared that this country *was* competent to engage in war with the Celestial Empire, and that it was *not* better to trade than to fight with a people, who every day waxed more insolent and more profuse of outrage towards us. On the continent, the same awe, based on the same ignorance, existed, to give countenance to different passions. It was confidently predicted that the tide of conquest, which we had been so long pouring over Asia, would impotently break against the bulwarks of the Chinese empire, and be probably rolled back with tenfold fury upon us. And here we must do justice to an American, no less a person than John Quincy Adams, who, in spite of the popular feeling against us at the time, boldly stood forward in a public lecture-room, and refused to call in question the justice of our cause, or the efficacy of our arms.

manuscript essay, written by Ashing, one of the lads in the Morrison School at Macao, as a theme, to exhibit his acquaintance with the English language:

"I have often read and heard descriptions of China, which represented it as being a wide country situate in the south-eastern part of Asia, and shut up for many ages, and that therefore it was not much known. It has been supposed that China is the most populous country, and contains a third part of the population of the world, but this is not true, for the people were numbered in the eighth year of the Emperor Hin-Lung, and the amount did not exceed fifty millions. It may be increased since that time, but it is impossible for the census to have multiplied to the number of two hundred and sixty millions, that is, a third part of the computed population of the world."

At that time this argued no mean self-confidence, no small amount of political knowledge, and it is therefore worth while to record the fact, though the composition we allude to, vigorous and masculine as it is, is deformed in almost every page by instances of atrocious bad taste.

In considering the present state of our relations with China, we must look beyond the cabinet of the diplomatist. We must comprise the interests of two whole empires within our view. Political arrangements, however subtle the negotiations by which they are brought about, or what skill soever is displayed in their construction, are important only from their influence on the happiness of nations. It would be matter of mere curiosity to know that we are now at liberty to trade with five Chinese ports instead of one, that we are permitted to appoint consuls, that British ships of war are to be stationed along the coast, that changes have taken place in the commercial tariffs of the empire, did we not expect to derive some important advantage therefrom. All who remember the riots in the manufacturing districts in 1842, produced purely and simply by want of a foreign market of sufficient extent, will acknowledge the intimate connexion of external policy and commercial treaties with the domestic concerns of the country. We *are* in this sense dependent upon foreigners. If they refuse to buy what we have to sell, we must perish, or, at least, sink amidst mighty convulsions to the level of a fourth-rate state. The industrial spirit of this country, when it accorded with the ambitious projects of its rulers, was suffered to develop itself with amazing rapidity. This it was that widened the basis of our empire. On this our fame, our power, our wealth, our general prosperity, our hopes of still increasing happiness depend. It is not an instrument that can be used to effect a particular purpose, and then thrown away. We must retain and continue to use it. There is no other alternative but this or destruction. The vast population it has created cannot be got rid of. It cannot emigrate, cannot turn to other employments, will not consent to go out of the world. We are under a necessity, therefore, of continuing to trade in the produce of our manufacturing industry. Unwise and iniquitous laws, it is true, are fast closing most of the ports of the world against us. Europe, in retaliation of the enormous impost we lay upon its staple produce, corn, is building up along its shores a wall of tariffs, more impenetrable than the Chinese wall; the example is reflected on the opposite side of the Atlantic. Our merchants know not which way to turn. Driven from one market after another, they are crowding the ports of Brazil with their ships, laden with goods for admission at the low duty, before the expiration of the treaty excludes us from that quarter also.

This state of things is not of recent occurrence. The description in its general features applies to almost any period within the last eight years. The crisis, which produced the agitation against the corn-laws and the disturbances to which we have alluded, was mainly warded off by the news of the commercial treaty with China. Hope, which had almost been extinguished in the breasts of our manufacturers and capitalists, was again revived. The energies of Englishmen are not easily broken down. Once more heavy volumes of smoke blackened the atmosphere of our midland counties; once more the quick sharp stroke of the steam-engine resounded amidst the hills of Lancashire; warehouses, crammed with hitherto unsaleable commodities, were emptied; there was a commotion among the operatives, among their masters, among the merchants, and among their clerks; waggons and vans and carts crowded the road to Liverpool; ships that had lain lazily in dock for years deserted except by a solitary guardian, began to teem with life; enormous cargoes were taken in; the canvass was spread, and a whole fleet of merchantmen sailed across the ocean towards that El Dorado, whence it was expected we were to derive the restoration of our former prosperity. Anxious were the hours, the days, the weeks, the months that elapsed, while these ships were at the mercy of the winds and waves. Many desponded, others, amidst their fears,—beheld bright visions of future prosperity. We know not what streams of wealth were to flow from the wounded flanks of the Celestial Empire. So great was the delusion in some minds, that they seemed to acquiesce in the decision of our discomfited foes, that we were merely 'outside barbarians,' and that the dawn of real prosperity was to break upon us from behind the curtains that had been withdrawn from this mysterious empire of the East. All who watched the course of public affairs during those anxious times will agree that this is no exaggerated picture. It is well remembered, that even to venture a hint of the possibility that those fond expectations might prove groundless, was considered the mark of an ill-disposed and cynical disposition, desirous of inflicting unnecessary pain. The public, however doubtful, however agitated, however prone to despond, was not tolerant of evil prophets. It was dwelt upon and repeated, that nothing but prodigious and unheard-of advantage was to be derived from a new commerce with 'one third of the human race!' The principles of political economy forbade any other supposition. The thing was beyond a doubt,—and yet many doubted, there was many an anxious heart, many an eager and watchful eye when the least particle of news arrived,—many a prayer was delivered up in secret for the prosperous issue of that great speculation, in which a nation's welfare was

supposed, in a great measure, to be at stake. And much did really depend, much still depends, on the event. No slight interests were involved. A second complete stagnation of business, the result of over-production, stimulated by too great hope, and yet not commensurate with the vociferous demand for labour, would certainly, at the present moment, convulse society to its very base, and endanger our internal peace, if not our national safety.

Well, time wore on. Advices came one after another of the safe arrival, with no more than the usual casualties, of the various cargoes in China. It was soon discovered that the wide market that had been expected was not to be found immediately. But the political arrangements were not quite completed; the consuls had not yet been stationed at the various ports; the Chinese had not, as yet, acquired confidence in us, or in their own government; it was not yet quite certain that the treaty was rightly understood by both parties; the wounds inflicted by the war were not yet quite healed; the hong merchants were disposed to throw obstacles in our way; the linguists appeared in the character of extortioners:—all these, and many more, were the reasons brought forward to explain why, as the vast fleet of merchantmen came successively to anchor, there was found to be no demand for what they brought. Next it was discovered, that warehouses were not to be had for love or money. This was attributed, sometimes to the evil disposition of the authorities, sometimes to the cabals of the hong merchants. But these difficulties were gradually overcome, and a few small channels of trade were opened to draw off the immense accumulation of merchandise that every day increased.

It will be unnecessary to go into the details of the various commercial transactions at Chusan, Hongkong, and the ports on the coast, where purchases to any amount were made. We have here only to deal with the general facts of the case. Certain it is, that whatever bargains were concluded, the supply of goods from Europe far exceeded the demand. Every fresh sail that appeared in the offing was looked upon as intruder; and matters came at last to such a point, that scarcely any traffic at all could be carried on in most articles, except at ruinous prices. The present state of trade seems to be, that the Chinese market is supplied with a vast quantity of British goods that will not sell, not because the people cannot buy, but because, in the first place, we will not take what they have to offer; and, secondly, because foreigners, enjoying the advantage of manufacturing in a country where food is cheap, begin already, taking advantage of the clause introduced by Sir Henry Pottinger into the supplementary treaty, to compete successfully with us. Formerly, the Americans used to pay for their tea-charges with bills upon London, which were, in course of business, handed to the English; now they send, instead, their

own manufactures. It is well known that they have negotiated a treaty on the same terms with ourselves, and obtained besides a slight concession on lead. Saxon and Belgian ladies' cloth, moreover, now goes out packed as English, and is eagerly bought, in consequence of its cheapness, by the Chinese. Our woollen trade, long on the decline, has been almost extinguished by the influx of Russian goods from the north. In short, instead of our being, as we ought to have been, the chief gainers by the opening of China, there seems every probability that we shall be compelled to stand by, and see others gather where we have sown.

Our agents in China, when they perceived the turn events were taking, did not despair, but began to consider what could be the reason of the sad disappointment which they would have to communicate to their employers at home. At first, as is usually the case, they attributed it to insufficient, though co-operative causes. Finding that the French and Swiss chintzes were preferred to ours, and that for many kinds of goods, as Paisley and Manchester ginghams, figured jaconets, satteens, &c. there was scarcely any demand, they wrote that an ill-judged assortment of goods had been made, that coals had been sent to Newcastle, that we had committed a mistake similar to that of the Glasgow manufacturers, when they forwarded muslins adorned with the images of birds, beasts, fishes, and even men, to the Mohamedans of Central Asia for turbans. But a suspicion was soon pretty generally entertained that this was not the sole or principal reason of the unpromising aspect of affairs, and by degrees the light of truth began to break in upon most minds. In order to impart this to our readers also, we must here touch, very slightly indeed, upon the state of society in the Celestial Empire; for British intercourse is destined to affect, not a few ports and towns only, but in a greater or less degree the whole population. We have seen the intimate connexion of the Chinese trade with the prosperity of our humbler classes, and the consequent importance of its influence on our foreign policy. The same principles must be applied to China. Every one of its institutions, every member of its body politic, is connected by some thread or other with the interests immediately affected by its commerce. The mention of that repulsive subject, which we shall dwell on as briefly as possible—the opium trade—will make this evident to all. One of the staple articles of our trade, if we were to discuss it in its various relations, moral and physical, would more than occupy our whole space. It is agreed on all hands, that this drug exerts a pernicious influence upon the Chinese, and that the authorities, as well as moralists of the empire, are right in interfering to prevent as much as possible its consumption. Some, who long ago arrived at this conclusion,

wished to employ it as a weapon to vilify the Indian government. An outcry was raised as if that government was specially interested in corrupting the Chinese people. The questions were never asked—'Can the profitable cultivation of opium be put a stop to in India?' and, 'Is the abolition of the monopoly more likely to increase or to diminish its sale?' Those who did not object to our deriving a revenue from ardent spirits in this country, thought it highly criminal to make a profit of opium in Asia. Few, besides, paused to reflect that the drug could be grown in other soils, and nowhere to such an extent as within the limits of China itself; and that, in fact, every interruption in the supply from us caused new fields of poppies to bloom under the very eyes of the mandarins themselves.

The extreme avidity of the Chinese for the demoralising indulgence in opium may be illustrated by the fact, that for no other foreign commodity will they consent to part with their sycee silver, unless we except the commodity of peace which was lately paid heavily for in specie by their government. All the money in the country exhibits a tendency to flow forth in exchange for opium. The tide has long been setting with a strong ebb from the remotest depths of the Mongolian provinces, from the wild and barbarous regions that lean against the central plateau of Asia, towards the coast, where the greater part of it, unless some change takes place in manners or policy, will by degrees collect to be passed into the hands of foreigners. The ancient laws of the empire, forbidding the opening of certain extensive mines in the tea districts, must then be abandoned, or a monstrous nominal value be put upon silver, which would speedily bring back bullion into the country at the expense of its industry. This circumstance—the disappearance of the money we mean, for the Chinese were incapable of foreseeing all the consequences of what they deprecated merely from a blind attachment to the symbol of wealth—had long engaged the attention of the financial department of the government. Memorials from divers learned mandarins were presented, setting forth in flowery language the evils of the constant drain that existed on the resources of the country. Counter-memorials, magnifying the blessings of intercourse with foreigners, and wisely recommending the legalisation of the opium trade, in order to bring it within the control of government, also found their way to the imperial footstool. These emanated from a party sincerely desirous of promoting the welfare of the people, and headed by the empress, who exercised a powerful influence over her husband. Her counsels for a time prevailed, and a strong disposition began to be manifested in favour of liberal measures. But the old bigoted spirit of the Chinese took the alarm, and al-

lying itself with the contemptible jealousies of the court, the fears of the financiers, and the natural affections of the emperor, whose son died about this time from the effects of the noxious pipe in his very palace, succeeded in creating a wide-spread, though for the most part hypocritical, agitation against opium. Edict after edict was promulgated. Death was threatened. Blood soon began to flow. Executions were multiplied. A reign of terror darkened the face of the land. Every external symptom accordingly of national excitement manifested itself. The order had gone forth that all the world should be moral. Whoever wished to curry favour undertook to be the adjutant of government. Mandarins, with buttons of all colours, turned informers against the meanest offenders. The temperance movement in Ireland seemed repeated on a grand scale. Millions affected to abjure the habit. But the whole change was on the surface. Men gave up their pipes to government and bought new ones. The drug was smuggled in with greater secrecy, in increased quantities, and at a higher price. If it happened that perchance there was one sincere honest reformer in any trading town who would not wink at the introduction of opium, transactions took place by night, in dark coves and solitary creeks, where the precious chests were exchanged, beneath the shadow of rocks or out on the lonely sea-beach far from the habitations of man, for that silver which so much stress was laid on retaining. A single little vessel has been known to return to India, from one of these romantic excursions, with seventy thousand pounds' weight of true, genuine, unadulterated sycee. So the export of bullion continued, and the people smoked in their sleeves, and laughed in them too, in spite of the incessant exertions and incessant proclamations of the government. Such is the inevitable issue of any attempt to force a change in manners in opposition to taste and habit. It remains to show the connexion of this movement with the European trade.

This may be done in a few words. Finding that whilst any commerce was carried on, the contraband traffic in opium would continue, the emperor sought to frighten away all foreigners from his shores. That this was not done with Japanese inexorability, arose from the fact that a vast population in the tea-districts was interested in the continuance of the legitimate trade. Still the war was produced which resulted in the well-known treaties from which such vast benefits are expected to flow. That such will not be the case we do not assert. Almost every requisite condition for prosperous commerce is now found in China. Though the emperor and most of his court may be sullen in their acquiescence, the people, especially those who are not of Tartar descent, gladly hail the prospect of increased intercourse with us. Among the

poor, with the exception of the ruffianly population of Canton, there is everywhere manifested great good-will; and it is remarkable, that wherever we had occasion, during the war, to make any prolonged stay, we invariably left a good impression behind. Those who had once enjoyed the advantage of British rule, looked forward with horror to the prospect of returning under the yoke of the mandarins. This is the testimony, not of persons who write under the eye of the Foreign Office, but of all who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject, and who express themselves with the freedom of confidential intercourse. We lay no stress on the floating rumours to be picked up at Hong-kong, or Macao, or Canton, basing our conclusions entirely on the accounts of actual eye-witnesses. The immense rush of colonists to the first-named place, and the sudden rise into importance of Victoria city, speak volumes for the light in which we are regarded by the Chinese. As to their willingness to trade, it is beyond question. Before the free ports could be opened, a mart was established at Chusan, where a certain amount of business, in spite of the difficulties we have alluded to, was done; and twelve months prior to the actual formal opening of the trade at Ningpo, a 'foreign goods warehouse,' was set up in the city.

With respect to the increased facilities afforded by the treaty, much might be said; but it is self-evident, that so vast an empire could not be properly supplied with goods by one channel, obstructed by a vexatious monopoly. The principal demand for our fine goods has always existed in the province of Keang-soo, where stands that abode of luxury, that palace of pleasure, that focus of wealth, fashion, and dissipation, the city of Sú-chau-fú. By our admission into the port of Shang-hai, we can approach by sea within seventy miles of this important market for our goods. Formerly every thing came *viâ* Canton, by the route whose difficulties are described so graphically by the quaint and ingenious Navarette, and that admirably *naïve* writer, Father Ripa. A more modern traveller, the Rev. William C. Milne, who has not yet appeared before the public,* observes in a document which he has placed in our hands :

" I was peculiarly struck, in my inland journey, with the amazing difficulties which the merchants of China have had to encounter, in the carriage of goods into the interior from the port of Canton,—across lofty gaps or passes, along rapid and, in the summer season, shallow

* A work from his pen will, however, very shortly appear, and we are sure from his ability, and the almost unexampled opportunities he has enjoyed, it will meet with great success. He travelled for more than a thousand miles in the interior, disguised as a Chinese, which his perfect knowledge of the language enabled him to do with the greater profit.

rivers,—often on the shoulders of both men and women,—and against wind and current. I have seen more than half-a-dozen boats stock fast in the centre of a river (all laden with European goods bought up at Canton), in consequence of the deficiency of water. This enormous expenditure of time, labour, patience, and money, the merchants deeply feel; and now that they will be saved a great deal of all this labour and toil, by direct communication with our merchants and shipping at the free ports, the run for our trade will be, I believe, in a few years almost overwhelming.”

Another traveller, who travelled along the coast from Nankin to Canton, describes the ridges of mountains, occurring at intervals, as almost impassable, so that the impediments to trade in that direction must have been enormous. A single instance may suffice to show how effectually our manufacturers were prevented from percolating through the whole empire; glass bottles were looked upon as objects of wonder in the neighbourhood of Nankin when exhibited by our troops!

“I remember,” continues Mr. Milne, “during the same journey, asking a barber, on the borders of Canton province, what the tea-merchants were doing? He replied: ‘Why, many of them are holding back. They hear that the foreigners are going to trade at Shang-hai and other ports; and, as they will have less trouble in the carriage of the teas, as they themselves are to be permitted to trade, and as the profits will go into their own pockets, instead of the purse of the Cohong, they are reluctant to send their goods to Canton, and prefer trying Shang-hai or Fuh-chau-fu.’”

From what has just been said, it will, among other things, appear that the Chinese, though they wish to trade, desire to give their tea and other productions, as silk, rice, &c., in exchange for our manufactures. But our merchants insist upon receiving a good portion of their payment in dollars, because in England there is only a certain demand for Chinese articles. This arises, not from unwillingness in us to consume more than we now do, but from the enormous duty levied by our custom-house—two shillings and two pence a pound, amounting on tea, even of a very fair quality, to as much as two hundred and fifty per cent. If the duty were lowered to one shilling, there is no doubt that the revenue would be little if at all the loser by it. The exchequer is always benefited by a reduction of heavy imposts on those articles, the consumption of which is limited only by the means of the community. It may be added that, if cheap tea were within the reach of our manufacturing classes, not only would a vast additional amount of sugar be imported, but the cost of production of every article would be diminished and our power to compete with foreigners, in all the markets of the world, materially augmented.

The reason which we have thus assigned for the slowness with which our merchandise finds its way into the Flowery Land, in spite of all the advantages afforded, is so simple and plain that it requires no development. If we will not take, in payment for what we have to sell, that which the Chinese offer, it is our own fault, and if they, in consequence, prefer carrying on commerce with other nations, and receiving civilisation from them, we alone are to blame. Let it be remembered, that it is not merely the pecuniary interests of the two empires that are under discussion. We have other things to offer besides clothing to the Chinese. They are immersed in moral and intellectual darkness—we have the light—let us communicate it to them. They grovel in ignorance—we have knowledge—let us impart it. They profess various rival systems of degrading superstition—we have a pure faith—let us not withhold it. We are under a sacred obligation to carry the gospel over the earth. But the same obstructions which we throw in the way of commerce act also to prevent the efficacious introduction of Christianity among the Chinese. Complete exclusion, however, of the true faith can even now no longer be maintained. Already can the benighted population behold the wall, which has so long kept out the light that has shone over most other portions of the globe, totter and give way. For many long years a few scattered Protestant missionaries have roamed along the outside, looking up at the battlements with envy, and listening to catch even the imperfect and dying echoes of Christian doctrine, which had been aroused in former times by the self-devoted Catholic priests. But in that vast solitude, peopled by a nation that all but denied the existence of God, the voice of truth had well-nigh been stifled, or was heard only amid rocks and caves or in the most sacred family sanctuaries. The din of scholastic morality, poured forth by those hollow, but sounding instruments, the Chinese philosophers, fell upon the ear on every side; but the true Christian could hear nothing that warranted him in believing that his work had been commenced with any effect.

We have suggested the vastness of the field to be cultivated. The labourers at present engaged in the work of conversion are as follows:

TABLE of Protestant Missionaries now in China Proper.

Sent by the Americans	16	} Many of these missionaries are married, and their wives are actively engaged in diffusing instruction.
“ “ London Missionary Society	9	
“ “ Church Missionary Society	2	
Total.....	27	
Miscellaneous	2	
Native Agents.....	6	
Grand Total.....	35	

It is not necessary, on this part of the subject, to say more than that the disproportion appearing between the number of heathens to be converted, and that of the missionaries sent to begin the work, arises from the fact, that there is, as yet, no national sympathy excited on behalf of the Chinese. To create this, we must multiply our commercial relations with them. The private relations of debtor and creditor are often not the most satisfactory, not the most productive of friendly feelings; but states mutually indebted, which preserve the intention of acting with good faith towards each other, have exchanged pledges of friendship and reciprocal esteem. The Chinese are a people prone to imitate;—let them continually see us exercising the virtues of honesty and good faith, and they will quickly feel the necessity and advantage of exercising them likewise, and be thus led insensibly to the source whence we ourselves have derived whatever morality we possess.

It is a truth, however, which all experience teaches us, that the accomplishment of no great and good work is, in this world, permitted without obstacles created by the envy of man being to be surmounted. This indeed it is that gives its value to our exertions. In the present instance we shall have, firstly, the jealousy of the Tartar rulers to encounter; but this may be soothed or disregarded, according to the course of policy we adopt. Secondly, we shall be impeded, in a certain degree, by the somewhat unscrupulous rivalry of the Americans. We do not wish to be harsh upon Brother Jonathan,—but we may assert, without offence, that during the war, they took care, to the utmost of their power, to foster the enmity of the Chinese towards us. Many of their merchants had, from time to time, secret interviews with the authorities of Canton, and gave, it is supposed, their advice as to the best means of thwarting the Britishers. Since the conclusion of the treaty, they have distinguished themselves by an affected contempt of the imperial officers, breaking through the bounds prescribed, and paying visits, in spite of all remonstrances, to cities, the approach to which had been forbidden. Thirdly, the French have played a similar part. Whilst the war continued, they sent a sort of demonstration squadron to the coast of China, in order, if possible, to convince the inhabitants of their national existence. In many places, however, they only succeeded in assisting to swell our apparent force. The body of the people, especially in the interior, has no knowledge of them. Very few even of the officials ever mention the name of the French. 'It is on Britain,' says a letter before us, 'that their hopes and fears, respect, veneration, and terror, are expended.'

Nevertheless, the French were determined, if possible, that this

state of things should not continue. It was galling to them that their flag, only elevated after a long interval, at Canton, since the accession of Louis Philippe, should have no commerce to protect, —that scarcely a French ship ever made its appearance in port. They accordingly determined, that if they had no real connexion with China, they would, at least, have a seeming one, and they could think of no better way of accomplishing their wishes, than to send out a few ships to ape our manœuvres and follow our movements along the coast. Their maritime vanity was satisfied with this puerile imitation. They were quite content to be insignificant rather than nothing, and coveted the glory which a dwarf can acquire by comparison with a giant. Nor did they care if they excited merriment. A child, when he mimics the marching of a grenadier, is quite as pleased with the smile as with the applause of the bystanders. All that France wanted was a recognition, accompanied with no matter what signs of contempt, that her navy absolutely existed.

And here again, as at Tahiti, and in so many other parts of the world, was exhibited the alliance of Jesuitism with infidelity. When Louis Philippe's government saw a probability that Protestantism might be made a great instrument of healing the differences between ourselves and China, he condescended to bend his regal person to blow the dying embers of the Catholic faith in China. A gang of priests was raked together in a hurry, and despatched on the errand of mercy, namely, to excite, by all manner of means, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire against us, to sow discord, to promote disunion, to recommend insurrection and massacre. On some future occasion we may develop more at length the machinations of the propagand in China. For the present, the following short extracts from the journal of a gentleman, whose name we shall not mention, but who had *the best opportunities* of knowing what was passing, will give some idea of their doings:

“TINGHAL, CAPITAL OF CHUSAN, MAY 7, 1842.—Seven Catholic missionaries (I believe French, Spanish, and Italian, with one Chinese,) arrived and located themselves in the city and its suburbs. * * *

“MAY 13.—Two more missionaries (said to be versed in the language) arrived on board the French frigate *Erigone*, Captain Cecile, accompanied by *L'Artemise*. * * * Shortly after, a placard appeared upon the city walls, in various quarters, in *Chinese*, calling upon the people to keep up heart, for the French had come to assist them against the English, and, with a combined effort, the English would be exterminated. Allusion was also made to the French missionaries in the city. The British authorities, of course, saw it their duty to take the matter up. The Frenchmen *all* denied any lot or part in the matter, staked their honour and so forth, and thus the matter ended.”

We cannot refrain from giving a slight sketch of the subsequent proceedings of the *Erigone*. Leaving Chusan she followed in the wake of the British squadron to Shang-hai; occasionally showing off and playing all manner of pranks to convince our jolly tars how little her crew understood of nautical affairs. Her mission, however, was political; she had instructions from home. "After our gallant admiral and his compeers," says an eye-witness, in a document in our possession, "had proceeded up the river, and after his Excellency Sir Henry Pottinger had issued that noble proclamation, off the mouth of Woosungy river, which opened the eyes of the Chinese government to the occasion of the quarrel, and to the just and honest demands of Great Britain, the French commodore sent ashore a proclamation, generously offering his aid to act as umpire between China and England! On Mr. Morrison's return to Shang-hai, I put a copy of this into his hands, for he had not seen it, and it excited his surprise not a little. I asked an intelligent Chinese, who was then on the spot, to give me his impression of it. He replied: 'The French are evidently jealous that England will reap all the benefits of future trade with our country.'"

The monstrous piece of impertinence we have related was passed over with the scorn it deserved. But the French commodore was neither rebuffed nor offended. It entered into his plan, the plan we mean that had been laid down for him, to expose the name of France to obloquy, in the desperate attempt to do injury to the British. Her reputation was not so tender and unspotted that a little exposure could do it much material damage. Like an old battered coquette, her character could not be much the worse for a little rough handling. Accordingly, the worthy commodore, insensible to affront, impervious to the shafts of ridicule, resolved to follow us up the river. That his presence was not indispensable, he had previously received an intimation, which he managed to extract by a piece of *sang-froid* unparalleled, actually sending to H. E. Sir W. Parker, to know if he might count on the assistance of his steamers, in case the amateur *Erigone* should run on any of the sandbanks in the Yang-tse-Kiang. He was politely informed in reply, that he could count on no such assistance. However, up he determined to go, conscious that no French ship of war would ever dare again to venture on the same enterprise; up we say he ventured to proceed under the protection of the British fleet, carefully keeping back until the fighting was over, and then following to perform the only things we had left undone—to insult the unfortunate Chinese, to rob and to plunder. The *Erigone* at last reached the neighbourhood of Nankin, where she was received with cool indifference by the British, which provoked Commodore

Cecile exceedingly. He did not think that his achievement was received with the laudation it merited; and, certainly, if we measure his capacity with his deeds, we must acknowledge that he had performed something wonderful. It was not given to every Frenchman to sneak up at the tail of our squadron to the renowned city of Nankin. Few also among that nation can boast of the audacity which induced Commodore Cecile, unexpected, unbidden, to pull, in spite of remonstrance, past the sentinels, who yielded to his obstinacy from mere courtesy, and to climb up the side of H. M. S. Cornwallis, where the treaty-convocation was being held, into the midst of which he actually thrust himself, to the astonishment of Sir Henry Pottinger and the wonder of the grave Elipoo.

All this, however, would have been comparatively harmless, but for what succeeded. When the negotiations had been concluded, when the treaty had been signed, when the British ships, one by one, had dropped down the river, still the *Erigone* tarried. Her gallant commodore was endeavouring to discover some mode of distinguishing himself before he left. But at Nankin this could not be found. Accordingly, he was compelled at length to weigh anchor. It would not have been prudent to stay too long behind his guardians. Well, he arrived at 'Golden Island' off Chin-kean-fu. Here was a superb Chinese library, over which his Excellency Sir W. Parker had set a guard of marines, and the gate of which he had scaled up, ordering it not to be touched unless terms were not come to, in which case the volumes would have been removed to England. By this time, however, the guard had been withdrawn, and accordingly the French commodore, actuated by the love of science, and committing a dishonest act in the interest of philology, went with a party to the island and meanly stole the contents of the library. To this they may have been impelled by another motive, besides those we have named—a desire, namely, to injure our character; as the Chinese of those parts, never having heard of France, would naturally attribute the robbery to us. The subsequent doings of the French in China it is unnecessary here to record. They have taken care to establish a consul at Canton, in the person of M. Ratti Menton, notorious for his quarrelsome disposition; and they have sent out an embassy, whose performances it is not worth while to chronicle. What we have related will be sufficient to characterise their proceedings. We have noticed them simply for the purpose of letting the public know what kind of obstructions may be thrown in the way of our continued peaceful intercourse with the Chinese.

- ART. XI.—1. *Niebuhr's Lectures on the History of Rome, from the first Punic War to the Death of Constantine.* Edited by LEONHARD SCHMITZ. Ph. D. 2 vols. London. 1844.
2. *Michelet: Histoire Romaine. 1ère partie: République.* 3 vols. Bruxelles. 1840.
3. *Prosper Mérimée: Etudes sur l'Histoire Romaine.* 2 vols. Paris. 1844.
4. *Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus; with Notes and Excursus illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German of Professor BECKER. By F. METCALFE, B.A. London. 1844.

THE history of Rome is eternally new and universally interesting. Veil after veil may be withdrawn, mystery after mystery may be explored, yet there it stands, a problem endless in its variety of aspects, inexhaustible in its interest. Generations after generations exhaust their science and their learning, and leave the subject as a legacy to the science and learning of successors. As the world grows wiser, it derives deeper lessons from Roman experience; as history itself approaches nearer to the character of science, it penetrates more clearly into the mysteries of that prodigious empire. Mark Antony said, that the grandeur of Rome was seen less in what she took from, than in what she gave to the world; and he spoke truly. Every thing Rome has given to the world has been of the same stamp of greatness. Her law, her roads, her experience, political and moral, her examples of heroism and her examples of baseness. For good or for evil she has had no equal. Her greatness is of a higher cast, her profligacy of a deeper hue, than that of any nation in history. Rome was rightly named the Eternal City: rightly was she named *Παύση, force*: for even now, when her empire has crumbled to dust, when her city is little better than a heap of ruins, even now her history holds its sway over the imaginations of men, her experience is questioned with avidity by the wise. And what a history! what experience!

A contemporary has recently raised his voice against the study of Roman and Grecian History in our colleges and schools, as tending to foster that warlike propensity which Christianity reprobates. An idle fear. Not only does Christianity, but all the tendencies of modern society, reprobate war; and when this is the case we might as well express our fear of Roman and Grecian History inculcating polytheism, as of their fostering a tendency so distinctly at variance with the peaceful fabric of society. Our youth will not learn to have a greater propensity for

war by reading Roman History; but they will learn many other things so desirable as to outweigh that objection, if indeed it were valid. They will read there the virtues of *manliness*: virtues so much needed and so little cultivated in modern society. They will learn to estimate patriotism. They will read, perhaps, with more dispassionate minds, the struggles which are now going on in the world, and be better able to judge of our poor laws, and corn laws, our reform bills and votes by ballot, when they see the same struggles reflected in the history of an ancient nation. They will see there every form of political error, and the tyranny which results from error; and this may open their eyes to the magnitude and nature of the political dangers of their own state. We are on a vast and stormy sea, steering towards some dim and unknown shore; others have sailed upon that sea before us, and perished miserably; but, on the rocks on which they split, beacons are now erected to warn us of the danger: beacons not less useful than the stars which guide us. Rome is a blaze of beacons.

The history of Rome is a strange story, and one profoundly tragic. There is great significance in the symbol of the wolf, which gave the Roman nursing suck, and so nourished a great, brawny, brutal race: a brutal, but a great race; a race which mastered the world because it deserved to master it; a race which first mastered the world by the sword, and afterwards by the law, conquering its conquerors and taming the savage hordes. Like the wolf, their nurse, the Romans were nourished with the blood of the human race. In the poetry of their early history, as in the terrible prosaism of the empire, we see alike the fierceness and brutality of the wolf's nursing. The very foundation stones of the city are stained with fratricidal blood. The city itself is peopled by means of the rape of the Sabines; and dishonoured by a Tullia and a Tarquin: fit preparations for the proscriptions of a Sylla, and the infinite debaucheries of the empire! And side by side with these dark pictures are the grand portraits of a Scævola, Horatius Coclès, Brutus, Cincinnatus, the Scipios, the Gracchi, Cæsar, and Marcus Antoninus; and, greater than all these, the grand figure of the Roman people. Yes, it is as Niebuhr eloquently says:

“The history of all nations of the ancient world ends in that of Rome, and that of all modern nations has grown out of that of Rome. Thus, if we compare history with history, that of Rome has the highest claims to our attention. It shows us a nation, which was in its origin small, like a grain of corn; but this originally small population waxed great, transferred its character to hundreds of thousands, and became the sovereign of nations from the rising to the setting of the sun. The whole of Western Europe adopted the language of the Romans, and its inhabitants looked upon themselves as Romans. The laws and in-

stitutions of the Romans acquired such a power and durability, that even at the present moment they still continue to maintain their influence upon millions of men. Such a development is without a parallel in history. Before this star all others fade and vanish. In addition to this, we have to consider the extraordinary greatness of the individuals and their achievements, the extraordinary character of the institutions which formed the groundwork of Rome's grandeur, and those events which, in greatness surpass, all others: all this gives to Roman history importance and durability."—'Lectures,' vol. i., p. 92.

All books that treat of Rome are welcome; every man's view of so great a subject is worthy of attention. Considering, however, the abundance of the materials, we may express our surprise at the little that has been done to initiate us into the *life* of the Romans. One of the greatest defects in Roman histories is that they do not make Rome present to us, as an actual city, peopled with living men. No doubt the institutions were important; but not less so was the character of the men who made those institutions. Above all things we need a graphic picture of Rome and its inhabitants. Both under the republic and the empire what materials for a skilful artist, and how strangely neglected by historians! Who, in reading the voluminous accounts of Rome, ever realises to himself a precise image of the eternal city? We think of the Forum and its noisy debates; we think of the baths and their gossiping loungers; but do we picture the Jews lying huddled on their beds of straw—the vociferating pork butchers, and other shopkeepers, in the vicinity of the Forum—the bookstalls, with pillars covered with placards announcing new works, a mode of advertising still largely carried on in Paris—the public schools, to one of which Virginia was hurrying when Appius Claudius leered upon her—the slave-dealers—the gladiators, with whom the young nobles associated to learn from them, and practise with them, the rules of sword exercise, useless in war, as our young nobles formerly patronised the equally brutal members of 'The Fancy'—the improvisatore, of whom Statius was the most illustrious—the plebs, roaring out the rude satire of the Fescennine ribaldries—the vinedressers, singing snatches of Saturnian ballads,

And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves—

the assemblage of almost all the nations of the earth, from the bronze faced Numidian to the blue-eyed, fair-haired Gaul—the magnificent spectacles and gladiator fights given by the wealthy and ambitious—the bribery both of money and flattery with which the men aspiring to the honours of quæstor, or tribune, like our modern M. P's., unblushingly purchased the 'sweet voices' of the

electors—do we realise these and a thousand other details of the great picture seen in that transparent atmosphere of Italy, which makes every outline so clear and sharp? No; historians neglect these details, and produce incomplete works. Professor Becker's 'Gallus,' though containing very many curious glimpses of the everyday aspect of Roman life, omits most of the above details, and others of equal importance. But did the work contain all that is known on the subject, our remark would still hold good, for we spoke of historians. Michelet is the only writer we are acquainted with, who has at all seen the necessity of bringing in such details, on appropriate occasions, to illustrate and enliven disquisition and narrative. In his little work, there is not only erudition and sagacity, but the far higher qualities of an artist. Rome, the city and its people, is in some measure made present to us. The individuals are known to us. We understand their moral, religious, national sentiments, and we understand their actions. Michelet does not paint character by epigrams, nor by epithets. He does not make a catalogue of good qualities, then another catalogue of bad qualities, and affixing to them a name, bid you behold a man. The man himself is before you. You are let into the secret of his soul by his deeds and words; you understand his deeds and words by understanding the secret of his soul. His beliefs, his superstitions, his loves, his hatreds, and his motives, are laid bare; you know him almost as familiarly as you know Hamlet or Jacques, Macbeth or Falstaff. Not only the great men of history are thus marshalled before you; the great people, whom few regard, is almost as vividly pictured. And all this is done with a few brief significant touches, thrown in as it were carelessly, but with most masterly effect; done *en passant*, but calculated to endure. There are some conjectures, in this work of Michelet's, ingenious but questionable, and there are some deficiencies; but, in respect of graphic power, there is no history of Rome to rival it. We shall have occasion to quote it hereafter.

The 'Lectures' of Niebuhr are now for the first time published from the MS. notes taken by the students at the time of delivery; arranged, and their statements verified, by Dr. Schmitz, the friend and pupil of Niebuhr, and translator of the third volume of the 'Roman History.' Dr. Schmitz gives the following account of the materials upon which he had to work.

"In order to put the reader in a position fully to understand these preliminary remarks, it will be necessary for me to give some account of the materials I had to work upon, and of the principles I have endeavoured to follow. The notes upon which the present work is founded were made in the winter of 1828-29, and the summer of 1829, when Niebuhr

gave a course of lectures on the History of Rome in the University of Bonn. The last time that he ever lectured on that subject. His intention was to relate the History of Rome from the earliest times to the downfall of the Western Empire, during the winter course of 1828-29; but the time—he lectured five times every week, and each lecture lasted three quarters of an hour—was not sufficient, and he was not able to carry the history further than the reign of Augustus.—In order to fulfil his engagement, he continued his lectures in the summer of 1829, in which he related the history of the Roman emperors.—The time allowed for this continuation, one lecture every week, proved again insufficient; and, brief as his sketches of the history of the emperors, and the principal events of their reigns were, yet the summer course came to its close just as Niebuhr had finished his account of Constantine the Great.

“It must be observed that Niebuhr delivered his lectures before young men who were supposed to be acquainted with the leading events of Roman history, or at least to possess a sufficient acquaintance with the ancient languages to read the Greek and Latin works which form the sources of our knowledge. It was, therefore, not so much Niebuhr’s object to fill their memory with all the details of history, as to enable them to *understand* its important events, and to form correct notions of the men and institutions which occur in the history of Rome—hence some events were passed over altogether, and others were only slightly alluded to, especially where he could refer his hearers to the ancients themselves for accurate and satisfactory information.”—Preface, pp. 9, 10.

Having collated his own notes, with those of a great many of his fellow-students, thus supplying omissions and correcting errors, Dr. Schmitz began the laborious task of verifying every one of Niebuhr’s statements, and of giving the references to authorities, which a lecturer would not think of doing. In this task Dr. Schmitz has employed all that patience which is characteristic of German scholarship. He has corrected an immense number of inaccuracies, such as would naturally escape a lecturer in the heat of argument; and with becoming modesty he has corrected them in silence. Whenever he can find no authority for a statement made by Niebuhr, or when the authority given by Niebuhr seems insufficient, Dr. Schmitz carefully warns the reader of it in a note. The consequence of all this is, that we have Niebuhr’s vast science, controlled by a scrupulous exactitude in the verification and citation of authorities. It is a book to become popular. For, unlike the ‘Roman History,’ it is almost entirely a narrative instead of a disquisition; and, indeed, we know of no work where in so small a compass the reader will gain so distinct an idea of the leading points of Niebuhr’s critical principles, as in the introductory lectures. He here confines himself to results; indicating the leading arguments on which those results are grounded; and so furnishing a popular intro-

duction to the disquisitions of his great work. Moreover, being addressed to students, it has a popular method of exposition; which, without arriving at any thing like artistic narrative, is infinitely more amusing than the weighty, but somewhat tedious, passages of the 'Roman History.' It will widen his reputation, but it will not deepen it. More admirers will be gained; but old admirers will not have their admiration increased. Niebuhr is at home amongst corrupt texts and questionable authorities; he there manages a prodigious erudition with amazing skill. No one ever, perhaps, manifested such a power of discerning what was authentic, what was historical, from what was fabulous in a passage; no one, perhaps, ever manifested greater skill in elaborating hints, in bringing passages, before unnoticed, to illustrate or confirm his bold conjectures. No one ever conjectured with greater boldness: few with so great felicity and science. He was the king of all treasure-finders. In spite of his dogmatism, in spite of his rashness, all Europe has acknowledged the truth of his leading views, all historical students are grateful to him for the impulse he has given to the science.

But with all Niebuhr's great qualities, and they were many, he has also very serious deficiencies. With the knowledge of a man of the world, he has not the ability of a man of the world in imparting what he knows. This is principally because he knows institutions better than men; he, therefore, dwells on institutions in preference to dwelling on men. His opinions on finance, and on the executive administration, must command universal respect. His opinions on men, on the characters of great men, on the morals and creeds of a people, do not rise above mediocrity: sometimes, indeed, sinking below it. Hence disquisition, not history, was his forte; and, for the same reason, the 'Lectures' are not of the same value as his 'History.' His portraits of some of the great men that figure in the 'Lectures' are really trivial: wanting not only in the vividness and consistency necessary to give a life-like air, but singularly superficial in the representation of motives. We should cite his Hannibal, Scipio, Sylla, Catiline, Mithridates, and Cæsar, as specimens of historic portraiture, fully on a par with the portraits by Royal Academicians, which adorn, with their gilded frames, the walls of our annual exhibitions: they are inadequate representations not only of the men they pretend to represent, but of human beings in any state. Niebuhr is prodigal of epithets, as the R.A.s are prodigal of 'accessories:' the epithets are very proper epithets, distinctly expressing some moral or intellectual quality; the 'accessories' are very good accessories: unexceptionable as imi-

tations of gold chains, rings, wine-glasses, and shirt-collars; but the character, the physiognomy, of the soul, they leave as obscure as ever.

Niebuhr's remarks on Sylla are in the highest degree feeble and unsatisfactory; not only does he fail to paint a portrait, but he also fails to judge the man. Sylla's character was indeed a mystery; yet experience of the world, above all experience of the rulers of the world, should have taught Niebuhr to read certain unmistakable lineaments. Take the sensuality of Barère, the fanaticism of St. Just, the cruel pedantry of Robespierre, and something of the warlike disposition and genius of Napoleon, and you have the leading elements of Sylla's character, developing themselves in a state of society to which the history of the world furnishes only one parallel—the French Revolution. Niebuhr sees nothing of the fanaticism and pedantry; he sees only the cruelty, which unexplained and unexcused by the fanatic pedantry, is perhaps more diabolical than the Septembrizer's butchery. The regular systematic slaughter of all those who had joined or even sympathised with the Italians, a slaughter conducted not with the blind fury and vindictiveness of Marius, but with the unflinching resolution of St. Just and Robespierre, Niebuhr regards as mere cruelty, and makes the following schoolboy-like reflection on Sylla's death: 'He retired to Puteoli, where he is said to have been attacked by a most disgusting disease; his body was covered with ulcers and vermin. I believe the fact of his having had this disease cannot be denied, and he deserved it. It occurs chiefly in the case of tyrants, such as Philip II., and also in the history of the Jews. It is also said to have befallen a rich landowner, who had been guilty of brutal conduct towards his tenants.'—Vol. i., p. 417.

Now, with all our respect for Niebuhr's vast acquirements, we cannot allow such a passage to pass unnoticed, because the spirit which dictated it, dictated also several others equally absurd. Conceive a man of Niebuhr's eminence—an historian and a man of the world—endeavouring to connect physical with moral disease! and, independently of the great absurdity, conceive also its great immorality! If this disease were the punishment of God for detestable crimes, what are we to say to its visitation of the innocent? A contemporary has already pointed out the want of any philosophy of history shown by Niebuhr's referring even ordinary events to Providence; and the 'Lectures' have numerous passages, which betray that whenever he was at a loss to solve moral and historical problems, he contented himself with attributing them to Providence. Bossuet was perfectly justified in tracing the finger of God in all historical events; to trace this was

his distinct object. But Niebuhr is a historian who undertakes to *explain* historical events, and ought to explain them by moral and historical laws or not at all. As a specimen of historical reflection take the following:

“As the contemplation of nature shows an inherent intelligence, which may also be conceived as coherent with nature, so does history on a hundred occasions show an intelligence distinct from nature, which conducts and determines those things which seem to us accidental; and it is not true that the study of history weakens the belief in a divine providence: history is of all other kinds of knowledge the one which most decidedly leads to that belief.—Circumstances, which are called accidental, combine in such a wonderful way with others to produce certain results, that men evidently cannot do what they please. For example, the Gauls alone would have been sufficient to crush the Romans; and had they invaded Italy during the first Punic war, the Romans would have been utterly unable to make their efforts against Sicily.—Again, had Alexander, the son of Pyrrhus, tried to avenge the misfortunes of his father in Italy—had he formed connexions in Italy at the time when Regulus was defeated, the Romans would not have been able to offer any resistance.—But Alexander's eyes were directed towards petty conquests; the Gauls were quiet, and the Carthaginians had no good generals, except at the close of the war: in short, it was providential that all things combined to make the Romans victorious.” —‘Lectures,’ vol. i., p. 146.

Nor is this a careless passage, accidentally thrown out in the course of lecturing; it commences the lecture, and it is borne out by a number of similar ones. Thus, at page 177, he says, ‘If Providence has once decided upon the destruction of an army, all the most unfortunate circumstances will conspire for that purpose.’ And at page 183, ‘Hannibal ascended the hills from behind in columns, took his station upon them, and placed his light-armed troops where the space between the hills and lakes was narrowest, and formed a very long defile. Here again we see the finger of Providence: for the day was very foggy.’ Again, page 188, ‘Providence here again evidently interfered in his behalf; the earthquakes, which announced awful events to the world, had paved his way, and been his battering rams, for the walls of several fortified towns had been thrown down.’ One would fancy oneself amongst the Homeric gods, who snatch their favourites from peril by means of mists. Conceive a man gravely teaching his pupils, that Providence sent a foggy day for the especial use of Hannibal! Nothing can be more unlike the philosophy even of Bossuet than this, for Bossuet is at least consistent; whereas Niebuhr first sees the finger of Providence directing Rome, next directing Carthage. Rome became mistress of the world—Rome was unconquerable, because Providence had sided with her. But

Niebuhr's Providence is capricious, and sides with Hannibal whenever Hannibal is victorious.

These specimens of historical philosophy are all found in the space of fifty pages; and these are not the only curious notions to be found within them, *e. g.* 'Caius Flaminius had now obtained the unlucky honour of the consulship. It would be unjust to judge of this man, whose name has come down to us in an unfavourable light, by his deeds.' (p. 180.) In the name of history, by what are we to judge of a man if not by his deeds? By his words? a fallacious test; a test we are unable to apply here, since we know nothing of Flaminius except his deeds.

From a mind so constituted we can expect little insight into the characters of men; little penetration into the motives of extraordinary actions. Sylla's abdication is one of those events which curiously stimulate the mind to detect its motives. We never expected from Niebuhr an approach to a solution of the difficulty; at the same time we never expected such a trivial wavering judgment as that which he has given. 'He was probably exhausted by his long struggles; he may have felt that he was too old to carry on the wars in foreign countries, or he may not have wished to do so: he may have believed that in the republic itself all the necessary reforms were effected, or else he may have despaired of their successful working; in short, he laid down his power to the surprise and astonishment of every one.'—p. 417.

'O lame, most impotent conclusion!' Niebuhr knows not what to think, and contents himself with 'astonishment.'

Although Niebuhr is deficient in the highest qualities of a historian, the philosophical and artistic qualities, he is assuredly distinguished, above all men, in the highest qualities of a scholar, and his investigations will continue to be models in their kind. If we have deemed it imperative to lay some stress upon his deficiencies, we trust no one will, therefore, attribute to us any want of respectful admiration of his excellences; but the latter are universally recognised, while the former are seldom mentioned. In Michelet, we recognise some of the highest excellences of an historian: in power of painting the individual or the mass, no historian approaches him; in vivid perception of the true significance of trifles in illustrating a picture, he is alone. But his appreciation of institutions is far inferior to that of Niebuhr: his historical scepticism, and sagacity in the treatment of ancient texts, are still more inferior. These two great writers seem to compensate each other. Read, *pari passu*, Niebuhr for sound knowledge of data, Michelet for truthful pictures,—Niebuhr for the facts, Michelet for the interpretations—these two writers will convey the best notion of Roman History that is anywhere to be obtained.

For those two important periods, that of the Social War and that of Catiline's Conspiracy, the work of Prosper Mérimée, mentioned at the head of this article, may also be consulted with advantage. He has devoted a volume to each subject, and has filled each volume well. M. Mérimée is known as an elegant writer and successful novelist. His first work, '*Théâtre de Clara Gazul*,' drew upon him the notice of Göthe. His '*Chronique de Charles IX.*' manifested considerable power, both as a novel and as an historical picture. '*La Jacquerie*' showed still greater historical talent, and deserves to be ranked with the admirable works of Vitet. '*Colomba*' has been pronounced a perfect tale. The present work, '*Études sur l'Histoire Romaine*,' will increase his reputation in another direction.

There is a class of persons to whom the fact that Mérimée is a novelist, will be a prejudice against the possibility of his being a trustworthy historian. But the example of Bulwer will be a sufficient proof, that the qualities of a novelist do not necessarily exclude those of the historian. Bulwer's '*Athens*' has minor faults, but it has immense merits. And Scott, whom Thierry calls, '*le plus grand maître qu'il y ait jamais eu en fait de divination historique*,' has written truer and profounder English history than any other man, before or since. It is easy to cite anachronisms, transpositions of dates, and idealisation of characters in Scott, as the allowable licences of the romance writer; but it would be difficult to estimate the impulse he gave to historical science all over Europe, and to appreciate the value and profundity of his own contributions thereto. The studies of the novelist form, therefore, rather a favourable introduction to the studies of the historian; not indeed a fashionable novelist, not even the ordinary romance writer; but the writer who has shown a talent for the historical novel has only to possess the necessary diligence and erudition to become an admirable historian.

Prosper Mérimée has shown that the good novelist can also be a good historian; but, singularly enough, the characteristics of the novelist are by no means prominent in these '*Études*.' So little are they apparent, that one, unacquainted with his previous works, would never suspect their being novels. He draws his portraits with a sure and steady hand, but without any trace of the idealising propensity of the romance writer; Niebuhr idealises much more. His narrative is elegant and unpretending; his exposition clear, and divested of rhetoric. His authorities are quoted with scrupulous exactitude, and sought with proper painstaking. His erudition is by no means extensive; but it is exact, and free from extraneous lumber. He never quotes more than is necessary; does not seem to have read more than was necessary. He in-

dulges in conjecture and with great ingenuity ; but never endeavours to palm these conjectures upon the reader as facts. Altogether a very sober work, and a very ingenious exposition of two striking periods of history. The materials for these periods are extremely meagre. Positive evidence can hardly be said to exist. Conjecture is, therefore, naturally busy, and can only be successful in proportion to the imaginative and scientific power of the mind employed in conjecturing. We will give an example from Niebuhr, and one from Mérimée, on the same point. Crassus and Cæsar were suspected of being accomplices in the Catiline conspiracy. Niebuhr thinks, that, 'with regard to Crassus, it was probable, though there was no positive evidence. Cæsar was innocent, and I am perfectly convinced that it *was impossible for a mind like his to enter upon such things.*' (Vol. ii., p. 25.) A more feeble reason could scarcely have been furnished ; especially when we come to understand its real bearing, which we do on finding that Niebuhr supposed Cæsar 'far from being an intriguer, like most men of his time, he was the most open-hearted being in existence. In his connexions with others he knew nothing of intrigues, and this led him to overlook many things which he could not otherwise have failed to observe.' (p. 37.) This is one of Niebuhr's paradoxes. Cæsar not a man of intrigues ! What, he who carried his political designs even into his debaucheries—who chose his mistresses amongst the wives of the influential (Crassus, Pompey, and Silanus, were honoured thus)—who, acting ostensibly as the agent of Pompey in Rome, was, in truth, only acting for himself—Cæsar, whose life was made up of intrigues, combats, and debaucheries, is pronounced too high-minded for so gigantic a conspiracy as that of Catiline ! Let us hear M. Mérimée. Forced to rely solely on his conjectures, he very wisely endeavours to detect the positive and egotistical motives which could have prompted Crassus and Cæsar ; interest being the only motive in a state of society wherein all morality is a farce.

"Crassus was divided by two passions : hatred of Pompey, and insatiable avarice. If, on the one hand, he was animated by the desire of reconquering a position which his rival had usurped, and anxious to revenge himself upon the senate ; on the other hand, the desire of preserving his immense riches made him shun all dangerous enterprises. He was timid and uncertain ; he was a censorer rather than an active and declared enemy. Doubtless, he would have gladly seen his adversaries humbled, perhaps killed ; but the idea of a party, of which Catiline was chief, obtaining the power, was alarming to him. What part could he take in any alliance with that crowd of profligates who intended dividing amongst themselves the riches of the republic ? Was it prudent in him to associate with men covered with debts, who would

not have failed to regard his treasures as a common fund, whence all were at liberty to draw? Finally, although he had commanded armies with success, and played an important part in the last revolution, he had no influence either with the soldiers or with the populace. Despairing of ever rivalling Pompey in war, it was in the Forum that he had endeavoured to obtain success, and thus to balance the power of his rival. Crassus wished to rule the senate, not to destroy it. It is probable, therefore, that his habits of prudence would have prevented any intimate alliance with Catiline, even had not the difference in their customs and positions naturally separated them. He perhaps watched the proceedings of the conspirators; perhaps he had listened to some proposal from them, without ever actually engaging himself. It was his policy to provide for himself some friends among them in case of a revolution,—a foresight is common to all wealthy persons,—and then awaited the result, hoping that the conspirators, though not strong enough to constitute a government, were at least strong enough to destroy the one he hated as much as they."

This is very rational conjecturing; it proceeds to deduce actions and sentiments from certain ascertained principles both of the character of Crassus and of that of all wealthy and ambitious men. Need we say that this conjecture has more weight with us than Niebuhr's arbitrary assertion, that Crassus was probably implicated? Mérimée continues:—

"As to Cæsar, his participation in the conspiracy seems still more improbable. Although Rome was not yet aware of his genius, yet all eyes were turned towards him. Every thing in him seemed extraordinary and contradictory: his exterior no less than his conduct. His dark eyes, whose fiery gaze none could withstand, contrasted with the habitual smile of his almost feminine mouth. In youth he had a delicate complexion, and his limbs, white and softly rounded, seemed to want vigour; yet he excelled in all bodily exercises, and his health was never affected either by excess of labour, or excess of debauchery. On seeing him at the Forum in the morning, robed in his flowing toga, every fold of which seemed adjusted before a mirror, it was difficult to believe him to be same man, who the evening before had tamed the furious horse on the Campus Martius, or who raised his voice in the name of the people, to accuse, before the tribunal of the decemvirs, a proconsul enriched by the proscriptions of Sylla. Proud of his birth, he loved to remind the Romans that he counted amongst his ancestors kings and gods; but it was doubted whether he was prouder of having Venus for his mother, than of having Marius for his uncle. Sometimes when he spoke in the curia, the old senators trembled, fancying that Caius Gracchus had reappeared. The next instant the fiery tribune had vanished, and there remained nothing but the elegant *roué*, more occupied with a new mistress than with the affairs of the republic.

"Did Cæsar know himself? Had he already conceived some grand design? Those only could reply who saw him weep before the statue

of Alexander the Great, or who had heard him repeat the verses of Euripides.

Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρή, τυραννίδος περὶ
κἀλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τ' ἄλλα εὐσεβεῖν χρῆν.

This fearful prodigy of vigilance, audacity, and activity, had early conceived the project of becoming the first citizen of the republic, that is to say, the master of the world; and this project he had constantly before his eyes. At the age of seventeen, in the presence of Sylla, covered with the blood of those proscribed, Cæsar distinctly saw that the real power lay on the popular side, and alone, erect upon the ruins of his house, he had the audacity to stand forth as the heir of Marius, and to oppose the merciless dictator. Some years afterwards, not having yet taken any public office, he succeeded in seducing Pompey, in drawing him away from the senate, and in making him adopt measures, which gave the democratic party its most dangerous arms. Even his very vices had a political tendency: his mistresses were the wives of the most important magistrates; his wealth, dissipated in a calculated profusion, had procured him many friends; his debts attached all the rich men of Rome to his fortune. Adored by the people, the confidant, or rather the evil genius of Pompey, placed by his birth and his known ability at the head of a numerous and powerful faction, what could he anticipate from an alliance with Catiline and his associates? Assuredly Cæsar wished to destroy the power of the senate; but he knew that the time was not arrived for him to gather his inheritance. No single action indicates his impatience, and every thing proves that he knew how to preserve a prey which could not escape him, and which he would consent to share with no one.

"It is possible, however, that the conspirators, more easily to recruit allies, boasted of the adhesion of such men as Crassus and Cæsar to the cause. Among the subalterns, perhaps, many believed in this alliance; and even some of the chiefs flattered themselves with the idea that the first success would raise all scruples, and bring Cæsar and Crassus to their cause."

There is some difference between this reasoning and the school-boy rhetoric about purity of mind and ignorance of intrigues; whether it be conclusive or not let the reader decide for himself: it appears conclusive to us. Michelet follows the common notion, and asserts that both Crassus and Cæsar were implicated in the conspiracy. Indeed the greatest fault in Michelet's work is the want of that historical scepticism in which Niebuhr excelled, and by means of which the past has had quite a different aspect given to it. Michelet does not suspect the story told of Archimedes destroying the ships by means of huge burning glasses during the siege of Syracuse. He quotes it as if it were unquestioned, unquestionable. Niebuhr justly rejects the story as an afterthought. When once burning glasses had been invented,

people naturally thought of the various applications to be made with them, amongst others, their application in sieges and in burning ships: the possibility became converted into an historical fact, and Syracuse was the spot where it was localised. Polybius said nothing about the burning-glasses: so, at least, Niebuhr conjectures from Livy's silence.

Much of Niebuhr's scepticism is admirable, but some of it seems hazardous and ill-grounded, and not unfrequently accompanied with weak and misplaced credulity. There is a passage in his account of Catiline that unites both these failings:—

"He was so completely diabolical that I know of no one in history that can be compared with him; and you may rely upon it that the colours in which his character is described are not too dark, though we may reject the story of his slaughtering a child at the time when he administered the oath to his associates."—*'Lectures,'* ii., p. 14.

This passage is open to double criticism; for its assertion respecting Catiline's diabolical wickedness, and for its incredulity respecting the sacrifice. We have no intention of praising Catiline's virtues; we have no wish of extenuating his vices; but we cannot accept Niebuhr's verdict on a man whose character and actions are known to us only through his accusers.* That Catiline was engaged in a conspiracy there is no doubt; but that his conspiracy was one of any moral enormity, in comparison with those constantly going on in Rome at that period, we may be permitted to doubt, when we are at the same time informed that it was favoured by the great mass of the people and some considerable portion of the aristocracy. The truth is that Sallust's account is full of contradictions; above all, it is perverted by party animosity. Those who believe Catiline to have been a man, such as he is represented by his accusers, are desired to consider what idea they would have of Cromwell if they had nothing but the libels of the Royalists whereby to judge of him; or what would be their conviction respecting the guilt or innocence of Courvoisier, if they had only read Charles Phillips' defence. As to Sallust and Cicero being contemporary authorities, that only makes their evidence more suspicious, and makes it contemporary slander. Have we not, in our own day, seen Louis Philippe undisguisedly accused of participation in a murder, accused too in a contemporary history of some influence and considerable talent? We might fill pages with instances of party misrepresentation of the grossest kind. Yet upon such evidence Niebuhr asserts that

* Niebuhr must have been well aware of the fact, that Catiline's character and conduct are known to us only through the representations of his accusers; yet he makes no use of the fact in judging of Catiline!

Catiline was completely diabolical, and assures his hearers that the colours in which Catiline is painted by his enemies 'are not too dark.' Remember that on a former occasion, Niebuhr informed his hearers that they were not to judge of a man's character by his deeds: that would be unjust. He now tells them they may judge of another man's character by the accusations of his enemies, which cannot be too dark for reality: this is perfectly just! That Catiline had the vices of his time is probable; that he had the diabolical wickedness Niebuhr imputes to him, there is no evidence to prove.

We are told to reject the story of his having sacrificed a child on administering the oath to the conspirators. But on what grounds are we to reject it? None are given. Dio Cassius says that a young slave was sacrificed, and that Catiline, having pronounced the oath, confirmed it by taking hold of the entrails of the slave, in which each conspirator imitated him. This was the ordinary rite; except that the victim was usually a beast. Mérimée well observes that such a rite was a species of mysterious devotion capable of striking the imagination of the young accomplices, and thus forming a bond between them and their chief; for, at the moment of engaging in some hazardous enterprise, the sacrifice of a human victim was the most certain way, according to ancient superstition, of making the gods favourable to it. Roman history makes mention of several human sacrifices solemnly celebrated by order of the magistrates. 'Interim ex fatalibus libris,' says Livy, 'sacrificia aliquot extraordinaria facta: inter quæ Gallus et Galla, Græcus et Græca, in foro boario sub terrâ vivi demissi sunt in locum saxo conseptum, jam ante hostiis humanis, minime Romano sacro imbutum.' (Liv., xxii., 57.) Plutarch relates in similar terms a similar sacrifice which was celebrated during the consulship of M. Valerius Messala and L. Apustius Fullo. (Plut., *Marcell.*, 3.) Porphyry asserts that the Romans annually sacrificed human victims to Jupiter Latialis; Tertullian and Lactantius assert the same. 'Et Latio in *hodiernum* Jovi media in urbe *humanus sanguis* ingustatur.' (Tert., *Adv. Gnost.*, 7.) '*Hodieque* ab ipsis Latialis Jupiter *homicidio colitur*.' (Minuc., Fel., 315.) '*Latialis Jupiter etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano*.' (Lact., *De fals. Relig.*, i., 21.) Herodotus, iii., 11., mentions the fact of such sacrifices amongst the Greeks. The oracle of Delphos commands the Messenians to sacrifice a virgin in their war against the Spartans.

Κοιρην ἀχραντον νεκτεροισι δαμοισι

Θυγαλεις νεκτεροισιν ἐν σφαγαις.—Pausan., iv., 9.

The sacrifice of Iphigenia by her own father will at once present itself to the reader's memory; and is a proof that the practice was at least accredited.

These passages by no means prove the fact asserted respecting Catiline; but they prove that there is nothing in the assertion itself contrary to the superstitious practices of the time, and it must, therefore, be refuted by some stronger evidence than Niebuhr's dictum. This reminds us to warn the reader against implicitly relying upon Niebuhr's assertions. At page 263 of the first volume of the 'Lectures,' he asserts that Ennius uses the word *ego* as a monosyllable, such as the Italian *io*. This rather startled us: for pronounce *ego* how you will, we conceive it impossible to make a monosyllable of it. The guttural aspirate of the Tuscans, however soft, will still make a decided distinction between the vowels, such as to prevent their being run into each other as in *io*. Be this as it may, we took the trouble of turning over the 'Fragments' of Ennius, as collected by Merula, (in the Leipzig reprint of 1825). The result of our search was this. Ennius uses the word *ego* three times in the course of the fragments extant, and only three times; on each of these occasions the mode of pronunciation is equivocal, because the final vowel, preceding another vowel, is of course elided. As far then as the testimony of the fragments themselves can be relied upon, there is no evidence in support of Niebuhr's assertion: *ego* has only a monosyllabic value in the three instances alluded to, because of the *elision* of the second syllable; but on what grounds are we to conclude, from this, that *ego* was a monosyllable when not followed by an initial vowel? The point is one of little importance in itself; but not without its importance in reference to Niebuhr, whose reputation for scrupulous fidelity in the statement of facts and the use of authorities might induce implicit reliance on his assertions. We do not wish to undervalue Niebuhr, but to rightly value him: to cite his own citation, 'Every man,' says Möser, 'may err, and even the wisest sometimes in the most incredible manner:' we deem it our duty to call attention to his having availed himself of the privilege.

We must now desist from criticism, which upon such great names is always perilous, and give the reader a taste of the 'Lectures,' previous to his sitting down to banquet off the whole. Here are two descriptive of the influence of luxury in undermining the strength of the Roman people.

"The history of Scipio is very instructive, for it shows how the state was hastening towards its dissolution. No one thought of the republic being in danger, and the danger was indeed as yet far distant; but the seeds of dissolution were nevertheless sown, and its symptoms were already beginning to become visible. We hear it generally said that, with the victories of the Romans in Asia, luxury, and all the vices which accompany avarice and rapacity, began to break in upon them. This is indeed true enough, but it was only the symptom of corruption, and

not its cause; the latter lay much deeper. After so many years of destructive and cruel wars, during which the Romans had been almost uninterruptedly in arms, the whole nation was in a frightful condition: the poor were utterly impoverished, the middle class had sunk deeper and deeper, and the wealthy had amassed immense riches. The same men who had marched into rich foreign countries as hungry soldiers, now returned with exorbitant riches—the treasures extorted from conquered nations. The officers and nobles had now opportunities to satisfy their desires with splendid buildings and luxuries of every kind, and to fill their houses with costly furniture, carpets, plate, &c. The Romans had grown rich, but the immediate consequence was a brutal use of their riches. Agriculturists are excellent men, so long as they live in favourable circumstances, but when they acquire wealth on a sudden, they exhibit a striking proof of how difficult it is to make a rational use of it. A similar instance occurs in the history of Ditmarsch, where corruption became general at a time when, after some years of scarcity, the people acquired wealth by extraordinary sales of corn. Thus, the Romans who had accumulated immense wealth, and did not know how to use it, began to abandon themselves to gluttony. Hence it came to pass, as Livy says, that cooks who had been before the most despised class of slaves, now became the most expensive. The Roman pontiffs, as we see from their bills of fare, might in their eating and drinking have rivalled the canons of modern times. Before this time the Romans had lived like simple peasants, but now exorbitant sums were spent upon Greek cooks: gluttony and the most disgusting vulgarity took the place of former frugality. The Athenians lived frugally at all times, and the Greeks are on the whole a frugal nation; the Italians, on the other hand, can be frugal; but at times, when they are let loose, they indulge in brutal intemperance.”—‘Lectures,’ vol i, pp. 254—256.

“In the earlier times the strength of Rome consisted in her free peasantry, but this class of her population was gradually losing its importance and influence. One of those levies which the late wars had required must have ruined numbers of whole families. Another change which had lately taken place, and which could not remain without political consequences, was the importance which capital had acquired. Ever since the end of the first Punic war, when the Romans had gained possession of Sicily, we find capitalists engaged in enterprises and speculations to increase their moveable property, and this spirit was encouraged by the facility and impunity with which they could pursue their objects in the provinces. Usury was indeed forbidden by the Roman law, as it was in later times forbidden by the canon law; but such a law is unnatural, and of no avail, for, in defiance of the canon law, a variety of ways were devised, which enabled capitalists to take interest with impunity; and similar methods were resorted to at Rome, where capitalists did business with foreigners, or substituted other names for their own. The canon law imposed no restrictions on the Jews, and the Roman law did not extend its protection to the Italian allies, or to freed men; so that a thousand ways were left open to evade the law. In

the provinces the spirit of usury found no obstacles. The *Publicum Romanum* had been immensely extended: the tunny-fisheries, the tithes of Illyricum and other countries, put large sums of money into circulation, and the profits made by these things were as great as those made in modern times by speculators in paper securities. Whenever, for instance, a contribution was to be raised, the publicani were immediately ready to offer the money at an interest of at least 12, but sometimes 24, or even 36 per cent., and the governors of the provinces took good care that the debts were paid. This is the manner in which the class of publicani was gradually formed. Distinct traces of them are found in Livy as early as the second Punic war, although it was not until the century following that they acquired their notorious importance. They form a parallel to the money-dealers whom the eighteenth century produced."—'Lectures,' vol. i., pp. 225, 266.

Another point worthy of comment is the facility with which the Romans admitted foreign deities into their mythology. This, no doubt, partly arose from the continual danger and continual war in which they were plunged; they must so often have implored in vain the assistance of their own gods, and so often seen their enemies imploring the assistance of other gods, as by a natural fear, and a natural tendency to imitation, to have been led to test the efficacy of these new deities.* Note also the excessive veneration of the Roman people for forms and ceremonies of all sorts; the fidelity to the letter rather than to the spirit, which made their laws so great and so enduring (according to Mérimée), also made their religion a mere ceremony. The Roman people, as Michelet well says, was not one to become corrupted with impunity. Strange religions, especially the Oriental, introduced new debaucheries; and Roman debauchery affected the excitement of bloodshed. The Romans have ever been sanguinary and sensual. The unnatural debaucheries and the combats of the gladiators were introduced at about the same period. In one year one hundred and seventy women poisoned their husbands to make room for their lovers. The Bacchanals, amongst whose mysteries prostitution and murder occupied a large place, counted, says Valerius Maximus, no less than seven thousand initiated in Rome alone. In fact, amongst the Romans (to apply a joke of Charles Lamb's), 'blood was made as light of as money is in our modern comedies.' The nurslings of the wolf never belied their nurse.

Niebuhr's account of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, though deficient in that picturesqueness which is the charm of Michelet's

* Compare Livy: Quò diutius trahebatur bellum, et variabant secundæ adversæque res non fortunam magis, quam animos hominum: tanta religio, et ea magnâ ex parte externa, civitatem incessit, ut aut homines aut dii repente alii viderentur facti. xxv. 1.

treatment of the same point, is well worth attention for its historical criticism; that portion of it which endeavours to determine the part of the Alps where the passage took place, we quote:—

“ It has been one of the most disputed points of ancient history, in what part Hannibal crossed the Alps, and the ancients themselves differ widely in their accounts. Livy's description is obscure, and Polybius does not enter into any disquisition concerning the localities, because they were known in his time, and no one had any doubt about them. Livy imagines that he passed by Briançon, through the valley of the Durance, and descended somewhere in the neighbourhood of Turin; but this is erroneous. The other ancients are divided in their opinions: some maintained that he passed over the Little, and others that he passed over the Great St. Bernard; some even thought it probable that he crossed the Simplon. Modern writers are likewise divided; but, after the researches of General Melville, there can be no longer any doubt as to the road which Hannibal took; and if any one who has a practical mind compares with these researches the account which Polybius gives, he must see that no other road is possible. It is strange that even ingenious and learned men have, in this instance, opposed the most palpable evidence. Melville has proved by the strongest possible evidence, that Hannibal marched across the Little St. Bernard, and that this took place about the beginning of October. The mountain cannot have been a glacier covered with eternal ice, for not far from its top a little corn was grown, and during the summer months it was a green Alp, which served as pasture. On his arrival there Hannibal found fresh snow and a frequented road. In a district near the Little St. Bernard, in the valley of Tarentaise, he had a severe contest with the Alpine tribes; and Polybius, evidently with the intention to mark Hannibal's road, says that he halted near a *white rock*. Now, there is only one gypseous cliff in those Alps, and that is near Tarentaise, along which the ancient road ran, and which is discernible even at the present day, and known to the inhabitants of the country under the name of *la roche blanche*. This circumstance alone would suffice to remove all doubts, but this road also perfectly agrees with the number of days which Hannibal spent upon his march; and this number differs so widely from the number of days required for the road over Susa, that this place cannot here come into consideration at all. Had Scipio ventured to follow his enemy, Hannibal would certainly have defeated him, and Scipio would have been lost among those Gallic tribes which would have risen against him. The remark of General Melville is true, that Hannibal had marched up the Rhone as far as Vienne, the ancient capital of the Allobrogi, which is not mentioned by Livy. Here Hannibal took up the cause of a pretender; and after having established him on the throne, he received supplies for his army and continued his march. The Allobrogi were at that time in possession of the country between the Isère and the Rhone, of a part of Dauphiné, the western districts of Savoy, and some other neighbouring territories. At Vienne Hannibal left the Rhone. Melville saw here a Roman road leading to Yenne, which was

used throughout the middle ages, and down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. From Vienne Hannibal went to Chambéry, and into the valley of Tarentaise up towards the source of the river. General Melville has shown that the march through this narrow valley was a very troublesome one, as it was easy for the inhabitants to defend themselves in their mountains. It is a gross mistake when some writers describe Hannibal as marching over immense fields of ice; for about Tarentaise there are luxuriant plantations of nut trees, and in the valley itself a considerable quantity of corn is grown. The arrival of Hannibal and his army was a fearful calamity for the inhabitants of this valley, for it was a host which consumed every thing that these poor people possessed. The less Hannibal was able to satisfy their hunger with the supplies he carried with him, the greater was the devastation caused by his army; for in such circumstances soldiers destroy every thing. However great, therefore, his exertions were in pacifying the mountaineers, yet they manifested a desperate exasperation against him, and the losses of the Carthaginians in these contests were immense. In the last days of September, Hannibal reached the Little St. Bernard. Snow began already to fall in those regions, and frosts and the other miseries of winter were now added to the sufferings with which he had been struggling hitherto. His army suffered not less from hunger than the French did on their retreat from Russia: thousands perished in a few days, but yet Hannibal was glad that he had arrived at the summit of the mountains. Those among his soldiers who were rather discontented, and had been lingering behind, now joined him again. The account of Livy, that Hannibal broke the rocks by means of vinegar, is one of those tales which we grieve to see related seriously by an intelligent man. It was undoubtedly derived from Cælius Antipater, and is nothing but a misrepresentation of an actual fact which has been explained by General Melville. The roads in the Alps run along rivers, by which they were originally formed. These rivers often pass from one mountain to another, and then roads run along above the rivers. Such a road is often buried under avalanches, or cut off by a sinking of the ground. Hannibal found such a spot on his road from the Little St. Bernard to the valley of Aosta. He was obliged to encamp there for three days, though suffering severely from hunger, cold, and snow, and to open a new road. General Melville has admirably illustrated this part of the march from Polybius. Livy says, that the mountain formed a precipice of one thousand feet, and that the new road was built down that precipice! This is nonsense, as every one must see."—'Lectures,' vol. i., p. 170—173.

In his description of the character of Cato, Niebuhr has written *con amore*. He evidently admires Cato; is evidently deceived by Cato's pedantic stoicism. But, as there was really much to admire, the somewhat exaggerated admiration may be accepted.

"If there is any man in Roman history who deserves the reputation which he enjoys with posterity, it is Cato. Cæsar's depreciation of him was only the consequence of his personal irritation. If we possessed Cicero's work on Cato, we should undoubtedly see Cicero's heart in all

its goodness and amiability. It does honour to his courage to have written such a work under the circumstances, and it does honour to Cæsar also that he was unprejudiced enough to allow Cicero his admiration of Cato, without imputing it to him as a crime. Cæsar declared that Cato had hurt him by his death, as he had thereby deprived him of the pleasure of pardoning him: Cæsar could not have said anything more concise. It is no more than natural that Cæsar should have been deeply wounded by Cicero's praise of Cato, and this feeling induced him to write his work against Cato (*Anti-Cato*), in which he may have given the reins to his passion, which would never have arisen in his soul if Cato had remained alive. There was, in fact, nothing that Cæsar was more desirous of than Cato's friendship, a desire which Cato could not gratify. The Stoic philosophy never produced any heroes among the Greeks, if we except Zeno, the founder of the school, and Cleanthes; and not one Greek statesman was a Stoic philosopher. Among the Romans, on the other hand, many a great and virtuous statesman was a votary of the Stoa; and although some of them, such as Cicero, were not real Stoics, yet they admired the system and loved it. It would be a most unpardonable misapprehension of human virtue, if any one were to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of Cato's intentions: and this sincerity is not impeached by the assertion which has often been made, and I think with great justice, that Cato with his philosophy did incalculable injury to the commonwealth. He would have retained the old forms absolutely, and have allowed nothing which bordered upon arbitrary power. There is no doubt that in this manner he estranged the equites from the senate, after Cicero had succeeded with great difficulty in reconciling the two parties. Cato tore open the wound by opposing a demand of the publicani in Asia, which was not unjust, but only advantageous to them. Cato's advice to put the accomplices of the Catilinarian conspiracy to death was not mere severity, but a pure expression of his sense of justice, and perfectly in accordance with the laws of Rome; but it was nevertheless very unfortunate advice. Such was his conduct always, and it was a principle with him not to pay any regard to circumstances; the consequence of which was that, when his opinion was followed, many things turned out far worse than they had been before. His personal character was above all censure and suspicion; dissolute persons, such as A. Gabinius, might laugh at him, but no one ever ventured to calumniate him. It was highly unfortunate for him that he was mixed up with the Pompeian party, and, now that Pompey was dead, his situation was downright miserable. The men of that party acted in Africa like savages, and he saved Utica from their hands with great difficulty; for the leaders wished to plunder the town, because its inhabitants were said to be favourably disposed towards Cæsar, but in reality because they hoped thereby to secure the attachment of the soldiers. The inhabitants of Utica thus looked up to him as their deliverer. He had undertaken the command of the place only for the purpose of protecting it, and he pacified the mutineers by promising that the place should remain quiet, and that, if it were spared, it would not be ungrateful. When Cæsar, after the

conquest of his other enemies, appeared before Utica, Cato advised his people not to continue their resistance. The generals took to flight, and Cato's opinion was that the garrison, which consisted for the most part of old men and unprincipled young nobles who were incapable of handling a weapon, should sue for pardon. His own son received the same advice from his father, who thus showed a very amiable inconsistency in his conduct, for here the father got the better of the Stoic. Cato excused himself by saying that he himself had seen the days of the republic, and could live no longer; but my son, he added, who is a stranger to the republic, can live in different circumstances. He then withdrew to his room, and, in the night preceding the morning when the gates were to be thrown open, he read Plato's 'Phædo,' assuredly not for the purpose of strengthening himself in his belief in the immortality of the soul; for a person who does not possess that belief will never acquire it from reading the 'Phædo,' and Cato had undoubtedly read it so often that he knew it by heart; but in that awful and sublime moment, in which he was to breathe out his soul, it was less the thought of immortality that engaged his attention, than the contemplation of the death of Socrates, though he believed in immortality such as it was believed by the Stoics. He took leave of the world by directing his mind to the last moments of one of the most virtuous men of all ages. He then inflicted a mortal wound upon himself, in consequence of which he fell from his bed. When his son and friends found him, they raised him up and dressed his wound; he pretended to sleep, but took the first opportunity to tear open the wound, and died. After the surrender of Utica the other towns soon followed its example."—'Lectures,' vol. ii., p. 78—81.

Those who remember the solemn strain in which Plutarch narrates the death of Cato, will regret that Niebuhr did not preserve it in the close of the above passage; indeed, as we before observed, it is one of the faults of his works to sacrifice the poetry of history whenever he meets with it; not only does he fail to tell his story graphically, he refuses to avail himself of the graphic talent of others.

With all his virtues Cato was an intolerable pedant. His blind adoration of the past is conceivable when we reflect on the dissolute state of society in his day; but conservatism is not cynicism; admiration of the past need not induce puerile opposition to every trifle in the present. When at the games of Flora, the people waited till Cato left the theatre, before demanding an immodest dance, they paid a sincere respect to his purity; but when he, even during his prætorship, walked through the streets without his toga, in a plain tunic, and with his feet bare, like a slave, he insulted every fellow-citizen by a puerile ostentation of simplicity, similar to that which Rousseau displayed in the *salons* of Paris, and from a similar motive. To oppose the corruption of the period with a rigorous simplicity and purity of life was philo-

sophical; to oppose the customs and manners of the period in mere externals, such as dress and modes of speech, was trivial vanity aping philosophy. The cynics and the stoics afford many instances of this puerile ostentation, which imposes on the vulgar mind, but which only the vulgar mind could adopt. Nothing is easier than rudeness; no virtue so cheaply acquired and so easily practised as the malignity which christens itself 'frankness;' no victory over one's passions is easier than that obtained by dressing differently from others. But rudeness is not moral purity; frankness is not always sincerity; naked feet will no more make men philosophers than turned-down collars will make them poets. To mistake any of these externals for signs of internal greatness is in itself a fatal symptom; to mistake them in your own person is either hypocrisy or madness.

The following remarks on Cæsar are worth quoting:—

"If we consider the changes and regulations which Cæsar introduced, it must strike us as a singular circumstance that, among all his measures, there is no trace of any which could show that he thought of modifying the constitution, for the purpose of putting an end to the anarchy. Sulla felt the necessity of remodelling the constitution, but he did not attain his end, and the manner, too, in which he set about it was that of a short-sighted man; but he was, at least, intelligent enough to see that the constitution, as it then was, could not continue to exist. In the regulations of Cæsar we see no trace of such a conviction, and I think that he despaired of the possibility of effecting any real good by constitutional reforms. Hence, among all his laws, there is not one that had any relation to the constitution. The fact of his increasing the number of patrician families had no reference to the constitution; the patricians had in reality so few advantages over the plebeians that the office of the two *ædiles Cereales*, which he instituted, was confined to the plebeians,—a regulation which was opposed to the very nature of the patriciate. His raising persons to the rank of patricians was neither more nor less than the modern practice of raising a family to the rank of nobility; he picked out an individual, and gave him the rank of patrician for himself and his descendants. The distinction itself was merely a nominal one, and conferred no other privilege upon a person except that of holding certain priestly offices, which could be filled by none but patricians, and for which their number was scarcely sufficient. I consider it a proof of the wisdom and good sense of Cæsar that he did not, like Sulla, think an improvement in the state of public affairs so near at hand or a matter of so little difficulty: the cure of the disease lay yet at a very great distance, and the first condition on which it could be undertaken was the sovereignty of Cæsar. Rome could no longer exist as a republic.

"It is curious to see in Cicero's work, '*De Re Publica*,' the consciousness running through it, that Rome, as it then stood, required the strong

hand of a king. Cicero had surely often owned this to himself, but he saw no one who would have entered into such an idea. The title of king had a great fascination for Cæsar, as it had for Cromwell,—a surprising phenomenon in a practical mind like that of Cæsar. Every one knows the fact that while Cæsar was sitting on the suggestum, during the celebration of the Lupercalia, Antony presented to him the diadem, to try how the people would take it. Cæsar saw the great alarm which the act created, and declined the diadem for the sake of appearance; but had the people been silent, Cæsar would unquestionably have accepted it. His refusal was accompanied by loud shouts of acclamation, which, for the present, rendered all further attempts impossible. Antony afterwards had a statue of Cæsar adorned with the diadem, but two tribunes of the people, L. Cæsetius Flavus, and C. Marullus, took it away; and here Cæsar showed the real state of his feelings, for he treated the conduct of the tribunes as a personal insult towards himself. He had lost his self-possession, and his fate, which carried him onward, had become irresistible. He wished to have the tribunes imprisoned, and all that could be obtained of him was, that he was satisfied with their being stripped of their office and sent into exile. This created a great sensation at Rome. Cæsar had also been guilty of thoughtlessness, or perhaps merely of distraction, as might happen very easily to a man in his circumstances. When the senate had made its last decrees, conferring upon Cæsar unlimited power, the senators, consuls, and prætors, in festal attire, presented the decrees to him, and Cæsar at the moment forgot to show his respect for the senators; he did not rise from his *sella curulis*, and received the decrees in an uncereemonious manner. This want of politeness was never forgiven him by the persons who had not scrupled to make him their master, for it had been expected that withal he should behave politely, and be grateful for such decrees. Cæsar himself had no design in the act, which was merely the consequence of distraction or thoughtlessness, but it made the senate his irreconcilable enemies. The affair with the tribunes, however, had made a deep impression upon the people. Cicero, who was surely not a democrat, wrote at the time, '*turpissimi consules, turpis senatus, populus fortis, proximus honorum infimus*,' &c. The praise here bestowed upon the people may be somewhat exaggerated, but the rest is true. We must however remember that the people, under such circumstances, are most sensible to any thing affecting their honour, as we have seen at the beginning of the French revolution."—'*Lectures*,' vol. ii., p. 88—90.

But the account of the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius is feeble; and that of Cæsar's assassination is miserable:—

"On the morning of the 15th of March, the day fixed upon for assassinating Cæsar, Decimus Brutus treacherously invited him to go with him to the curia, as it was impossible to delay the deed any longer. The detail of what happened on that day may be read in Plutarch. C. Tillius (not Tullius) Cimber made his way up to Cæsar, and in-

sulted him with his importunities, and Casca gave the first stroke. Caesar fell covered with twenty-three wounds. He was either in his fifty-sixth year, or had completed it, I am not quite certain on this point, though, if we judge by the time of his first consulship, he must have been fifty-six years old. His birthday, which is not generally known, was the 11th of Quinctilis, which month was afterwards called Julius." —Niebuhr, vol. ii., p. 95.

And these are the closing words of the lecture! these are the words in which the murder of Caesar is dismissed! A more unpleasant specimen of the philologist usurping the historian, it would be difficult to quote. The death of the greatest man Rome ever produced; and, in his way, the greatest the world ever produced, excites no emotion in the historian, causes no pulse to beat faster, inspires him with no 'burning words' by which to rouse the minds of his auditors. Caesar is slain. Three lines and a half record the event; six lines and a half are immediately added to discuss the age at which he died. And this is done in the coldest manner: in the very spirit of pedantry. Could such a lecturer have realised history, even to his own mind?—We doubt it.

Niebuhr's opinions on the Roman poets have somewhat surprised us: we were not prepared for such sound judgment on so contested a subject. He prefers Lucretius, Catullus, and Ovid, to all the others: an opinion which is daily gaining more ground. His criticism on Virgil is admirable, though not sufficiently discriminative of Virgil's picturesqueness and harmonious sweetness; the remarks on epic subjects go deeply into the question:—

"Virgil was born on the 15th of October, 682, and died on the 22nd of September, 733. I have often expressed my opinion upon Virgil, and have declared that I am as opposed to the adoration with which the Romans venerated him, as any fair judge can demand. He did not possess the fertility of genius which was required for his task. His *Eclogues* are any thing but a successful imitation of the idyls of Theocritus; they could not, in fact, be otherwise than unsuccessful: they are productions which could not prosper in a Roman soil. The shepherds of Theocritus are characters of ancient Sicilian poetry, and I do not believe that they were taken from Greek poems. Daphnis, for example, is a Sicilian hero, and not a Greek. The idyls of Theocritus grew out of popular songs, and hence his poems have a genuineness, truth, and nationality. Now Virgil, in transplanting that kind of poetry to the plains of Lombardy, peoples that country with Greek shepherds, with their Greek names, and Greek peculiarities,—in short, with beings that never existed there. His didactic poem on Agriculture is more successful; it maintains a happy medium, and we cannot well speak of it otherwise than in terms of praise. His '*Æneid*,' on the other hand, is a complete failure: it is an unhappy idea from beginning to end; but

this must not prevent us from acknowledging that it contains many exquisite passages. Virgil displays it in a learning of which an historian can scarcely avail himself enough, and the historian who studies the '*Æneid*' thoroughly will ever find new things to admire. But no epic poem can be successful, if it is any thing else than a living and simple narrative of a portion of something which, as a whole, is the common property of a nation. I cannot understand how it is that, in manuals of *Æsthetics*, the views propounded on epic poetry, and the subjects fit for it, are still full of lamentable absurdities. It is really a ludicrous opinion, which a living historian has set forth somewhere, that Tasso's '*Jerusalem Delivered*' is a failure, because the subject is not old enough—as if it were necessary for it to lay by for some centuries to go through a kind of fermentation! The question is similar to that as to what subjects are fit for historical painting. Everything is fit for it, provided it is capable of suggesting to the beholder the whole of which it is only a part. This is the reason why Sacred History is so peculiarly fit for historical painting. Every one who sees, for example, a madonna or an apostle, immediately recollects all the particular circumstances connected with those personages; and this effect upon the beholder is still stronger, if he has lived some time surrounded by works of art. When Pietro of Albano or Domenichino paint mythological subjects, we scholars know indeed very well what the artist meant to express, and we are vexed at his little inaccuracies; but the majority of people do not understand the meaning of the painting, they cannot connect a definite idea with it, and the subject contains nothing that is suggestive to them. Mythological subjects, therefore, are at present a hazardous choice for an artist, and however excellently they may be treated, they cannot compete with those taken from Sacred History. Mythological subjects were as much the common property of the ancients, as the Sacred History is the common property of Christian nations. If a subject is generally known, much talked of, and if the external forms are not against it, a subject from modern history would be just as fit a subject for artistic representation as any other. But our costumes are unfavourable to art. The ancients however very seldom represented historical subjects in works of art, although their costumes were not against it. The case of epic poetry is of the same kind. If a narrative which every body knows, sings, or relates, is not treated as history in its details, and if we feel ourselves justified in choosing among the several parts of the whole for our purpose, then any of its parts is a fit subject for epic poetry. Cyclic poetry relates whole histories continuously, and is of the same extent as history; but epic poetry takes up only one portion of a whole, and the poet relates it just as if he had seen it. There cannot be a more unfortunate epic than Lucan's '*Pharsalia*': it proceeds in the manner of annals, and the author wants to set forth prominently only certain particular events. There are passages in it like the recitative of an opera, and written in a language which is neither narrative nor poetry. Virgil had not considered all the difficulties of his task, when he undertook it. He took Roman history such

as it had been transmitted by Greek writers ; if he had taken the Roman national traditions, he would have produced something which would have had at least an Italian nationality about it. The ancient Italian traditions, it is true, had already fallen into oblivion, and Homer was at that time better known than Nævius, but still the only way of producing a living epic would have been, to have taken the national Italian tradition. Virgil is a remarkable instance of a man mistaking his vocation : his real calling was lyric poetry, for his small lyric poems, for instance, that on the villa of Syron, and the one commencing ‘*Si mihi susceptum fuerit ducurrere munus,*’ show that he would have been a poet like Catullus, if he had not been led away by his desire to write a great Latin poem. It is sad to think that his mistake, that is, the work which is his most complete failure, has been so much admired by posterity ; and it is remarkable that Catullus’s superiority over Virgil was not acknowledged till the end of the eighteenth century. Markland was the first who ventured openly to speak against Virgil, but he was decried for it, as if he had committed an act of high treason. The fact of Virgil being so much liked in the middle ages arose from people not comparing or not being able to compare him with Homer, and from the many particular beauties of the ‘*Æneid*.’ It was surely no affectation of Virgil when he desired to have the ‘*Æneid*’ burnt : he had made that poem the task of his life, and in his last moments he had the feeling that he had failed in it. I rejoice that his wish was not carried into effect, but we must learn to keep our judgment free and independent in all things, and to honour and love that which is really great and noble in man. We must not assign to him a higher place than he deserves, but what the ancients say of his personal character is certainly good and true. It may be that the tomb of Virgil on mount Posilipo near Naples, which was regarded throughout the middle ages as genuine, is not the ancient original one, though I do not see why it should not have been preserved. It is adorned with a laurel tree. I have visited the spot with the feelings of a pilgrim, and the branch I plucked from the laurel tree is as dear to me as a sacred relic, although it never occurs to me to place him among the Roman poets of the first order.”—‘*Lectures*,’ vol. ii., p. 155—159.

But what does he mean by calling Catullus ‘a gigantic and extraordinary genius?’ And surely there is some injustice in asserting that ‘it shows the greatest prejudice to say that he (Catullus) is not equal to the Greeks of the classic age.’ We have a hearty admiration for Catullus ; but remembering how saturated his poems are with the Greek spirit, how obviously the best of his poems are but transcripts from Greek originals, we cannot rank him with the models he imitates ; or, at any rate, cannot admit that prejudice alone would place him below those models.

We might continue extracting and gossiping to an indefinite length ; but over long articles editors remonstrate and readers yawn ; so we, deeming both remonstrance and yawn, things espe-

cially to be avoided, hasten to draw our lucubrations to a close. We close them with a brief notice of the last book on our list: '*Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the time of Augustus.*' Erudition and patient research, joined to a not inconsiderable amount of critical ability, have here produced a work acceptable to almost all classes of readers. The scholar will find it a collection and digest of an immense mass of materials, scattered over many regions; the general reader will find it an intelligible description of many Roman customs and peculiarities, which will enable him better to understand his Horace, Catullus, Martial, and Juvenal; the mere idler will find it a readable story. A work of art it is not; neither is it a complete picture of Roman life. But it is a most agreeable handbook of Roman Antiquities; being more readable and erudite than any other handbook we have met with. There may the curious learn much about the Marriages, Slaves, Studies, Books and Booksellers, Houses, Carriages, Inns, Gymnastics, Baths, Dresses, and Banquets, which he cannot learn elsewhere without considerable research. The story of '*Gallus*' itself labours under the difficulty almost insurmountable in such undertakings: that of conveying the requisite information while preserving the character of fiction. The two objects are somewhat incompatible. We should prefer a series of dissertations, and then a story nourished with, but not dependent on them. As it is, however, the book will gain additional readers from amongst those who would not be induced to look at a series of dissertations.

Though on the whole highly approving of '*Gallus*,' there are separate portions to which we must demur. It strikes us, for instance, as a great deficiency in the excellent account of the slaves, that only their occupations are described; one would desire a fuller account of their moral condition. We miss also an important piece of information respecting them, viz.: the classification of occupations according to national aptitudes; thus the Greeks of Alexandria were the buffoons; the Greeks of the continent were the teachers, artists, and artisans; the Gauls, and other northern races were the gladiators, porters, &c.; the natives of Asia Minor were the usual attendants on feasts and ministers of the debaucheries of their lords.

We have also to complain of an occasional want of distinctness in the references. This is a fault very common amongst the erudite; they never seem to consider that all their readers cannot be so familiar with every book as themselves; they never seem to consider that their books may be read by men who live elsewhere than in libraries, and have other things to occupy their minds than the titles of the obscure works of obscure authors. As an example, Becker gives this reference: '*Brisson. d. v. s. v. manus.*' Who is

Brisson? What is his book? We never heard of the gentleman: a great want of erudition, doubtless, but a sober fact; perhaps some of our readers are in the same predicament. And who, or what, may be Veget. i. ii.? (another of Becker's references): can it be Vegetius, who wrote on military affairs in the time of Valentinian the Younger? or the other Vegetius, who wrote on the same subject in the middle ages? Perhaps so; but the reference is in the highest degree vague; so also is the following: 'and often thus in the *Dig.* and in *Apul.*' Probably 'Ulpian's Digest,' and 'Apuleius' *Metamorphoses*' are meant; but how is the general reader to know this? and what information is conveyed in the following: 'and Philænis says (vii., 67.6)?' Who is Philænis? can it be that Becker here refers to the Philænis sometimes mentioned in Martial's epigrams? If so, Martial should have been referred to. We call the translator's attention to this point, because, as he leads us to expect a version of Becker's 'Charicles,' he may be induced to remedy the fault in his translation of that work. We trust also that he will not follow the plan adopted in 'Gallus,' of only giving references to certain passages quoted by Becker from the Greek and Latin authors. Space is certainly gained by this; but not utility. It is quite a mistake to suppose that people ever verify references, except for especial purposes: the trouble of rising from your seat, searching for the work, and then searching for the passage referred to, will only be taken on some special occasion; whereas, if the passage be quoted, it will be read. Moreover all persons do not possess the work referred to: even in the libraries of scholars curious deficiencies occur: *e. g.*, Charles Nodier had not a copy of Virgil! Among those who actually possess the works some have them not at hand; there is such a thing as *lending* books: an expensive luxury! On all these accounts we are for having passages of any reasonable length quoted, instead of simply being referred to. And these passages in the 'Charicles' should be translated. Göthe very properly remonstrated with scholars for their having given up the ancient and excellent practice of never quoting Greek without a translation, either into the vernacular or into Latin. Every body, as he says, may be supposed to know Latin, but few comparatively know Greek. It would slightly increase the translator's trouble, if he took Göthe's advice, in his version of 'Charicles;' but it would incalculably increase the value of the book, and extend its circulation amongst a large class who would otherwise be debarred from it. VERBUM SAT.

- ART. XII.—1. *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise.* Par Baron BARCHON DE PENHOUE. Paris. 1844.
2. *Speech of Captain William Eastwick, on the case of the Amirs of Sind, at a Special Court, held at the India House, Friday, 26th Jan., 1844.* London: James Ridgway. 1844.
3. *Speech of J. Sullivan, Esq., on the case of the Amirs of Sind, 26th Jan., 1844.*
4. *Papers respecting Gwalior.* 1844.
5. *Further Papers respecting Gwalior.* 1844.
6. *Additional Correspondence relative to Sind.* 1844.
7. *Courrier Français, 3rd Sept., 1842.*

IN considering Lord Ellenborough's government of India we shall have principally to deal, not with that nobleman himself, but with those who placed him in a situation of so great trust and responsibility. His lordship has already reverted to his former state of comparative insignificance. He is no longer surrounded by the splendours of an Indian Durbar. He has no longer the chiefs and princes of a great empire at his levée. He has ceased to rival in power the greatest monarchs of the East, and to be able by a mere effort of his will to disturb or tranquillise all Asia. He has shrunk to the dimensions of an ordinary partisan, decorated with stars and ribands, but without the slightest political influence in the state. Except for the mischief, therefore, of which he has been the author, we should have ceased altogether to think of him. Whatever lucrative post or sinecure Sir Robert Peel might have bestowed upon him to soothe his regrets, and break his fall from the highest position an Englishman can occupy to the humble level of ministerial dependence, we should have been little concerned about his fortunes, and have endeavoured to discover topics more worthy of the public and ourselves. But some men, as one of the first masters of wisdom has observed, have greatness thrust upon them, and of this number is Lord Ellenborough. In himself he is mediocrity personified. Capable of much industry, and possessing some little showy powers of eloquence, he might, perhaps, like a celebrated imbecile of other times, have been thought worthy of exercising supreme power had it never been entrusted to him.

If there be any one quality which distinguishes a great statesman from the rest of the world, it is that power of intuition by which he reads the characters of those who press around him for employment. More depends on the proper distribution of men than on any thing else which a minister can be called upon to perform. The government of a country for the time being may be regarded as a combination of intellect, all-sufficient to meet

every want of the state, and able, by a species of instinct synonymous with the most exalted wisdom, to station each integral part of which it consists in the post it is best fitted to occupy. This may be regarded as the beau ideal of administrative government. But if he who stands at the apex of this intellectual body detaches from the mass for any particular service that which is unequal to its performance, it is obvious that nothing but confusion can ensue, with perplexities and disgrace to himself.

Let Sir Robert Peel be tried by this test. Consider the men whom he has selected to represent him in various parts of the world—what do we find? Mediocrity, under the name of Lord de Grey or Lord Heytesbury, in Ireland; mediocrity, under the name of Ashburton, capitulating and ceding provinces to the United States in America; and worse than mediocrity in India, under the name of Ellenborough, relinquishing conquered kingdoms, meditating the abandonment of British prisoners to hopeless captivity, exposing the time-honoured name of England to disgrace and infamy, alternately flattering and insulting our Indian subjects, and wantonly alienating from himself the affections of those without whose co-operation he could not possibly perform his own duty.

It may, perhaps, be said, that, in judging favourably of Lord Ellenborough's capacity, ministers erred in company with a majority of the nation. No doubt they did. But what then? The error of the majority was pardonable, being founded partly on his lordship's specious powers of eloquence, partly on his industrious application to the affairs of India, but chiefly on the confidence which the Tory ministers themselves had at various times ostentatiously put in him. The same excuse is not to be made for statesmen. Sir Robert Peel pronounced his own condemnation at the parting dinner given to Lord Ellenborough by the Court of Directors. He said he had co-operated with his noble friend during a period of fifteen years, had lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy, had enjoyed opportunities of studying him in the hours of business and in the hours of relaxation, in parliament, in the cabinet, and in society; and with all these advantages, all these facilities for getting at the character, idiosyncrasies, and capacity, of the man, had come deliberately to the conclusion, that he was the individual best fitted to be entrusted with the government of India, at a period of difficulty, that Great Britain could supply. Precisely the same language held the Duke of Wellington. It will not be pretended by the partisans of the administration that these were mere compliments, uttered in the fervour of a convivial moment, but not intended to be understood literally. We might accept this interpretation of the extravagant

eulogies then pronounced on Lord Ellenborough, both by his grace and the minister, unless for one circumstance : Lord Ellenborough was not proceeding to India as a mere traveller for his pleasure, or in search of knowledge ; he was about to undertake the government of the greatest and most valuable dependency ever possessed by an empire ; was about to be entrusted with the happiness of one hundred and seventy millions of men : nay, was about to occupy a position in which it would be within his competence, by a mere effort of his will, to convulse or tranquillise the largest and most populous quarter of the globe. Knowing this, and aware, moreover, that the responsibility of his election rested chiefly with them, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel would of course be careful to utter, unless they were prepared to stand by them, no praises which must necessarily be understood as predictions. For, if they affirmed Lord Ellenborough to be wise, moderate, and prudent, they foretold that his government of India would also deserve to be so characterised. With all these facts present to their minds, persuaded that the public generally would take them at their word, and having enjoyed ample leisure for consideration, the two most remarkable men of the Tory party, the men who enjoy among them greatest credit for statesmanship, and above all, for calm prudence and moderation, came forward on the occasion referred to, and delivered in the hearing of the persons most deeply concerned, a glowing and enthusiastic panegyric on the governor-general whom they themselves had appointed. It follows clearly that the two Tory leaders were for once sincere, and meant literally what they said. They staked their character for sagacity in the nicest and most hazardous operation of statesmanship, and tacitly entered into a sort of compact with their hearers, that if the subject of their eulogy proved any thing but what they declared him to be, they would be ready to forfeit their reputation for judgment, and acknowledge themselves to be unfit for the post which, by the favour of their sovereign, they occupied.

We are far from pretending that it is an easy task for one politician accurately to read another. Nothing is more difficult, especially when the individual to be deciphered has a deep interest in concealing his real character, and calls into play all his art and ingenuity for the purpose of screening his weak points from observation. But had the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel been worthy of the reputation they enjoy and the great offices they fill, they would not have allowed themselves to be defeated by the tactics of their subordinate, however skilful. They would have comprehended him in spite of himself. The very efforts he made to defeat their scrutiny, to invest the limits

of his intellectual powers with obscurity, to cover his defects and imperfections, to conceal the turbid well-springs of his passions, would have roused their suspicions, and invited and constrained them to take a more accurate survey of his aptitude for the cares of empire. With regard to Lord Ellenborough himself, we can readily believe that he thought his own abilities equal to any thing. Up to that moment, he had always played the part of a subordinate, had acted under authority, and been accustomed to refer the responsibility even of his own decisions to others. Self-examination had not entered into the circle of his studies. He had never questioned himself as to how he would act, or what he would do, supposing the helm of a great empire to be placed suddenly in his hands. Intoxicated by a puerile vanity, he flattered himself that he should be able, by mere impulse, by the unerring instincts of genius, to achieve any thing which fortune might require him to perform. He had hitherto been guilty of no overwhelming blunders; but, on the contrary, had acted in various situations with tolerable prudence. As president of the Board of Control, he had familiarised himself with the theory of our Indian system of government, and had written reports and made speeches, and probably suggested measures not altogether without their merit. Added to all this, he had enjoyed what he pretended to esteem, the inestimable advantage of learning confidentially the views of the Duke of Wellington on Indian affairs. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that such a person so circumstanced should, even before he had enjoyed the benefit of a single day's experience, look upon himself as a sort of oracle removed far beyond the sphere of human error. That at any rate, he entertained this opinion is quite certain.

When the fact of his appointment became known in political circles, a statesman, deeply versed in the mysteries of Indian politics, familiar with the character of the natives, master of all our external Asiatic relations, wrote to the new governor-general, politely offering to communicate to him any facts or information with which his extensive personal experience had supplied him. It might have been presumed, taking all circumstances into consideration, that Lord Ellenborough would gladly have availed himself of this offer. But mark the effects of adulation! He had no doubt been told frequently, by the Duke of Wellington among others, that he understood the interests of India better than any man in the country, and upon this assurance he considered it safe to act. To the liberal statesman whose note we have alluded to, he returned for answer, that he felt much obliged by his offer, but would not trouble him for advice or sug-

gestions, as he considered himself to be "as well acquainted with the affairs of India as any man in England!"

This circumstance at once disclosed Lord Ellenborough's secret. It was evident that he had been raised above his level, and that the dizzy height to which he had not climbed, but been thrust up, had bewildered and rendered him giddy. Farewell to all sober rules of state! He was now by the breath of accident wafted to an eminence above his fellows. He felt himself to be an oriental potentate, to be on an equality with the Golden Foot and the Brother of the Sun and Moon. For a time, at least, he should play the part of heir to the Great Mogul. And was it reasonable to suppose that a personage so exalted could stand at all in need of the suggestions of experience! He could not, even in the presence of the Court of Directors, forbear from alluding to his own overweening opinion of himself, but boldly, with little or no circumlocution, set up his claim to rank first among statesmen for profound familiarity with our empire in the East. By a sort of rhetorical artifice indeed, which could, however, deceive no one, he pretended to derive this superiority from the mystic mantle of the Duke of Wellington, which, he said, had descended on him. At the same time he knew, and all who heard him knew also that his grace had never possessed a familiar knowledge of Indian politics, and that such notions as he did possess, had now, through lapse of time, grown obsolete. The India of which he had any experience was that of Tippoo Sultan's time, while the India that Lord Ellenborough was going out to govern was that of the present day, placed in new circumstances, and invested on all sides with different and more complicated relations.

But the die being cast, and Lord Ellenborough firm in his appointment, what promises did he make, what principles did he profess, what pledges did he give to the authors of his spurious greatness? Conscious of the ungovernable lust of notoriety which raged within, he raised for the moment before his visage the mask of moderation and pacific intentions. He knew the ruling passion of the Court of Directors, he bore in mind that they were the representatives of a commercial company, aiming, and legitimately aiming, at profit through the medium of a government of more than imperial vastness and responsibility. He could not but be aware that for some generations they had shown themselves averse to extend the limits of our dominions in Asia, swayed chiefly by the opinion which they entertained, that conquest is calculated to exhaust the resources, rather than to augment and knit together the strength of our Indian empire. He could not but perceive that consistently with these views, they condemned that magnificent scheme of policy which had led to the expedition beyond the Indus, and if faithfully and wisely acted on,

would have conducted us to results important beyond calculation, and to the level of which, as discerned through the long vista of unaccomplished events, even the most ambitious mind finds it difficult to raise itself. He adopted tacitly the opinion of Sir Robert Peel, that our power in Asia is 'not founded on the narrow edge of the sword, but on the broader basis of the people's happiness.' He was, therefore, all for peace and internal improvement, and surplus revenue. Anxious, moreover, to play for once the gentleman before his constituents and patrons, he succeeded in subduing the paltry impulse to be unjust to his predecessor. By an extraordinary effort of self-command, he concealed his hostility towards Lord Auckland, spoke with respect of his personal character and his policy, and appeared to think that he was not to be sent out purposely to malign the one and reverse the other. He then repudiated in some sort his allegiance to England, observing that his first duty would henceforward be to India, his 'adopted country,' as if he had been appointed governor-general, not for three years, but for life. Sir Harry Inglis and the High Church party, had they diligently pondered on the import of this speech, might already have discovered in it the germ of the Somnat'h proclamation. Lord Ellenborough declared himself, by voluntary adoption, a Hindú, and, having notoriously his religion to seek as well as his country, included we suppose the paganism of his new brethren in his flexible theory of adoption.

Let us now jump the interval and fall in again with Lord Ellenborough on his arrival at Calcutta. As the overland mail had travelled faster than his lordship, the Hindú gentlemen of Bengal were already in possession of his friendly sentiments towards them. They read, with a satisfaction difficult to be expressed, his lordship's speech at the parting dinner, and regarding him as an adoptive countryman and brother, perhaps as an avatar of Vishnú himself, expected, as they had good right to do, still greater favour and consideration at his hands than they had received from Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland; for those rulers had come among them simply as English noblemen, intent upon fulfilling their duty to their country; but, at the same time, not indisposed to show to the natives of India all the courtesy and kindness compatible with their high station. Under these two governors-general the native gentlemen of the province first began habitually to frequent the levées simultaneously with the government functionaries, the civil servants, and officers of the army. On these occasions no distinction was made between the two races. Being in reality citizens of one great state, though differing in blood, in religion, in colour, if not always in language, they were treated

altogether as such. Consequently, when Lord Ellenborough's first levée was announced, the Hindús of rank flocked to the capital to pay their respects to him, anticipating the pleasure of a more distinguished reception than ordinary. Seven hundred of our countrymen already crowded the Durbar. His lordship, at the further extremity of the splendid reception hall, smiling and distributing his attentions in the first intoxicating consciousness of imperial power, may be supposed to have been in the best possible humour with himself and the rest of the world. Under these favourable circumstances he was informed, by the proper officers, that a great number of Hindú noblemen and gentlemen had come, according to custom, to the levée, and were desirous to be presented to him. 'Tell them,' cried his lordship, in a tone of insolent indifference, 'that I cannot receive them to-day, but will hereafter fix upon some other time for their reception.' With these few brief, cold words did he dismiss his adopted brethren from the Durbar; and his underlings, taking their cue from the great man, hustled out the aspirants to equality with Europeans in a manner which sensitive minds might easily interpret into indignity. Through consideration for the governor-general, the Indian journals refrained from detailing the particulars of this affair, which sunk deep and rankled in the hearts of the natives, and taught them in what sense thenceforward to understand the kindly professions of the man whom the Tories had sent out to rule over them. Above all nations in the world the Hindús are sensible to insult. In the presence of seven hundred gentlemen of the ruling caste, their respectful homage had been rejected by the governor-general. They had been given distinctly to understand that he did not consider them worthy to mingle with Englishmen, that they must, therefore, retire from his presence, and sneak, submissively, on some future day to the government-house, when he would consent to receive them, clandestinely, as an inferior and a degraded race. This, we think, may be regarded as a tolerably significant commentary on the professions made by Lord Ellenborough at the Court of Directors' dinner.

There is no necessity for enlarging on such a topic. To make the plainest possible statement of the fact is to create the presumption that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had sent out to India the wrong man, and that it would have been far better for their reputation had Lord Auckland consented, as he was requested, to remain at his post and conduct the affairs upon which he had entered to their final issues. When the Tory governor-general arrived, the inhabitants of Calcutta were assembled in the Town-hall for the purpose of expressing their complete approval of the policy of his predecessor. They knew that Lord Ellen-

borough had come to reverse that policy, and, probably, foresaw that he would do so in a manner little complimentary to Lord Auckland or creditable to himself. They, therefore, with the independent spirit of Englishmen who would not shrink from giving expression to their opinions, met openly together, voted an address and statue to Lord Auckland, and gave all the publicity in their power to their conviction that the invasion of Afghanistan was a wise, salutary, and justifiable measure. In this circumstance, perhaps, originated Lord Ellenborough's aversion for the civil servants of government, and the inhabitants of Calcutta generally. He found them, on the very day of his reaching the capital of Bengal, engaged in condemning the course he was about to pursue, which he interpreted into setting him at defiance. Further, he soon discovered that Lord Auckland himself had been making unwonted exertions to facilitate his future movements, whatever they might be, had been collecting together the materials of war, providing the means of conveyance, and doing whatever else was necessary for removing impediments out of the way of his successor. This was an unpardonable affront to a man of Lord Ellenborough's temper. He would have been infinitely better pleased to find him indolent and negligent of his duty. Previously disposed to think every thing wrong that had been done by his predecessor, he was now fully resolved to prove that it was so, and immediately set about the composition of his famous Simla proclamation, which Lord John Russell, very properly, in the House of Commons, denominated 'a puerile and foolish' document. His lordship might, with equal propriety, have added that it was as malignant as it was foolish, and, if possible, still more calculated to inflict injury on the interests of Great Britain in the East, than to bring down ridicule upon its author. The people of India, generally, understand nothing of our party struggles here at home. To them the terms Whig and Tory convey no distinct meaning. They contemplate us as a homogeneous, united, and, therefore, most powerful nation. They conceive, and upon the whole are warranted in conceiving, that the policy which has rendered us triumphant over all our rivals in Asia, is the offspring of the most dispassionate reason, that it allies itself with whatever force can be derived from experience, that it is a pure and permanent principle which, whoever may, for the time being, be selected to represent it, operates like a law of Providence. Lord Ellenborough's Simla proclamation was calculated to destroy this salutary opinion. He invited the attention of the whole east to the bitter censure he pronounced on his predecessor. He caused it to be distinctly understood that with each successive governor-general the people of India might expect to behold the beginnings of a fresh system of policy. In

their presence he arraigned Lord Auckland, and, by implication, the great statesmen who had appointed him, of having yielded to the vulgar lust of conquest, of having overstepped, rashly and inconsiderately, the natural boundaries of our Indian empire, at the instigation of weak persons and upon a most superficial knowledge of the real state of things in Afghanistan. Could any thing be conceived more likely to exert a mischievous influence over the minds of the people of India than such a proclamation? If they put faith in it they must at once rank us in their estimation with the barbarous rulers, Mohamedan or Hindú, who had, in former ages, tyrannised over them. Caprice was their principle of action: they marched great armies into the field and acquired or lost kingdoms merely to escape from that *ennui* with which empty and ignorant minds are habitually afflicted. In us better principles and better feelings were supposed to bear sway, until Lord Ellenborough undertook, by proclamation, to dissipate their prejudices in our favour and teach them that we were no better than other men.

There can, of course, be no doubt that this notorious document originated in the instructions given to Lord Ellenborough by the Tory cabinet. It breathed all that rancorous spirit of hostility towards the Whigs which every member of the faction, from his Grace the Duke of Wellington down to the meanest scribbler for the press, equally at times exhibits. But the style was Lord Ellenborough's own. He had obviously been imbuing his susceptible spirit with the inflammatory and grandiloquent literature of the French revolution, and more especially that portion of it which was contributed by Napoleon. His lordship could discover no good reasons, nor can we, why he should not mimic King Cambyse's vein as well as that remarkable person. He was sent out to develop the destinies of a much vaster and more wonderful empire than it ever fell to Napoleon's lot to govern; so that, if inferior in genius, he was greatly superior in the extent of his command, and might possibly, under the auspices of fortune, become the author of equal mischief. It was under some such conviction as this that the wisest of Indian statesmen, in the opinion of the Tory cabinet, concocted his party proclamation. For the best of all possible reasons he felt sure of approval at home. He knew the spirit of his instructions, and was certain that he could not go so far in inflicting injury on the Whigs as to give offence to his military patron. Accordingly the Duke of Wellington has since, in parliament, declared his entire approbation of Lord Ellenborough's proceedings both on that and every other occasion. His grace is a staunch and intrepid friend. Even to the gates of Somnat'h he will advance with Lord Ellenborough, setting at defiance the censures of public opinion, and even the decisions of

morality and religion. Sir Robert Peel does not think it prudent to go quite so far. He is ready to befriend and defend the great Indian statesman of the party up to a certain point, that is to say as far as he can do so without interfering with his majority. Rather than endanger that he would fling Lord Ellenborough and many other persons overboard, however wise in council or distinguished in action he might affect to consider them. We say, then, that, on the subject of one at least of Lord Ellenborough's proclamations, there was a difference between Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. The minister condemned the governor-general, and distinctly gave parliament to understand that he had sent out a despatch to India censuring and reprimanding him; while his noble colleague, in the other house, more completely swayed by motives of friendship, and postponing the interests of the empire and of the ministry to his predilection for an individual, declared, most emphatically, that he was prepared to defend every thing Lord Ellenborough had done. Let this be borne in mind while we state our objections to the Tory policy in India, and point out its folly, and iniquity, and injustice.

In the growth of empire no rule is so necessary to be observed as this, that no motive to aggression on neighbouring states should ever be acted on unless sanctioned by justice and humanity; but that an external movement having been made in obedience to such a motive, the very existence of the state should be perilled, rather than authorise a retreat. The reason it is scarcely necessary to state. To relinquish a design entered upon argues weakness, physical or moral. And to be weak is the greatest misfortune that can befall a state. Lord Ellenborough and his colleagues, in palliating the evacuation of Affghanistân, pretend, we know, that the act betrayed no evidence of weakness, because they did not abandon the country till they had recovered our prisoners from the hands of the enemy, gained several victories, and destroyed certain villages, mosques, and bazaars. But if any impartial person were required to pronounce an opinion on the affair, he would indisputably confess, that to have retained Affghanistân, with all the advantages which its possession would have conferred on us, had been a more unequivocal sign of power than relinquishing it after perpetrating ever so much mischief there. At least, it is in this way that history judges of the force of empires. The Tartars, under their monarch Timúr, subdued and ravaged in a few years more than the Roman republic conquered in so many centuries. But will any one pretend to compare the strength of Timúr's political system with that of the Romans? The one passed over the earth like a destructive meteor, flashing and burning as it flew, but vanished as suddenly as it had appeared;

the other rose upon the horizon gradually, like the sun, pursued its course steadily, diffusing light and heat and vitality, and only sank and disappeared when its mission, whether for good or for evil, had been fully accomplished. It is not by the amount of devastation we committed in Affghanistân that the Asiatics will estimate our power as a people. They will say, that whatever our strength may be, it was not sufficient to maintain us in the position to which we had rashly advanced. The impression will remain on their minds, that we aimed at annexing the country to our Indian dominions, but found ourselves unequal to subdue the resistance of the Affghans, and therefore, to mitigate in some degree the bitter consciousness of defeat, blew up the fortress we were compelled to evacuate. This is the way they will reason both within and beyond the frontiers of India, as any one may convince himself who will consider the subsequent events in Sindé and the Punjâb. It was the loss of Affghanistân that led to the annexation of the valley of the Indus. For the Amírs, unable to comprehend the paltry feeling which regulated the policy of the Tories, imagined they beheld us tottering, and invited the Sikhs to unite with them in expelling us from India, since, as in their homely phrase they expressed it, we had been 'Kicked out of Kabul.' Lord Ellenborough felt the full force of the insulting inference. He saw what evils might spring from the dastardly course he had been directed to pursue, and to convince the world that our energy was not completely effete in India, put an end to the hostile intrigues of the Amírs, by the very means which, a few months before, he had so fiercely condemned when employed by his predecessor.

But there is another point of view in which our abandonment of Affghanistân ought to be considered. When we advanced with an army into that country, for the purpose of restoring its ancient sovereign to the throne, and maintaining him in the possession of it, we found, or made there, numerous partisans who, by declaring for us, by following our fortunes, by facilitating our marches, by giving up their strong places into our hands, by supplying us with provisions, and, above all, by taking up arms and fighting at our side against their countrymen, laid us under the imperative obligation of protecting them, thenceforward, from the consequences of their friendship for us. We gave them a pledge that we would provide for their safety. The Affghan nation was accordingly divided into two parts, the one consisting of the agricultural classes, who found themselves, under our rule, delivered from perpetual oppression; of the manufacturers and townspeople, to whom we afforded security in the pursuit of their industry; and of the more far-seeing and enlightened among the

chiefs, who hoped, through our means, to rescue their native land from poverty and barbarism:—the other composed of the marauding tribes and soldiers of fortune, who had subsisted, from time immemorial, upon the pillage of the industrious peasantry, and to whom confusion and anarchy constituted the sole element in which they could exist. Between these two parties there was a tacit enmity before our coming; but afterwards it was no longer concealed. They who were friendly to civilisation and the development of the country's resources, aware of what we had effected in India, sided with us; while their natural enemies, the men of plunder and bloodshed, were for the former order of things. Nor let it be supposed, that in the latter, there was any superior spirit of patriotism. They were ready enough to join the Russians, or any other foreigners under whom they could hope to carry on their chuppaows against the peaceful villages, or with impunity plunder travellers and caravans.

From what has been said, it will be seen that we possessed numerous adherents in Affghanistân; and we have the testimony of General Nott for including amongst the number all the inhabitants of the southern provinces, who were engaged in the cultivation of the soil. There also, and in every other part of the kingdom, numerous chiefs, and men of large property, showed themselves favourable to our rule. To all these persons, it is obvious, we had contracted the most binding of obligations: the obligation of the powerful to protect the weak, who have consented to hazard all for their sakes. In the belief that our occupation was to be permanent, they had begun to modify their thoughts and predilections, to form opinions, and partly to give utterance to them. Such of their neighbours, therefore, as secretly adhered to Dost Mohammed and the old system of tyranny, would necessarily mark them as enemies, to be cut off on the first favourable opportunity. In every city, town, and village, these parties found themselves face to face, the one arguing openly in favour of the English, the other against them. There was, perhaps, scarcely a single family in the country which had not declared on one side or the other. While our power remained paramount, however, no evil consequences ensued from these divisions, for we restrained the ferocity of our partisans, and would not permit them to wreak vengeance on their adversaries. But we could not restrain them from exhibiting the inclination, from uttering jeers and taunts and menaces, which were faithfully treasured up in the memory, in the hope that a day of reckoning might some time or another arrive. It must be obvious that, when the pressure of our authority was removed, all these causes of anarchy and confusion would break forth at once into full opera-

tion. Lord Ellenborough himself anticipated this. He remarks, in one of his inflated proclamations, that we 'Will leave it to the Affghans themselves to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes.' His lordship overlooked, however, the principal feature in the transaction, which was this: that, by evacuating the country, we basely and treacherously left all our faithful friends there, to become the victims of new crimes, and to expiate their attachment to us with their lives. No record has reached us of all the murders and massacres that took place; but we know generally that they were very numerous, that the Affghans throughout the country rose against each other, that civil strife raged in almost every village, and that, up to this moment, the contest has not terminated. They who put faith in our professions have since, therefore, had good reason to lament their credulity, and, doubtless, breathe forth daily execrations against the name of England, which, they suppose, has betrayed and ruined them; though, in reality, the guilt attaches to an odious faction which, in every part of the world, has perpetrated similar baseness. It will require the lapse of many years, and the steady and conscientious perseverance in a contrary policy, to restore us to the high place we held in the estimation of the Asiatics before Lord Ellenborough's infamous retreat.

Though the part which the Tories compelled us to play towards the Affghans be sufficiently disgraceful, there is another circumstance connected with our evacuation of Affghanistân which may possibly appear still more base and pusillanimous: the reader will at once perceive that we allude to the projected abandonment of the English prisoners. In the disasters which befel our army at Kabul, and during the retreat towards Jellalabad, a number of our countrymen, with their wives and children, fell into the hands of the ferocious enemy, who, having been satiated with slaughter, seemed to have spared this small remainder from very weariness. Among these captives were several officers of distinction, who had achieved for themselves an historical reputation by their conduct and courage and invincible fidelity to their country; and ladies, whose names will long be remembered; and children—in all amounting to upwards of a hundred and twenty—not to mention the sipahis, whose number could not be accurately ascertained. The slightest possible acquaintance with the character of Lord Ellenborough will suffice to convince any one that he would trouble himself very little about the fate of such unfortunate persons, while the authorities who sent him out instructions from home stood obviously in the same predicament. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that, in their despatches to the governor-general, they either overlooked the prisoners altogether, or

directed him to take his measures for retreating within the Indus, without any reference to them. Whether this was the case or not, it is very certain that Lord Ellenborough issued orders to General Pollock in the north, and General Nott in the south, to break up their camps with all speed, and retire upon the Indus without making any effort to recover such of their countrymen as had fallen into the hands of the Affghans. His lordship's whole solicitude was now concentrated upon the military force; we mean upon its entireness and physical well-being. Its honour he thought a matter of minor consideration. Indeed it seems never to have occurred to him that there was any disgrace in running away. In extenuation of this cold-blooded policy it has been argued, that there was no necessity for employing an army to rescue prisoners whose deliverance could be much more safely effected through the intermediation of slave-dealers! Why, in fact, should we purchase with the lives of our sipahis and British officers what we could more easily purchase with rupees? The theory of political morals implied in this view of the matter is particularly Tory. It wears the mask of humanity, but at bottom is in all its tendencies as destructive of civil society as it is dishonourable to those who maintain it. It was the professors of this theory that, in the decline of the Roman empire, purchased the temporary forbearance of the barbarians, and, as a rule of state, substituted gold for the sword. The consequences have been written in blood and desolation over the whole surface of the globe. It is the most fatal of all doctrines. The effort by which it is put forward is one of the paroxysms that precede death. Even to be able to hear it propounded with patience, and to tolerate those who seek to give it currency, are acts of deep criminality, subversive of all that is most venerable and holy in the social state—humanity and benevolence, and the love that binds man to man. They who doubt this should have tried the character of their opinions while the fate of the prisoners in Affghanistan was still in suspense. They should then have gone to the habitations of the friends of those prisoners, to their anxious and trembling mothers, to their agonised wives, to their children, expecting every hour to be made fatherless. These persons they should have endeavoured to persuade that it would be wise and patriotic at once to march our troops towards India, and abandon without an effort their beloved friends to the slaughter that awaited them, or to the doubtful interference of the slave-dealer. The voice of nature would speedily have refuted their cruel sophistry. Those desolate persons would have replied: 'When our sons and husbands took up the sword to fight the battles of their country, it was surely with the understanding that they should enjoy the

utmost protection which that country could afford them; that if, by the accidents of war, they fell into the hands of the foe, every effort should be made to deliver them; and that if, contrary to the law of nations, they were treacherously cut off, the utmost vengeance would be exacted to deter other enemies of England from following the pernicious and disgraceful example.'

Even at this distance of time, when the event is no longer uncertain, it is impossible to contemplate with coolness the effects which would necessarily have been produced by Lord Ellenborough's policy, had public opinion permitted him to act upon it. Every feeling of honour and patriotism in the army of Affghaniſtān, as well as in the nation at home, mutinied against his decision. The generals, upon the most transparent pretexts, positively refused obedience to the orders they had received. General Nott declined evacuating Kandahar, and General Pollock declared it was impossible to fall back upon Peshawur. Both these gallant men felt, in fact, that the safety of the armies they commanded might be compromised by an attempt to act in accordance with the views of the governor-general. Even the whisper about retreat, which escaped from the mouth of some indiscreet officer, and was circulated through the troops at Jellalabad, produced the most demoralising effect. Up to that moment they had cherished the most boundless confidence in themselves, and were eager to advance, both that they might enjoy the relish of victory and avenge their comrades, treacherously murdered, whose bones lay bleaching around them on all sides. But, when they learned that the governor-general despaired of them, considered them unequal to contend with the Affghans, and had no hope of preserving their lives, save that which a speedy flight supplied, their courage in reality began to droop, so that it would have required the attack of no very vigorous or gallant enemy to put them completely to the rout. This state of things could not escape the vigilant eye of General Pollock. To revive their spirits and self-reliance, he caused it to be understood that they should speedily advance against the Affghan capital; and, meanwhile, sent them out to scour the country, and show the Affghans how cheaply they held them. By these and other means the moral courage of the troops in Affghaniſtān was enabled to resist the influence of the governor-general's orders. But could there be a more disgraceful contest than that which was thus carried on between the representative of the Duke of Wellington and the generals commanding beyond the Indus? *He* issued his commands that they should retire within 'our natural boundaries' at once, without recovering the prisoners, without striking a single blow to convince the people of Asia, and the rest of the world, that we were not effecting our escape like defeated fugitives; *they*,

disgusted and ashamed at his pusillanimity, opposed a kind of passive resistance to his mandates; assigning various reasons why they could not take the road towards India, though they stated it to be quite possible to advance. To the absurd apprehensions of Lord Ellenborough, occasioned by the heat of the climate, General Pollock replied, that though Jellalabad was hot it was no hotter than the provinces, and much less so than Peshawur, upon which he was required to fall back; and that whatever inconveniences of climate he and his army suffered might be altogether escaped by advancing upon Kabul. From these representations Lord Ellenborough discovered that the whole army of the Indus was pervaded by one sentiment, that is to say, the conviction that they could not, without eternal disgrace, return to India without having first delivered from captivity their countrywomen and companions in arms. At home the same conviction was forced upon ministers, the sympathies of the whole nation were roused, the people clamoured, the press exerted all its resistless influence, even the House of Commons suffered itself to be warmed with enthusiasm, and Sir Robert Peel saw distinctly that England was not yet prepared to descend into those depths of infamy towards which he and his governor-general had been inviting her. The novelty of English ladies and children being exposed in the slave-markets of Central Asia was not easily to be reconciled to the public mind. Even the Duke of Wellington did not step forward to recommend this Tory innovation. At the eleventh hour, therefore, a despatch, huddled up in trepidation, was forwarded with all the speed of steam to Calcutta, and Lord Ellenborough was instructed to obtain the release of Lady Sale, Lady Macnaughten, Major Pottinger, Lieutenant Eyre, and all, in short, who shared captivity along with them, before he evacuated Affghanistân. This plain unvarnished statement of facts will enable the country to estimate the merits of Lord Ellenborough, as well as of the administration that sent him out, and has rewarded his misdoings with an earldom and the promise of a seat in the cabinet. No one can misunderstand the motives by which the performers in this disreputable drama were actuated. Had the conquest of Affghanistân been a measure of their own, Sir Robert Peel would have brought forward a thousand specious reasons for retaining possession of it; the Duke of Wellington would have opposed his iron will to every project for its abandonment, and Lord Ellenborough himself would have been seen enjoying the cool air in the Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud's tomb, instead of despoiling it of its gates. It was purely for party reasons that he commenced the habit of running away in Asia. Sir Robert Peel thought it would be a triumph gained over Lord

Palmerston, if by means of his flexible majority he could make it appear that the House of Commons condemned the policy of that great statesman who had won for us an empire in Asia which the Tories acknowledged it to be beyond their power to retain.

We have already adverted briefly to one of the events that may be said to illustrate the character of Lord Ellenborough's Affghan policy. But the invasion and annexation of *Sinde*, the event to which we allude, and which, under whatever governor-general, must sooner or later have occurred, only heralded in the series of petty wars that we must regard as the offspring of the Affghan retreat. The *Hindús* fighting under our banners had found by experience that they were superior to the mountaineers, whose prowess in the field had heretofore been so much vaunted. Such of them, therefore, as were discontented with our rule, naturally enough arrived at the conclusion, that by directing against us the courage which had subdued the Affghans, they might shake off our yoke, and recover their independence as a people. No thanks to Lord Ellenborough, but fortunately for us, this feeling was not widely diffused through *Hindustán*. Among our enemies on the continent it was predicted that the whole machine of our Indian empire would be shaken, that insurrection would spring up in every province, that our very *Sipahis* would desert us, and that the vast fabric of power which we had so rapidly erected in the East, would in a still briefer space crumble to pieces, and by its dissolution reduce us to the level of a fourth-rate power in the world. When the disturbances in *Gwalior* commenced, we were supposed to be entering upon the accomplishment of this prediction. It was known that the *Mahrattas* of that state possessed a large disciplined army, which had in part been organized and brought to perfection by European officers, that the revenues at the disposal of the prince were very considerable, and that the government of *Lahore*, having at its command an army of seventy thousand men, was ready to lend its aid in striking at us, what it was fondly hoped might prove a final blow. A great deal was said of the maharajah's formidable park of artillery, consisting of two hundred pieces of cannon. But chiefly reliance was placed on the supposed universal feeling of disaffection prevailing among our *Hindú* subjects. Under these circumstances it behoved the governor-general to take measures for putting an end as soon as possible to the spirit of revolt in *Gwalior*. We say revolt, because it was a dependent state, existing upon conditions which we ourselves had prescribed. We are not disposed, therefore, to blame Lord Ellenborough for immediately taking vigorous steps to quell this rebellion. It was his imperative duty to interfere. We had sanctioned the establishment of a given

order of things. We had recognised the claims of the prince who appeared to possess the best right to the succession. We had approved of the regent, who had been appointed to govern the state during the rajah's minority. And when all this order of things was reversed—when the regent, known to be friendly to us, was removed, and a vile intriguer, the common steward of the palace, a man as destitute of ability as he was of principle, and only notorious for his aversion to the English, set up in his place—when by riotous assemblages of the troops, repeated acts of violence towards our friends, and a perpetual series of insults offered to our power, the British resident had been compelled to retire to Dholepore—when numerous gangs of robbers had repeatedly crossed the frontier, plundered our subjects in Malwa, and then retreated to take shelter under the border authorities of Gwalior—when criminals from our own provinces had one after another fled for refuge into the same country, and been refused to be given up—when, we say, a series of events like these had taken place, and when it was obvious that others still more disastrous would inevitably follow if we stood by and contemplated this spectacle tamely with folded arms, a statesman far less irascible than Lord Ellenborough might have considered himself fully justified in having recourse to armed interference. It is not, therefore, for the steps he took to restore order and tranquillity in the territories of Sindiah that we blame the governor-general. The most ordinary common sense would have decided that no other course was possible. There are those, we know, who, at the enunciation of such an opinion will immediately exclaim: "What! go to war and shed human blood for such political reasons as these! Why not have recourse still to negotiation? Why not direct against the Gwalior Durbar a shower of menaces, and thus terrify it into compliance with our wishes? Why resort so promptly to the employment of physical force, that last and worst reason of tyrants?" We trust we are as keenly alive to the claims of humanity as any who have ever expressed an opinion on these transactions. We estimate human life at its highest value. We contemplate from the level of Christian charity, all that varied and countless multitude, which, under a thousand names, compose the population of the British empire, and would not voluntarily behold one among those countless millions sacrificed to irrational ambition. But states like individuals have their duties, and among these the first is self-preservation. Now it would have been nothing less than abdicating our authority in the East, to have permitted the rebellious rabble at Gwalior, with impunity, to set at nought our paramount authority. We had friends and partisans in that state as we had previously had in Affghanistân, and it seems but too probable that, reasoning from analogy, they also expected to

be abandoned to their fate. This time, however, Lord Ellenborough was not disposed to re-enact the tragedy which he had performed beyond the Indus. He thought it better to vary his exhibitions, and to follow up that awful drama by a farce. Because there existed good reasons for coercing the Mahratta Durbar, he was exceedingly slow to act upon them. Lord Ellenborough is not precisely a political pedant, for he does not act according to any given rules. He is a political weathercock which points in this or that direction, according to the prevailing gust of passion. How capriciously, how iniquitously, he acted in Affghanistán we have already shown. In Sindé he diversified his proceedings. There might have been in the case of the Amírs some cause for hesitation, some doubt, some uncertainty. At all events, he would not have incurred dishonour had he temporised a little longer, had he permitted them to develop more completely their schemes of treacherous hostility towards us. But he would then tolerate no delay. Like the Spartan, he might almost be said to strike before he would hear. This was the second phasis of his policy. Another principle was adopted in the affairs of Gwalior, a principle in general praiseworthy, because it usually forms the basis of action to magnanimous minds—we mean the forbearance of moderation. At length, however, his lordship's patience was exhausted. He collected together his forces, crossed the Chumbul, and, after a two-fold victory, beheld the Mahratta state at his feet.

It is not our intention to enter into the military details of this campaign; the reader who is desirous of being familiar with the subject, will find them elsewhere. Our business is solely with the acts of the governor-general as a statesman. Some puerility, perhaps, he exhibited on the field of battle. He had previously also, in common with the commander-in-chief, been guilty of cruel imprudence, in sending back the heavy artillery before the current of events afforded the slightest possible justification of such a step. Perhaps if we employed much harsher language we should not be overstepping the limits of strict equity, for to this senseless proceeding many gallant and valuable soldiers owed their deaths. We forbear, however, because we are not disposed to urge every topic that might be brought against Lord Ellenborough. It is charitable to suppose that his intellect became a little confused amidst the clash of arms. He found it not quite so pleasant as he had at Barrackpore and Dum-Dum, to be at the elbow of the commander-in-chief. He forgot, therefore, many things which he should have remembered, and would, doubtless, had he been farther removed from the scene of action. Over this part of his achievements, therefore, we humanely draw a curtain. With regard to the measures which succeeded, however, so much forbearance

cannot possibly be shown. Lord Ellenborough now enjoyed an opportunity of proving to the world, that although he had been found wanting in his duty on one great emergency, he was still resolved not to exhibit, under all circumstances, the same pusillanimity. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the worthlessness of the Gwalior government, and must have been as fully persuaded as we are that no hope could be entertained of its ever fulfilling its duties towards its own subjects or toward us. All the symptoms of decrepitude which have marked the last period of other Indian states, and ushered in their dissolution, were in this case painfully visible. There was no regard whatever for the public service displayed by any of the ostensible servants of the public. Every chief who possessed any influence in the army or the Durbar, exerted it to overthrow his rivals, not that he might for how short soever a space of time wield the power of the state, but that he might gratify his feelings of personal vanity by the overthrow, imprisonment, exile, or death of all who stood in his way. Sovereign, in reality, there was none. The child who was made to play that part, had not yet acquired the faculty of discerning good from evil, and the widow of the late rajah, if we can bestow that respectable name on a girl scarcely twelve years old, was in her conduct vicious, in her temper most changeful and violent; now subdued by her dread of the British arms, and now encouraged by flattery to set them utterly at defiance. The treasure left by the late rajah was dissipated on favourites in the most profligate manner, or employed in corrupting the fidelity of the troops, detaching them from their lawful commanders, and exciting in them feelings of hostility towards the British, who were systematically spoken of as the oppressors of all India. By arts like these, the camp was split into numerous factions. One day, the Christian commanders—who had introduced whatever discipline existed—had their lives put in peril by the machinations of the queen's favourite; the next, their influence, perhaps, was in the ascendant, because the tumultuous soldiery, yielding to the force of association, had permitted their natural preferences to overmaster their avarice. Scarcely a man in the camp had seen a battle. A long peace and absolute idleness had rendered them reckless and insolent, and the consciousness of possessing arms, the sight of an immense park of artillery, and, above all things, the absence of an enemy, betrayed them into the extremity of rash confidence. Throughout the distant provinces, there was nothing but robbery and anarchy. Oppression was pushed to the utmost extremity, so that the people finding neither their lives nor their property secure, implored the interference and protection of the paramount state, as their last and only resource. This is the uniform testimony of all who know

any thing of the country. Not a single feeling of loyalty had survived in the minds of the people, who abhorred the very race and name of Sindiah.

Under these circumstances it appears to us that Lord Ellenborough had, properly speaking, but one honest course to pursue. He should have put an end at once to a system which was alike disgraceful to the governor and disastrous to the governed. He had seen the utter inefficacy of all our attempts to interpose British influence between the unprincipled intriguers of the capital and the wretched inhabitants, whether in town or country. Nor was there the least room to hope for improvement; since, instead of amelioration, the government had given unequivocal tokens of going on steadily from bad to worse. All this Lord Ellenborough knew, but through the fantastic affectation of being guided by moderate counsels, instead of thrusting forward the broad shield of England to protect the weak from the strong, he placed fresh arms in the hands of the oppressors to enable them the more effectually to fleece and ruin their victims. Here in Europe persons of all parties are invariably found to cry out against such conduct. When the Pope, for example, has, up to a certain point, oppressed the states of the church, he would be compelled to leave off misgoverning if he depended entirely upon his own resources; for the people would resist and beat his Holiness into moderation. Austria, however, has always been ready at hand to pour in her troops, assert the cause of the Pope, and enable him to reduce his subjects to the last extremity of misery. Against this, we say, there is no Englishman who does not vehemently protest, if we except, perhaps, Sir James Graham. Yet similar is the order of things established by Lord Ellenborough in Gwalior. He found the people of that country oppressed and impoverished, but not wholly deprived of hope, since in their worst afflictions they always looked forward to the interference of the English on their behalf. We appeared to them in the light of promised deliverers, and they endured what might otherwise have proved intolerable, by flattering themselves that it would be of short duration. To this feeling blank despair succeeded, when they beheld the antiquated system of oppression and favouritism under which they had so long groaned, guaranteed by the British government. Who that knows any thing of India can fail to understand the nature of the sentiments which sprung to life in the breasts of the Mahratta people on witnessing this consummation of their misfortunes? Under any other governor-general, the wretched modification of misrule by which they had been tortured and plundered might have been suffered to grow effete and perish of itself, had no special provocation compelled

our intervention; but no one, save Lord Ellenborough, would have raised the cup of deliverance to their lips only to dash it again to the ground, and leave them tenfold more a prey to mal-administration than they had ever been. With those who give the governor-general credit for having spared, from we know not what romantic motive, the ancient monarchy of Sindiah, we entertain no sympathy. The duty of a statesman is not to uphold that which is ancient, but that which is good. It is one of the worst species of political pedantry, not to apply to it a harsher name, to babble about ancient monarchies or rather despotisms, when the sufferings of millions of men imperiously demand our attention. But what venerable rust of antiquity had the tyranny of Sindiah acquired that we should abstain from handling it? It was simply the unintellectual blundering rule of a knot of imbecile adventurers exhausting the country, and reducing it to the lowest depths of wretchedness in the name of two children, the one utterly insignificant, the other petulant and capricious. But will the friends of Lord Ellenborough pretend that he has placed the actual government of Gwalior on a permanent footing? Can they expect that so cumbrous and disjointed a machine should long be kept upright though supported on both sides by the hands of England? Every body knows that we have only put off the evil day, that the ancient monarchy of Sindiah must be overthrown, and the Mahratta state elevated to the fortunate level of British India. All the credit consequently really due to Lord Ellenborough is that of having made a great sacrifice of human life in order to prepare for some future governor-general the absolute necessity of making a similar sacrifice. For we maintain that every life which may hereafter be lost in the reduction of Gwalior will have been wantonly thrown away by the vacillating, unintelligible policy of Lord Ellenborough.

If the reader be now disposed to go along with us in the condemnation of Lord Ellenborough's state maxims, we desire him to reflect that, unwise and wicked as they may seem to him, they were all hatched in the brain of the Duke of Wellington, and cherished by the approbation of Sir Robert Peel. The fugitive of Affghaniſtân, the annexor of Sinde, and the anarchy-monger of Gwalior, was only the faithful representative of the Tory cabinet at home. The iron duke and the subtle baronet supplied the governor-general all along with instructions, directed him when to run away, when to abandon our ambassadors in Central Asia to assassination, when to absorb the Valley of the Indus, when to render confusion worse confounded in the ancient monarchy of Sindiah; and still, after the Court of Directors has most em-

phatically denounced his proceedings, and recalled him from his post, lest through his imbecility, or vanity, or caprice, or all together, he should subvert that empire which it had required the unparalleled wisdom of a long series of great statesmen to build up, they profess their readiness to defend all he has done, to stand critically by his proclamations, to justify his insults to the civil service, his offensive adulation of the army, his removals originating in pique, and his appointments springing from the most flagrant favouritism. And their defence will be listened to in parliament, and applauded also, because they have the command of a majority. But there are, nevertheless, those in the country who will not shrink from contesting the point with them because they happen to be in the command of forty legions. Public opinion they cannot stifle. In spite of their majorities this will rise up against them, and the press will condense and give it utterance, and history will re-echo it and ensure perpetuity to the obloquy which the patronage and advocacy of a shallow and heartless charlatan has branded them with.

Our case, however, against Lord Ellenborough and his patrons is by no means complete yet. In fact, so multitudinous were his absurdities and his iniquities during his short exercise of power in the East, that it would require whole volumes completely to develop them. All we can hope to do is to touch lightly upon the principal, to make a sort of anthology of his political offences, leaving the others to be dealt with at some future day. It will be remembered, that at the farewell dinner given to his lordship by the Court of Directors, he made, as we have said before, a sort of profession of faith, in which he laid it down, as the fundamental principle of his political notions, that the first duty of a governor-general of India was, above and before all things, to establish and preserve peace. He recurred again and again to his predilection for the mighty and generous people over whom he was about to bear sway, and, with his usual pomposity of manner, gave the company assembled to understand, that he meant to rival the munificent charities of the Mohamedan emperors. It is now acknowledged, on all hands, that he achieved the very reverse of what he undertook to perform. Towards the natives, instead of sympathy and favour, he displayed the most unequivocal contempt. He took no steps towards ameliorating their condition: set on foot no scheme for imparting to them even the knowledge which may be required to render them useful subjects; but, adopting the worst prejudices of the worst class of our countrymen in the East, behaved towards the entire Hindú population as towards a despicable rabble, without the slightest claim to political consideration. In extenuation of his complete apostacy

from his creed of peace, it has been urged that no statesman contemplating the condition of India from the distance of ten thousand miles, and through an atmosphere opaque with misrepresentations, can possibly foretell how he may be called upon to act when transported to the country, and placed within the sphere of all the powerful influences prevailing there. But this is mere impudent sophistry. It is not necessary that he should be able to sketch, beforehand, the history of his governor-generalship, and predict the nature and order of the events which are to take place; but if he understand any thing of his own character, if he know with what principles his political education has stored his mind, he may fearlessly, beforehand, state whether he is resolved to extract from circumstances, pretexts for engaging in war, or a justification for adhering to a pacific policy. It is impossible to deny this, and, therefore, impossible to excuse Lord Ellenborough for having pledged himself to adopt one line of conduct, and pursuing directly the contrary. The master flaw in his character became visible immediately on his arrival in Calcutta. He had flattered himself that he comprehended thoroughly all the political relations of India, internal and external. On coming in contact with the civil servants in Bengal, he found himself, compared to the meanest of these functionaries, to be a mere child in the knowledge of Indian affairs. His pride was humbled, and he determined to exercise a pitiful revenge upon those who had been guilty of the unpardonable offence of knowing more than he. His first essay was made upon Mr. Amos; that gentleman holding the highest legal appointment in India, had, during the administration of Lord Auckland, been accustomed to attend the meetings of the council, it having been frequently found necessary to consult him on questions connected with the law. No one supposed that Lord Ellenborough could desire to reverse the rule of his predecessors in a matter of this kind, whatever he might think proper to do in the momentous concerns of peace and war. Mr. Amos was, therefore, by the proper officer, summoned, as usual, to attend the first council which met after the arrival of the new governor-general. In obedience to that summons he of course attended. This was an opportunity for playing the great man, which Lord Ellenborough could not suffer to escape. In presence, therefore, of the whole council, he turned sharp round upon Mr. Amos, and, in a tone of saucy superiority, informed him, that as he had no right to be there, he would, before the council proceeded to business, beg him to retire. Conduct like this needs no comment. We accordingly content ourselves with the simplest possible statement of the fact. We might have thrown the scene into a dramatic form, might have described the attitude and

repeated the language of Lord Ellenborough, and spoken of the astonishment of the council, and the indignation and dismay of Mr. Amos. But we forbear. There is no necessity for resorting to amplification in an affair of such a kind. To relate simply what took place is all that can be required to give the reader a perfect insight into the Tory governor-general's theory of gentlemanliness. But the reader, who possibly has some dim recollection of something that took place in the House of Commons, will here, perhaps, inquire whether there was not a letter written to Sir Robert Peel, by a near relation of Mr. Amos, for the purpose of throwing doubt upon this transaction. We are among those who have not forgotten the letter in question. On the contrary, we remember it perfectly well; and we remember, also, the remarks made upon it by Lord John Russell. We beg, therefore, to remind the reader, that there were several persons in Bengal who knew what took place at the meeting of council referred to; and these individuals, had they been appealed to, would have contradicted the report, had it been unfounded. Mr. Amos also, himself, might have told the world that it was incorrect. But ministers have as yet put forward nothing of this kind, so that we may safely conclude that they know it to be true. At least, Mr. Amos felt himself called upon, immediately after what took place, of what character soever it may have been, to throw up his appointment and leave Calcutta.

Before the scandal of this transaction had died away, Lord Ellenborough shot another bolt, which was aimed so skilfully that it inflicted two wounds at once. It is well known that one of the greatest objects of his ambition here at home was to be thought an exquisite and a wit. He studied, therefore, with equal assiduity the cut of his coat and the point and keenness of his sarcasm. Who winced was matter of complete indifference to him. He aimed at being thought one of those who at any time would rather lose their friend than their jest. It was not to be expected that he would suddenly lay aside this habit on arriving in India. On the contrary, knowing that the minutest things acquire the power to hurt when they descend from a great height, he systematically scattered his offensive jokes on all below him. For example, he observed of the second member of council that he was 'the greatest fool in Bengal, except the Bishop of Calcutta.'

But it was not in Bengal only that Lord Ellenborough discovered fools. Wherever, throughout the British dominions in the East, there existed a person who entertained, on any subject whatsoever, an opinion different from Lord Ellenborough's, that person was a fool. Thus, in Sind, it happened that Colonel (then Major) Outram took, on certain points, views different from those

of the governor-general. He may have arrived at right, he may have arrived at wrong, conclusions. We are not now discussing the merits of his notions, or the extent of his sagacity. It is enough to know that he had been long employed in the valley of the Indus, that he was perfectly familiar with the history of recent events, that he understood the cause and occasion of every thing that had taken place, that he knew the character, and was master of the affections of the people, to be thoroughly persuaded that he was fitted for the appointment he held. The same course of reasoning will convince us that those who laboured with him, Captain Postans, Lieutenants Whitelock and Leckie, with several others, were altogether competent to fill the duties of their situation. They had grown up into political agents in Sind. All the experience they possessed, all the aptitude they had acquired for the management of affairs, had been of Sindian growth. They had given numerous proofs of their efficiency; nevertheless, it occurred to Lord Ellenborough that it would be expedient to get rid of all these political agents at once; and, therefore, abruptly, without deliberation or ceremony, he ordered them to rejoin their regiments. In condemning this proceeding we are happy to find ourselves supported by the authority of so experienced and distinguished an officer as Captain Eastwick, who had himself filled the post of political agent in Upper Sind, and was intimately acquainted with the character and capacity of all the gentlemen so insultingly dismissed by Lord Ellenborough. In a speech delivered last winter, at the India House, before the recall of Lord Ellenborough, he says: 'I think no one act of the present governor-general is more to be condemned than, on the eve of difficult and complicated negotiations, thus sweeping away all the machinery by which the intercourse between the two states had been carried on for a lengthened period. It was not only unwise, but most unjust to the Amirs, and calculated to instil into their minds the greatest distrust and suspicion.'

But it may be said that on Indian affairs generally we do not adopt the views of Captain Eastwick. We confess that on some points we differ from him—and if any thing could make us doubt the correctness of our opinions it would be precisely that circumstance—but on the dismissal of Colonel Outram, and the other political agents in Sind, we adopt altogether the decision of this officer. And scarcely had the governor-general performed the act when he also found himself in the same predicament, for within less than a month Colonel Outram was restored to his appointment in Sind, where the public business, it appeared, could not be carried on without him. On the subsequent career of this remarkable man we shall venture to add a few words.

When the affairs of Sind had been brought to an end, finding every avenue to suitable employment closed against him in India, he returned to this country to lay his case before the government. The result was what might have been foreseen. He found both the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel so completely under the influence of Lord Ellenborough's spirit, that they neither would nor could discover any thing amiss in his conduct. Neither of them could appreciate the merits of the man whose cause they were considering ; they tendered him an inferior political appointment, which, because he abhorred inaction, he accepted, and went back to India. But had not the recent troubles broken out in the southern Mahratta states, Colonel Outram, finding all his exertions in behalf of the natives completely neutralised, feeling that he filled a post altogether unworthy of him, and unable to bear up any longer under the galling sense of injury, would have thrown up his appointment, and returned once more to his native land. The case of Lieutenant Hammersley, though the scene of the event was an obscure town in Beloochistân, is still more melancholy. This able and meritorious young officer, held, during the Affghan war, a political appointment at Quetta ; and while he was in charge of this post, occurred the famous check in the Kojuck pass. In self-justification, the commander in this affair, let fall in his despatches to government, something about imperfect information. This was sufficient for Lord Ellenborough ; without instituting any proper inquiry, without considering the nature of the circumstances, without paying regard to the commonest rules of equity, he removed Lieutenant Hammersley from his situation ; and the indignity, operating upon a too sensitive mind, broke his heart. Next follows the case of Colonel Palmer, who commanded the garrison of Ghuznee, and capitulated to the Affghans. We do not undertake to pronounce a verdict on the character of this proceeding. It has by many we know, been condemned, though competent military authorities are found to declare that the capitulation was unavoidable. Whether this was the case or not, Lord Ellenborough did not wait to inquire ; but immediately, on the first rumour of the fate of Ghuznee, while Colonel Palmer was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he issued a proclamation, declaring it to be his intention to bring his conduct before a court-martial. In palliation of this offence, something may be urged. He desired, perhaps, to neutralise the mischievous effect which the repeated news of fresh disasters might produce on the minds of the people of India. But regard was also to be had to the feelings of an officer who had grown grey in the service of the Company, and who,

having behaved well up to that moment, might have seemed to possess some claim to the consideration of the governor-general. The treatment of Major Eldred Pottinger, was still worse. On his return to the provinces from Affghanistan, the magnanimous Lord Ellenborough received him with a repulsive coolness, almost amounting to insult, on the bridge of the Sutlej. On the mind of a military man, sensitively alive to the treatment which he meets with from his superior, since that more than any thing else determines his position among his equals, such behaviour must produce the worst possible effects. Accordingly, it is believed that Major Pottinger never recovered this blow; but, giving way to melancholy and dejection, went to seek a premature grave in China.

Much credit has, by certain persons, been given to Lord Ellenborough for the manner in which he distributed the patronage of his high office. He was never guilty, it is said, of nepotism, and steadily resisted the importunities of friends; appointing to every office the person whom he thought best fitted to perform the duties of it. We greatly envy the simplicity that can give credit to such representations. Lord Ellenborough must have been acting in obedience to some motive when he appointed men to responsible situations. If his motives were such as we suppose, it easy to understand why the proper persons should not have been chosen. But, if he acted according to the honest dictates of his own judgment, what opinion must we form of that judgment when we consider the nature of many of his appointments and removals? Mr. Blundell, the Company's principal commissioner for the Tenasserim provinces, had held that honourable and important appointment during many years, with great credit to himself and advantage to the Company's service. No whisper of a complaint against him had been heard. The interests of our commerce were carefully consulted, the dignity of our national character was upheld, and, at the same time, due attention was paid to the happiness of the natives. It happened, however, that Mr. Blundell's health was somewhat delicate—he had probably suffered from the influence of the climate—and, according to custom, applied for a short leave of absence. His request was not granted, but it suggested to Lord Ellenborough the idea that this tried and faithful servant of the Company might be got rid of to make way for some creature of his own. Dreaming nothing of this, however, Mr. Blundell was consoling himself, as best he might, for the ungracious reply which had been made to his application, when suddenly, without notice or warning, he found himself recalled to make way for some favourite young military officer. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the successor of Mr. Blundell was or was not fitted to the office to which he was thus appointed. The only question is, was Mr. Blundell unfit? No

such pretence is put forward. He is accused of nothing. Indeed, so far as we can discover, no reason of any kind is given for his removal. All that appears upon the surface of the matter is, that Lord Ellenborough had a favourite to provide for, and, in order to effect this, sacrificed, with the most wanton ostentation of injustice, a long tried and most valuable servant of the Indian government.

Again, if we turn to Nepaul, a similar act of despotism presents itself. Well might Lord Ellenborough insinuate, at the farewell dinner, that he purposed to imitate the Mogul emperors—for imitate them he did, and that too in the worst and most offensive of their caprices. The sense of power completely intoxicated him. He was never content but when exercising the force which accident had placed in his hands. Accident did we say? Let us say rather the reckless partiality of the Tory cabinet, which to enrich and gratify an unscrupulous partisan, voluntarily put in jeopardy our empire in the East. But our disgust and indignation are running away with us: we return to Nepaul. In the capital of that country Mr. Hodgson, during twenty years, had filled the post of political resident, with singular credit to himself and advantage to the state. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his public duties, and, by those most learned in Indian affairs, it is confidently believed that it was chiefly through his admirable policy that Nepaul was withheld, on several occasions, from leagueing itself with our enemies. The inclination was certainly not wanting at Katmandû. Agents from Kabûl, from the Punjâb, from Burmah, and even from St. Petersburg, incessantly urged the Nepaulese to strike a blow at us when circumstances appeared to render our footing in India slippery. All these secret machinations were discovered and counteracted by Mr. Hodgson. Still, in the intervals of public duty, he contrived to find leisure for the pursuits of science, and earned for himself a wide and, we doubt not, a lasting reputation. On this account chiefly, perhaps, Lord Ellenborough speedily determined to remove him. Like worthy Oliver Goldsmith, who used to lose his temper when he heard a lady praised for her beauty, Lord Ellenborough could not endure with patience that any public functionary in India should enjoy a reputation for superior merit. He therefore recalled Mr. Hodgson, who was so disgusted by this unworthy treatment that he immediately retired from the Company's service. By every person but Lord Ellenborough, and the inexperienced military stripling appointed to succeed him, his resignation was regarded as a great loss to the public; and had the regulations of the service permitted, the Court of Directors would have shown their sense of his merit by restoring to him, on his return, his appointment and rank. But we have not yet done with the

governor-general's freaks. It is well known that, during the administration of Lord Auckland, an embassy had been sent to Southern Abyssinia with Sir Cornwallis Harris at its head, designed to open up a trade with the interior of Africa, and obstruct the operations of the slave-trade with Asia. By the bold and judicious conduct of the ambassador, a commercial treaty had been concluded with the King of Shoa, and a most advantageous footing obtained in his kingdom. But the Whigs had sent out the embassy and sketched the plan of its proceedings. It was consequently an eyesore to Lord Ellenborough, who, with blundering and indecent haste, broke up our establishment, and relinquished all influence in that part of the world to the French. Instead of defeating the intrigues of our enemies, and, by his judgment and discretion, promoting the interests of British trade in Eastern Africa, Sir Cornwallis Harris is now, we believe, sporting his Joe Manton in the Highlands. Accident only prevented our having to record another desperate act of folly which was all but perpetrated by Lord Ellenborough; for, although the fact has been hitherto studiously kept from the public, we are in a condition to affirm positively that he seriously contemplated the abandonment of Aden. The reader is surprised. He apprehends, perhaps, that there may be some mistake. But no! Lord Ellenborough, imagining himself to be, among other things, a great engineer, considered it to be impossible so to fortify the place as to render it impregnable, and therefore entertained serious thoughts of giving it up. As he never formed any stupendous scheme of mischief without carrying it out to the utmost of his power, he would unquestionably have made a present of Aden to our amiable friends across the channel, had not certain authorities at home disapproved of the sacrifice. Merely to have conceived the design, appeared to them an indication of insanity. Instead, therefore, of permitting him in this instance to act in obedience to the impulse of his caprice, he was given to understand that Aden would not only be retained, but put forthwith, no matter at what cost, in the strongest possible state of defence. Let any friend of Lord Ellenborough disprove if he can, a single item of the foregoing statements; or failing to do that, let him show that instead of being rewarded with earldoms and places, he ought not rather to be impeached or driven with ignominy from the arena of public life.

There remains to be touched upon another phasis in Lord Ellenborough's character, which may serve to show that, if he be mischievous and dangerous as a statesman, he is no less pettifogging and ridiculous. It is not our intention to insist on the Somnath proclamation, though it is impossible not to perceive that he deemed it a stroke of the most refined policy. He had found in an article of a treaty concluded between Shah Soujah and Ranjít

Singh, that the latter, from a mixed motive perhaps, compounded of vanity and the desire to humiliate his royal *protégé*, had stipulated for the restoration of the sandal-wood gates. What the maharajah had failed to accomplish, he immediately determined to achieve. Without inquiring, therefore, whether there still existed a temple at Gugerat dedicated to the concentrated essence of all that is impure and obscene, he despatched his orders to the army of the Indus, directing it to spoil the tomb of Mahmoud of Ghuznee, and bring back the doubtful trophy to Hindustán. He was ignorant that while his statesmanlike intellect was employed in concocting this precious despatch, beggars and cows and asses were huddled together in the same sanctuary to which the gates were to be restored. He was likewise ignorant that there was not a solitary Brahmin in our whole empire, from the Brahmapoutra to the Indus, who would not laugh to scorn his vain-glorious undertaking, and regard with ineffable loathing his sacrilegious plunder of the grave. While engaged in paying this homage to the revolting idolatry of the natives, he did not altogether overlook the policy of conciliating also in some degree the Christian clergy. Considerate and impartial man! His capacious mind could embrace at once the interests of the Vedas, and the interests of the Gospel. He could smile one moment upon Vishnú and Siva, and the next moment turn with apish reverence to look towards one, whom in this place we should consider it irreverent even to name. Let the lords spiritual in the Upper House think of this. Let Sir Harry Inglis and the University of Oxford think of it, and when the question before parliament shall be, whether Lord Ellenborough deserves reward or impeachment, let them solemnly consult their consciences before they decide. For ourselves we should be glad to be able to give him credit even for being a sincere Hindú. It would mitigate our aversion for him to suppose that he believed in any thing. But the Duke of Wellington, it may be said, has undertaken his defence, and the Duke of Wellington is a great theologian, being Chancellor of the University of Oxford. We bow to his grace's theology, and proceed to something else.

Most persons will, perhaps, recollect that, in commemoration of the governor-general's military achievements, a succession of balls and dinners was given to him by the officers of the army and others at Barrackpore, at Dum-Dum, and at Calcutta. On these occasions he endeavoured to put in practice the poetical maxim that it is delightful to play the fool in the proper place. He nearly made all the exquisites of Calcutta burst with envy. Nothing could equal the pomp of his appearance, the gallantry of his behaviour, the elegance of his mien, the brilliancy of his smile, or the Ciceronian eloquence of his after-dinner orations. But he

who should have supposed that Lord Ellenborough would in such speeches confine himself within the circle of compliments and steer clear of politics, would only have shown how very little he knew of the man. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech at the London Tavern, had presumed to read a sort of friendly lecture to the greatest of all Indian statesmen; in the course of which he maintained, in a sentence of great beauty, that our empire in the East is not founded on the narrow edge of the sword, but on the broad basis of the people's happiness. Lord Ellenborough evidently considered this a piece of impertinence on the part of the minister, and, at almost every one of the dinners above-mentioned, took occasion to refute his friend's doctrine. He affirmed most emphatically, and repeated the affirmation again and again, that India was won by the sword, and that on the sword entirely and exclusively our power reposes. He now no longer remembered his boasted declaration that he meant to imitate the magnificent charities of the Mogul emperors, no longer alluded to his relationship, by adoption, to the mighty and generous people over whom he ruled; but, throwing himself without reserve into the hands of the military, gave those present distinctly to understand that all his affections lay concentrated within the circumscribed limits of the camp.

Let no one misunderstand us. We also are strongly attached, both by admiration and sympathy, to the Indian army, whose deeds of valour and generosity we would gladly be the means of transmitting to the remotest posterity. It is not for his attachment to that brave and enlightened body of men that we censure the ex-governor-general, but for the puerility of his display of it, and for his gross and absurd prejudices against the civil service. It is the paltry mind only which knows not how to reward the merit of one man without converting his success into a calamity to his neighbours. Lord Ellenborough, however, systematically exhibited this indication of imbecility, and if they who witnessed his vagaries may be relied upon, he carried on one occasion his folly so far as to harangue the officers around him with profusions and promises of what mighty things he would achieve for them when he returned to England, 'to occupy, perhaps, a far higher post than he then filled.' To what post could he have alluded: to that of Sir Robert Peel, or to that of Oliver Cromwell? His lordship, perhaps, will have the goodness to offer some explanation of this in his place in the House of Lords.

As through the favour of the Tory administration, Lord Ellenborough was enabled for two whole years and three months to occupy a prominent place on the stage of public affairs, and afterwards descended from that bad eminence never to rise again, we may speak of his character as a thing belonging wholly to the

past. This has, indeed, been done several times by others. But as they have rather attempted to exhibit their familiarity with the rules of psychological anatomy, than correctly to apply them, we shall subject it once more to investigation, and see whether it deserves to rank so highly as it has sometimes been placed. Lord Ellenborough possesses few of the qualities of a statesman. He is laborious, quick of perception, plausible, impassioned, and, therefore, to a certain degree, eloquent; he had the sagacity, at an early period of his life, to discover the intrinsic importance and grandeur of Indian affairs, and to feel that it yet remained to reveal their vastness to the people of this country. He applied himself, therefore, with diligence to the study of that department of politics, and consequently acquired a degree of knowledge uncommon among the members of either house of parliament. To this praise he is entitled, and we desire to bestow it on him without grudging. Nay, we may go still further, and maintain that, sitting calmly and quietly here at home in the Board of Control or in the House of Peers, it was completely within the competence of Lord Ellenborough to take, on many points, extremely sound views of Indian politics, and even to judge dispassionately enough of the worth of the individuals engaged in them. The faculty to do this, however, is not by any means a high or a rare one. It does not ascend to the level of speculative wisdom. For this, assuming the present as its point of view, is able to look into the future and at least foresee, if not control, the issues of things; whereas the faculty possessed by Lord Ellenborough was merely that which enables us to judge of actions and events already accomplished. The distinction we desire to draw is palpable. Lord Ellenborough could criticise nicely and often justly the measures of other men; but, when placed in their position, was unable to originate judicious measures of his own. There accordingly could not have been committed a greater mistake than to appoint him Governor-general of India. Transplanted suddenly from the calm and silence, and methodical arrangement of an office, to the soil of active life, quick with passion, and shaken by conflicting impulses, he necessarily felt beside himself. He was like a man who, requiring to occupy a fixed point in order to arrange and methodise his ideas, is cast on a plank floating down the boiling and impetuous surface of a torrent, and desired to think calmly there. Of the India reports and documents he understood something; but of the real geographical division of the world so called, peopled by countless millions, separated from each other by some feelings, united by others, here actuated by one impulse, there impelled by its contrary, while numerous and dissimilar systems of interests prevail and impart to society a distinct character in every division of the land—of this living

and breathing India we say Lord Ellenborough knew absolutely nothing. He thought it a fine field on which to fight the battles of party, and nothing more. All his measures were taken with a view to afford satisfaction to the Duke of Wellington, not to diffuse plenty and contentment and happiness through a hundred nations for the present, and to sow broad-cast through Asia the seeds of prosperity and unassailable strength for future generations. Little dreamed he of the harvest of permanent glory which he might have reaped. It never occurred to him to imagine that, by wisely and honestly performing his duty, he might win for himself a place in the heart and memory of every man in India, and leave behind him a name that would be pronounced with gratitude and emotion so long as a fragment of the Hindú race remained. No thoughts we say, like these, warmed the breast of Lord Ellenborough. All he went out to perform on the opposite side of the globe was to inflict pain on his political opponents, to calumniate Lord Auckland, to throw discredit on Lord Palmerston ; and, to torture them while in opposition, by showing them how easy it was to overthrow and destroy in a few months what they had been years in bringing to maturity. He knew that nothing would occasion them greater anguish than to behold our Indian empire put in jeopardy, and the name of Great Britain on the point of being covered with ineffaceable infamy. He, therefore, in the sight of the whole world, kept the vast fabric for months tottering on the very verge of destruction, where a breath seemed able to overthrow it; and, with the certainty before him of having his own name classed for ever with those of Ephialtes and Tarpeia, whose treachery shed a gloom on the period in which they lived, he meditated the base abandonment of our prisoners to the Affghans.

Yet, in the teeth of these facts, there are those who attribute to Lord Ellenborough the qualities of a great statesman. We are told that he found the East filled with danger and confusion, and left it in perfect safety and tranquillity. Let us not be supposed to want faith in our country's destiny. We believe that Providence has placed within our reach the most glorious sceptre ever wielded by any nation, and that if true to ourselves we may yet grasp and retain it. At the same time it would be madness to deny that Lord Ellenborough has so demoralised and sapped the fidelity of our native Indian army, that we may have to engage in many fearful struggles, may have to inflict dreadful punishments, may have to steel our hearts again and again against the touch of mercy, before we can restore our Eastern rule to that healthy state in which this representative of the Duke of Wellington found it. And here, perhaps, we touch upon the secret ground of Lord Ellenborough's recall. It was clearly foreseen that the spirit of mutiny could never be quelled among the native troops while so fran-

tic an experimenter remained at the head of affairs. He thought it sufficient to distribute medals, and to have the colours of various regiments emblazoned with the name of Kandahar or Ghuznee, forgetting that such compliments, though agreeable enough to the soldier's mind, would neither support his family, nor ensure his own personal comfort. Upon this painful subject we do not choose to dwell at length. To others, who like the task better, we leave it to predict the many misfortunes which may yet befall us in consequence of the perilous quackery of Lord Ellenborough. We return to his policy.

To be convinced that he was guided by no principle, but simply blown hither and thither by the breath of accident, we have but to recapitulate the few acts he performed. He retreated from Affghanistân, and then immediately made the discovery, that the whole political world looked down upon him with scorn for his pusillanimity. To wipe away as he hoped this stigma, he suddenly reversed his maxims of policy, and conquered and annexed Sinde. Again he found that in the estimation of many he had made another false step, and been this time guilty of violence and injustice. What, therefore, should he do? The next time he found himself placed in a difficult position, the best thing he could think of was to do the very contrary of what he had done before. He therefore invaded Gwalior, fought two battles, rendered himself, at a vast expense, of human life, master of the country, and then to render it past doubt that he was bewildered, and could under no circumstances see his way clearly, he relinquished whatever advantages he had gained, and restored to the Gwalior state its former anarchy. For this at least he expected rewards and eulogiums at home. Was his zigzag policy so rewarded? Far from it. The amazed and disgusted Court of Directors no sooner learned what had taken place, than they determined upon his recall, and urged it upon ministers as an act altogether indispensable. Previously even to this, they had become thoroughly convinced of his incapacity, and made representations to that effect to the cabinet. But the Duke of Wellington was there, with his unaccountable but invincible partiality, to screen Lord Ellenborough, and obtain for him a little longer interval to play the madman in Asia. The Court of Directors reluctantly suspended the blow they meant to strike; but, on each arrival of the Indian Mail, were more and more resolved to strike home at last. Meanwhile, the unhappy governor-general stood in the midst of the Indian empire looking helplessly around him, unable to devise any thing that could give satisfaction to the authorities at home. Whichever way he advanced his movements were disapproved of, and if he stood still, he was laughed at for his inactivity. To deliver himself from this humiliating state of perplexity, he collected an army on the Sutlej, and formed the design of trying his luck once more at the game of war; but

was arrested in the midst of his preparations by the intelligence of his ignominious recall,—an insult, a mark of reprobation, which had been put upon no other governor-general. From Warren Hastings to Lord Auckland all had escaped this damning proof of unusual wickedness or insufferable incapacity.

Of the ethical character of Lord Ellenborough it is unnecessary to speak. We could say no good of it, and it is not our desire to say any harm. It will probably be sufficient to remind our readers that few persons whether in or out of parliament care to claim the honour of his friendship, save the Duke of Wellington. His grace, however, would appear to rejoice at this. He desires, apparently, to monopolise the patronage of this bankrupt statesman. His grace may have his reasons for so acting. There are mysteries in public as well as in private life, and his grace's partiality for Lord Ellenborough is one of them. Nobody can conceive on what it is based. It reminds us of the story of the baker who loved Robespierre. Though all the world was blind to the man's good qualities, he still found something to love in him. Just so is it in the present case. The Duke of Wellington, no doubt, knows for what it is that he loves Lord Ellenborough; but we believe that we are quite within bounds when we say, that no other human being does. For the sake of his extraordinary friend, the Duke of Wellington treated the whole Court of Directors with almost unprecedented harshness and contempt. He suffered unequivocal tokens to appear that he was boiling with indignation. At first, nevertheless, he kept some guard over his language. He only said, that in recalling Lord Ellenborough they had not been 'discreet.' Proceeding with his accusation, and warming as he advanced, he soon arrived at the positive, and affirmed that they had been 'indiscreet.' But even this was not sufficient to satisfy his grace's friendship for the disgraced governor-general. His anger, gaining the mastery over his judgment, soon found fitting words in which to vent itself, and characterised the act of the Court of Directors as a 'most gross indiscretion,' nay, as the 'grossest indiscretion he had ever in all his life heard of.'

It may and will be said here that the man who could inspire the Duke of Wellington with such a friendship must unquestionably possess some merit. We think so too. We believe it may without offence to truth be granted, that Lord Ellenborough is an excellent boon companion, that his conversation abounds with capital jokes, that he tells an anecdote well, that he laughs and is joyous, and inspires all around him with gaiety: and is not this sufficient to explain his grace's partiality? We have not the slightest desire to depreciate Lord Ellenborough's convivial powers. He may for aught we know be the most sociable and jovial person in the world: we only maintain that he is the worst governor-general upon record.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reineke der Fuchs. Vierte verbesserte Auflage. Mit neuen Kupfern verschönet, nach Zeichnungen von PROFESSOR L. RICHTER, in Dresden. Leipzig. Sq. 18mo.

Reinhart Fuchs, aus dem Mittelniederlandischen, zum erstenmal in das Hochdeutsche übersetzt von AUGUST FRIEDR. HERRMANN GEYDER, Doctor beider Rechte. 8vo. Breslau. 1844.

The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox, and of his Son, Reynardine. A revised version of an Old Romance. London. 12mo. 1844.

The History of Reynard the Fox, from the Edition printed by Caxton, in 1481. With Notes and an Introductory Sketch of the Literary History of the Romance. By WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq., F. S. A. London. Reprinted for the Percy Society. 8vo. 1844.

Reynard the Fox. A renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme. Small 4to. London: Longmans. 1844.

WE can scarcely transcribe the titles of these additions to the numerous volumes already dedicated to the history of the wanton knaveries, cunning shifts, and malicious contrivances of that arch rogue, Reynard the Fox, without anticipating that some of our readers, mindful of the many occasions on which the Reynardine fable has been made the subject of comment in the pages of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' will exclaim—

'What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!'

We can but plead in excuse our belief, for reasons detailed in our previous articles, that from its quaint humour and racy spirit, this old world fable is destined to retain its immemorial popularity—so long as books are printed, and people read them.

The first of the books on the present list is a German metrical version, chiefly remarkable for its clever illustrations, by Professor Richter of Dresden. They are designed with considerable humour and artistic feeling, and what is yet better, with a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the story; and although not to be compared with the more elaborate productions from the graver of Kaulbach (the publication of which, by the by, is said to be suspended for the present, by the interference of the Prussian censorship), they will abundantly satisfy the admirers of German art.

The second work is one of far higher character. In the first place it

is a well-executed German translation, very nearly word for word, and line for line—from the middle Flemish version published some years since by the authority of the Belgian government, under the skilful editorship of that most patriotic antiquary, J. F. Willems, of Ghent.

But though curious as exhibiting the close affinity which exists between those cognate languages, this is perhaps the least of its merits. It is well known that the several versions of the old poem supply valuable illustrations of the manners, customs, and in short of the whole spirit of society in past ages, and have even served greatly to elucidate some obscurities in the antiquities of the Germanic laws. As long since as 1768, the learned Dreyer made this last part the subject of a special essay, which is reprinted in his '*Nebenstunden*.' Following Dreyer's example, Dr. Geyder has appended to his translation a great body of notes and illustrations, explanatory of those numerous passages scattered throughout the poem, which contain direct reference to the forms and observances of the old German laws, or are couched in its peculiar phraseology. From the connexion which exists between many parts of the ancient laws of this kingdom, and those of our Teutonic kindred, these notes of Dr. Geyder, which occupy upwards of one hundred pages, cannot but be read with satisfaction by all who are interested in the study of legal archæology.

The third work inserted in our list is one of the volumes of '*Parker's Collections in Popular Literature*;' and its selection for republication in such a form, affords strong presumptive evidence of that undying popularity of '*Reynard's History*,' for which we have been contending. The editor of this revised version appears to be acquainted with Grimm's valuable and learned history of the romance, and we, therefore, cannot but feel surprised at some of the strange inaccuracies into which he has fallen in his preliminary notice.

The ample title of the fourth volume, above named, sufficiently describes its contents. To an English reader the homely wit and quaint humour of Reynard's story are greatly heightened by the rich antique mother English of the father of English printing. Caxton's version of this romance, translated from the Flemish prose history, furnishes a valuable and interesting specimen of the state of our language towards the close of the fifteenth century; while the '*Introductory Sketch of the Literary History of the Romance*,' prefixed by the editor, exhibits a far more abundant and curious stock of materials upon the subject than has ever before been collected together in this country.

The last volume on our list is a rhymed version in octosyllabic metre, founded chiefly, but not wholly, on Alkmar's text. The author, Mr. Naylor, deserves our gratitude for his labour of love, and the printer and the publisher have well performed their part, and done all that type and paper could do to second the pious design of the poetical antiquary. All who know and love this racy fable will renew their old delights in perusing Mr. Naylor's version, and those who have not yet made acquaintance with Reynard, may now see him in his proper garb. Verse is his only wear. The translation is executed with so much spirit, that

we the more regret the necessity of denouncing some blemishes that painfully disfigure it. We too often discover in it the artfulness that evinces want of art, and we are vexed with the use of distorted phrases and of slang words, that want the only beauty of which they are capable; namely, that of being apposite. Instances even of elaborate violation of syntax are not wanting, *e. g.* (p. 158):

“Whomso his faulchion well shall wield,
I’ll dub him knight upon the field.”

“From Isingrim (whom I pretended
Wore boots) I caused to be slit
His skin, which was for high-lows fit.”—p. 168.

But perhaps the worst offences we have to complain of, are the odious cockneyisms repeatedly perpetrated in the rhymes. Who can endure such rhymes as these: alarmed—calmed (p. 94); sought—port (p. 100); sworn—dawn (p. 96); brought—court (p. 187); claws—wars (p. 189)? Can any thing be worse than the following couplet (p. 104):

“To practise after my papa—
Through life my light and exemplar.”

Bokhara, its Amīr, and its People. Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff, by the Baron CLEMENT A. DE BODE, London: Madden. 1845.

THIS is a very important and well-timed publication. Much interest has recently been excited about the Khanat of Bokhara, by the tragical events connected with the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly; and with the temporary detention of Dr. Wolff. The Baron de Bode therefore, was extremely judicious in selecting the present season for publishing his translation of Khanikoff, and extremely fortunate in finding an original so highly deserving of being translated. The work of Sir Alexander Burnes had already made the Khanat of Bokhara familiar to a considerable portion of the public, but, since his time, a long succession of circumstances has greatly changed the political condition of Central Asia, and rendered it imperatively necessary to review once more the force and tendencies of its various populations. A part of this task has been ably performed by Mr. Levchine, whose valuable work on the Kirghiz Kazaks, has cleared up many difficult points connected with the geography and social condition of the people of those regions. The same thing may now be said of Mr. Khanikoff, who, during a long residence at Bokhara, collected much new and authentic information respecting the country and its inhabitants, which, in the present work, he has arranged in a popular form. He enters into very full details on the geography and natural features of the country, institutes various inquiries into the sources of its wealth, and investigates minutely, as if for some political purpose, the military and moral

strength which it could oppose to an invading army from any quarter. The result, in our opinion, is, that the Khanat is weak, and might easily have been chastised for the murder of our ambassadors, had we possessed a foreign minister of any moral courage or resolution; but into questions like this, it is not necessary for us to enter at present. Mr. Khanikoff's work, which is most ably and freely translated, must be extensively circulated, and will in a short time enable the public to enter properly into discussions such as we shall shortly perhaps open up. The history and character of the present khan are exceedingly curious; as are also his relations with the Persian adventurer, who now serves him in the capacity of minister. Altogether we strongly recommend Mr. Khanikoff's book to public attention—it has rendered its author an object of suspicion to the Russian government, though written for the use of the czar, and with highly patriotic intentions.

Travels in Luristan and Arabistan. By the Baron C. A. DE BODE.
2 vols. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

THESE pleasant volumes will be read with great interest by a very large portion of the public. They contain the account of a journey from Teheran through Isfahan to Persepolis, and back by Shiraz and Behbahan, through the country of the Mamaseni and Khogilu tribes, in part unvisited by any previous traveller. The author, who was secretary to the Russian embassy, travelled with great advantages, the political influence of the czar in Persia insuring safety and respect for those of his subjects who undertake to travel. At many points of his journey he encountered friends, holding positions of authority, who gave him every facility for prosecuting his researches; and he enjoyed, also, the especial favour and protection of the Moëtemid Dault, or governor of the most important and dangerous provinces through which he passed. We cannot pretend to give even an outline of his journey. We can only say generally that he has visited some of the most interesting cities and tracts of south-western Persia. His description of Persepolis is full of eloquence, and presents a very vivid picture to the mind. With great judgment, however, he dwells comparatively briefly on this, so many other travellers having visited the spot. But he enlarges on the royal tombs at Nakshi Rustam, having entered one which had not been visited by Sir Robert Ker Porter. He also, during his journey, discovered many important remains of antiquity, among others those of Tenghi-Saulek, which must really be very extraordinary. We can promise a rich treat to all interested in antiquarian research, but cannot further allude to the numerous topics of this nature on which he touches so graphically, and with so much ingenuity. Other parts of his work are to us more interesting—namely, the personal adventures, the anecdotes, the sketches of manners and customs, the description of scenery, the lively narratives interspersed. We never remember to have seen a more charming picture of pastoral

life than Baron de Bode's account of an Iliyat migration. It carries us back to the times of Abraham. We have really never read any passage in any Persian traveller with more pleasure, and much regret that we have not space to extract it. However, we are sure that all who are fond of ethnological information communicated in so agreeable a manner, cannot fail to refer to the volume before us. We must not forget to notice the 'Essay on the Marches of Alexander and Timur,' which concludes the work. It is a learned and ingenious performance, and in general conclusive. The baron had ample opportunities of verifying his theories, by examination of the ground over which the two conquerors marched; and, as we have hinted, over a certain portion of the space no traveller had preceded him. He has thus the merit of revealing a new and extensive tract of country to the world.

The History of the Defection of the United Netherlands from the Spanish Empire. Translated from the original German of Schiller, by Lieut. E. B. EASTWICK. Frankfort on the Maine. 1844.

THE author of this translation says it has been his 'study to be literal and to preserve, as far as possible, not only the meaning of the author but his exact words, and even the structure of the sentences, so that to the student of German the work may be useful, as easy to retranspose into German.' He has succeeded admirably; his version has the rare merit of combining ease and fluency with close literal fidelity. Lieutenant Eastwick, who has passed many years of active service in India, is favourably known to Oriental scholars as the translator of several very rare and curious Persian works connected with the history and religion of the Parsees, and as having compiled the most complete vocabulary yet known of the dialect of Sind. The present is, we believe, his first attempt at translation from the German, and was entered upon as a preliminary exercise before engaging in the laborious task with which we rejoice to hear that he is now occupied. He is busy upon a translation of the second part of Bopp's 'Comparative Grammar of the Sanskrit, Greek, and German Languages.'

Want of space has compelled us to postpone several reviews of books which we had prepared for this number.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, Nov. 10th, 1844.

ENGLISH readers, and English reviewers also, Mr. Editor, are wont frequently to complain of the too exuberant fertility of our own press. Books are multiplied more rapidly than the most persevering and indefatigable reading power can dispose of them. Then what quantities of merest trash deluges our library tables, and the shelves of the booksellers! How much chaff is mingled with the corn! Ungrateful public!—' *O fortunati sua si bona norint.*' English readers! Your rich crop is mingled with weeds, is it? Know you not that weeds indicate the fertility and strong productive power of the soil? You grumble over the rank exuberance of your harvests. How would dead sterility content you? Receive then with patience, long-suffering, ay, with gladness, all Essays, Histories, Treatises, Memoirs, Travels, Novels, and other printed ware whatsoever. It has been written that 'A book's a book altho' there's nothing in't,' and the dictum has—very unlike most other dicta—more instead of less sense in it than the writer of it intended. When books with nothing in them are thrust upon us, there will, it is certain, be plenty of books rich in matter. The writing faculty reaches latest those who are least capable of writing well; and when blockheads write it is that *all* write.

Would to heaven that such was our condition here in Italy! Would to heaven that it could be permitted to Italy to receive the product of the unnumbered rich intellects of her sons, now compelled to unwilling, nay, agonising silence, at the simple cost of receiving also, and disposing of as best she might, all that her weaker vessels might be induced by unlimited licence of publishing, to bring forth. Gunpowder Plot! Foolish Guy Fawkes! What is your gunpowder plot to a *printer's ink plot*! What may not that be expected to blow up!

It is this incalculably dangerous printing-ink plot that the sovereigns of Italy are unceasingly active in providing and guarding against. When the traveller has reached the confines of *la bella Italia*, what does the sagacious Charles Albert of Sardinia most anxiously inquire of him? What is the grand object of the minute scrutiny to which his baggage is subjected? Books and Tobacco. To the latter the intelligent monarch objects, as being himself exclusive Tobacconist to his unfortunate cabbage-leaf-smoking subjects. To the former article his antipathy is positive, invincible, and in truth not unreasonable. Not unreasonable, Charles Albert! For despite thy caution, thy guards, thy trained donaniers, this so damnable printing-ink is too subtle an agent to be kept out. Stop up every crevice of your darkened dominions as you may, fatal leakages appear in all parts. Already the danger is imminent. The destructive element is gaining on you. And, trust me, those who best know the nature of this magic fluid consider your doom and that of your fellows to be sealed!

Yes! despite the systematic and well-combined endeavours of the Italian sovereigns—with one exception—to crush the intellects of their subjects,—to keep down every manifestation of intelligence,—to shut out the light, and

to keep their people in a condition of childhood,—progress is observable in a right direction.

Botta's history has now recently been published entire in Lombardy, for the first time. It is an important fact. For no work has given more offence to the Austrian government, or has been more rigorously prohibited and excluded. Are we then to suppose that Austria has changed either her own views, or her opinion of the tendencies of Signor Botta's work? By no means! But Austria has given up excluding Botta '*as a bad job*.' It has found that an untenable point; and has retreated. And so it will be with another and another. And through the hole by which Botta has now passed, a bigger than Botta will soon be able to squeeze himself.

The result of this forced and most involuntary relaxation on the part of the rulers of Italy is beginning to manifest itself in all quarters. And although the state of things is still such, that no Italian can dream of writing on any of the great questions, that most immediately concern the social and moral well-being of mankind, yet the Italian mind is becoming gradually awakened; opinion is beginning timidly and cautiously to show itself, creeping out to the light of day by such indirect paths, and small outlets as the vigilance of despotism finds it impossible to close hermetically;—and as a necessary consequence books are multiplied.

The one exception, alluded to above, which exists to the universality of despotic and antisocial principles among the sovereigns of Italy, is obvious enough to all who have ever interested themselves in Italian affairs and prospects. The exception presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany is an important and a bright one. The grand duke is, probably, one of the most liberal-minded men in his dominions. The misfortune is, that he is far more so than the majority of his people. In fact, the excellent government of Tuscany, the character of its prince, and the affection of all classes of his people for him, are obstacles in the way of revolution in Italy. There are no revolutionists in Tuscany. Every body is too well contented with things as they are. And Italian patriots of other cities fail not to upbraid the Florentines with their *poco-curante* political apathy. It is in Bologna, in Rome, in Milan, and in Naples, that the fermenting materials must be sought which are to revolutionise the Peninsula. Oppressive governments, imbecile and bigoted princes, tyrannical institutions—these are the surest and most effectual abolishers of despotism.

It is much believed that the Grand Duke of Tuscany would willingly lend his aid to the establishment of a free constitutional government in his dominions, if it were in his power to do so. But Austria, with its dead weight of leaden influence, oppressing, like the hideous nightmare, the heaving breast of Italy, says No! And Tuscany has no power to resist the *brutum fulmen* of the imperial despotism.

It is, nevertheless, abundantly clear, that the liberal feelings and principles of the grand duke are by no means entirely inoperative in Tuscany. They are, on the contrary, visible in a thousand small matters of internal administration; and in things literary especially symptoms of toleration are observable, which cannot but have the effect of attracting to Tuscany the intelligence and talent of the Peninsula, and tending thus to render Florence the capital, at least, of intellectual and literary Italy.

Thus, last year, when Niccolini's '*Arnold of Brescia*' appeared, it was rigorously prohibited throughout Italy. It was, indeed, a book to make her tyrants tremble on their thrones. A more awakening cry against the twofold tyranny of the church and the empire—of Austria and of Rome—under which Italy is groaning, has not been heard by her people. A more vigorous and damaging attack against the unholy alliance of '*Cæsar*,' and '*Peter*,' for the

spiritual and temporal oppression of the nations, has never aroused the rage of Vienna and the terrors of the Vatican. A more thrilling cry to union has never been sounded from the Alps to the point of Calabria. The volume was printed at Marseilles; and was instantly prohibited with the utmost rigour throughout the states of Italy. Tuscany could not stand alone, and refuse to join in the prohibition. 'Arnaldo da Brescia' was a prohibited book also in Tuscany. But three thousand copies were sold in a few weeks in Florence; and the author, instead of taking up his residence in St. Elmo, as he would have done had his home been Naples, or being marched off to Spielsberg, as would have happened had he had the misfortune of being a Milanese, continued and continues in the undisturbed and peaceable enjoyment of the affection and society of his friends, and the applause and admiration of his fellow-citizens. It is, moreover, within our knowledge, that when some would-be lick-spittle parasite, who little knew the man he wished to toady, offered to the grand duke to write a reply to 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' the proposal was rejected with marked coldness, and its author dismissed with the answer that the grand duke did not wish any thing to be said upon the subject. It should be mentioned, too, that Niccolini was enjoying, and still enjoys, a government salary as professor at the Academy 'delle belle Arti.'

All honour therefore from every friend to Italy to Leopold II. of Tuscany—a despotic monarch against his inclinations;—a liberal prince and enlightened philanthropist despite his position; and most righteously entitled by his administration to the appellation, which ancient Florence selected as most expressive of its reverence and affection for a beloved ruler, of 'Pater Patriæ.'

While Orioli of Bologna pines in his distant exile at Corfu;—while poor Bozzelli of Naples, innocent of aught save of having been mentioned to one friend by another known to hold constitutional opinions, in a letter intercepted by the spies of the government, is passing his weary days and nights in the hopeless dungeons of St. Elmo;—while so many others of Italy's best and worthiest sons are atoning for their patriotism in prison or in exile, the author of 'Arnaldo da Brescia' has been tranquilly preparing for publication an edition of his collected works, which has just appeared in three volumes, post 8vo.

A considerable quantity of new matter has been added by the poet to the old favourites of the Italian reading world in these volumes. Two new tragedies—'Agamennone' and 'Beatrice Cenci,' are the most important additions. A 'Discourse on the Tragedy of the Greeks, and on that of Italy,' occupying nearly a hundred pages of the first volume, is also now published for the first time, being prefixed to the Agamemnon. This essay expresses in strong language the veteran poet's opinion of the modern romantic school of art. He laments the desertion of the high ideal for the low natural, and complains that it is to this notion that we are indebted for 'Marion Delorme,' and the truly monstrous 'Lucrece Borgia.'

From this he goes on to instance in the 'Mysteries of Paris,' the truth of the principle 'that the imitation of evil ever goes beyond its example, as contrarywise that of what is good falls short of it.' After giving a brief resumé of the story, he adds: 'This is what a contempt for art and for the ideal has brought us to! If the innovators, who usurp the name of philosophers, had better known the eternal laws of human nature, they would have been aware that, inasmuch as the sentiment of the beautiful is conjoined to that of what is good, outrages on morality would follow upon outrages on good taste.'

These opinions of the Italian patriot poet I have transcribed for the benefit

of your readers, Mr. Editor, not for the sake of their intrinsic value, for in truth I do not think that our admired Niccolini has at all seen to the bottom of this matter, and your readers will probably agree with me in thinking, that the causes of some of the prevailing tastes and forms of literature, are not to be so easily, simply, and briefly accounted for and condemned by attributing to their authors and admirers an ignorance of the eternal laws of nature, and a contempt for art and for the ideal. I have no intention here either to defend or condemn that literature, which has so vehemently excited the indignation of the veteran poet; but assuredly there is very much to be said on both sides of the subject, and larger social questions are involved in the debate than he, looking at the matter merely with the eye of a poet educated in the study of the ancient classical models, and formed by the contemplation of their regular and lofty beauties, dreams of. But his opinions on the subject are highly curious,—indeed important,—as specimens of the opinions of an Italian liberal, radical reformer, regenerator, and innovator. Political liberalism then in Italy, it should seem, by no means necessarily involves a participation in the whole system of opinions and tastes which usually accompany it in France and England. Here is a reformer with literary tastes and creeds the most 'rococo.' Here is a favourer of 'la jeune Italie,' professing a system of critical ethics the most decidedly 'perrique.'

The explanation of this phenomenon—the causes why Italian liberalism is different in many respects from the liberalism of England or of France—'twere long to tell;' at least too long for me to attempt to do so in this letter, which ought to be already drawing to its close. Suffice it for the present that it very clearly is considerably different. And at the same time that many well-wishers to Italy may be dissatisfied with manifestations which they may conceive to show, that even her foremost minds in the march of intellectual progress are lamentably behind the rest of Europe, let her at least reap the advantage which may arise to her cause, from proving to that party in England and France, who are prejudiced against liberal political opinions, because they deem them to be indissolubly connected with 'discourued' principles in literature and morals, that in her case, at all events, aspirations after political regeneration are not necessarily connected with innovating doctrines in literature, morals, or religion.

Niccolini, though an ardent patriot, and determined enemy of that union between a corrupt church and a corrupt state, which has for so many centuries strengthened in their tyrannical oppression the hands of both these contracting parties nevertheless holds many opinions that would be deemed by English and French liberals to savour of obsolete prejudice and bigotry. Thus he is led to speak with but scant praise of Shelley in the above-cited discourse. He speaks of him as a poet, 'of whom it would be difficult to say whether his country ought most to be proud or to be ashamed.'

'Shelley,' he goes on to say, 'was undoubtedly endowed with a powerful genius. And having bestowed much study on the Greek tragedy, and especially on the chorus, he became so enamoured of Æschylus, that he attempted Prometheus liberated' in his absurd manner. This was in fact an impious varrango of splendid imagery and metaphysical abstractions, setting forth man freed from the ties of all religious belief, by the means of Demogorgon's victory over Jove—the victory, that is of Pantheism, which triumphs over Faith. The horrible doctrine of Spinoza (which but too abundantly lies hidden in the works of certain metaphysicians, who from hypocrisy and not from honest zeal, have rebuked the philosophy of the last century—a philosophy far less dangerous than their own)—deservedly drew down on Shelley the hatred of his fellow-citizens.'

It is painful to be obliged to cite such opinions as these from the author of

'Arnaldo da Brescia.' What! Can Signor Niccolini really think that a man *deserves the hatred of his fellow-citizens* for holding opinions, however 'horrible' they may appear to any among them? In the magnificent tragedy just mentioned, the following grand passage is put by Niccolini into the mouth of Arnald, addressing Pope Adrian:

"Adrian, thy hope deceives thee. Through the earth
The terror of Rome's thunder-bolts grows weak;
Reason has loosed the bonds thou fain wouldst make
Eternal;—time will be, she will burst them.
As yet she is not thoroughly aroused.
Already human thought has so rebelled
'Tis not in thee to rule it. Christ cries to it,
As whilom to the sick man—'rise and walk';
'T will trample thee if thou wilt not proceed.
The world has truths other than those proclaimed
Forth from thy altar, and no more endures
Temples that hide high Heaven's father. Man
Pastor, thou hast been;—be a shepherd's flock.
Will no more own himself a shepherd's staff
Too long struck backwards by thy march.
Mankind hath tarried on its onward Heaven's name,
Wherefore hast thou trampled thus in thee."
On man, the last born son of God's decree."

And the man who wrote and thought thus is of opinions! Let human intellect 'arise and walk!' 'tis God's decree! But then it is not for it! Is that in that path which I and my authorities have marked out for it? Is that Signor Niccolini's meaning? Are these his sentiments? Alas! how difficult a lesson even to those who most loudly profess its holy doctrines, is real practical toleration!

Notwithstanding these prejudices against Shelley, Niccolini must have induced he says, by the criticism of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which he sums up accurately enough, and by the opinion which Byron held of him, 'to read the tragedy of the Cenci,' and 'having read it,' he says, 'I conceived the translating it into our tongue. But whoever is acquainted with the

• I have translated these lines, Mr. Editor, for the benefit of your readers, to the best of my ability. But the gods have not made me poetic; I feel that to justify the epithet of magnificent, which I have applied to thee well as in justice to Signor Niccolini, I ought to add the original:

"Tu t'inganni, Adrian. Langue il terrore
Dei fulmini di Roma, e la ragione
Scote le fasce che vorresti eterne:
Le romperà: non bene ancora è desta.
Già l'humano pensiero è tal ribelle
Che non bastia domar: Cristo gli grida
Siccome all'egro un di: 'Sorge e cammina.'
Ti calcherà se nol precedi: il mondo
Ha un altro vero che non sta fra l'are,
Nè un tempio vero che gli nasconda il Cielo.
F'esti pastor, diventa padre: è stanca
La stirpe umana di chiamarsi gregge;
Assai dal vostro pastoral percossa
Timida s'arrettrò nella sua via.
Perchè in nome del Ciel l'uomo calpesti
Ultimo figlio del pensier di Dio?"

I have justified my qualification of these lines, have I not?

of modern English writers, especially of the *Satanic School*, to which Shelley belonged, must know how wide is the difference between their taste and ours, and how intolerable their style is to whosoever has been educated by a study of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics, to a knowledge of the true, the decorous, and the beautiful.

This is little too much like Trissolin's—'Nul aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis,'—to pass for very valuable criticism. But it is curious to see the veteran liberal showing the same idiosyncrasy in matters of taste that he manifests in his opinions on theology and philosophy. The Spinosist deserves hatred; and the Romanticist is insupportable to all who comprehend the true and the beautiful. He proceeds to say: 'Of this assertion I could collect here the proofs; but if these turpitudes, which have been made to disappear in my work, should seem to any one to be beauties, I prefer to confess that I have not translated the 'Beatrice' with the timid fidelity of an interpreter, but rather have imitated it,—(I must crave to be excused for the too little modesty of the phrase)—with the daring freedom of a poet. I should not have so far ventured had a Greek or Latin classic been in the case; but it is my opinion that a literal version of this dramatic work of Shelley would be as mean, prosaic, and monstrous, as the toad whose spots Cenci, drunk with opium and with crime, imprecates on his daughter.'

He alludes to these lines of Shelley's poem:

"Earth, in the name of God, let her food be
Poison, until she be encrusted round
With lep'rous stains! Heaven, rain upon her head
The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew,
Till she be speckled like a toad; parch up
Those love-enkindled lips; warp those fine limbs
To loathed lameness."

It might be worth while to examine a little how far the Italian poet has amended the work of the English one, by his scheme of purifying it of turpitudes, and bringing into conformity with the classical models of Greece and Rome. But 'time and space,' as inexorable to reviewers, as poor mad Nat Lee represented them to be to lovers, forbid it; and I must content myself with inviting your readers to compare the two tragedies for themselves;—presenting them meanwhile with the one following specimen, in which I must confess that I think our countryman has all the advantage. It is the very striking passage in which the fiend-like father, having sent to call his wretched daughter to his presence, thus speaks to his almost equally wretched wife:

"She shall become,—(for what she most abhors
Shall have a fascination to entrap
Her loathing will)—to her own conscious self
All she appears to others; and when dead
As she shall die unshrived and unforgiven,
A rebel to her father and her God,
Her corpse shall be abandoned to the hounds;
Her name shall be a terror to the earth;
Her spirit shall approach the throne of God
Plague-spotted with my curses. I will make
Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin."

Signor Niccolini's paraphrase runs thus:

"Ella sarà ciò che più aborre; e quando
Nessun mortal l'estimerà diversa
Da quel che paia, e in lei sarà volere
Ciò che ora è forza, e non avrà rimorsi,
Vo' che muoia la rea, nè sacerdote
Le dia speranza del perdono eterno

Colla possanza delle sue parole :
 Pasto il suo corpo ai corvi, ed il suo nome
 Terror del mondo : nè appressarsi ardisca
 L' anima ignuda al tribunal di Dio:
 Degna si senta dell' inferno, e piombi
 Da se stessa laggiù."

Though I have said that Niccolini has shown intolerance in his judgment of Shelley, and though in the passage quoted I have given the preference to the Englishman, as I think your readers will also, yet I strongly recommend all lovers of Italian poetry to procure a sight of Signor Niccolini's volumes. He is decidedly the first Italian poet of his day, without any worthy rival; and the reader will find noble passages in 'John of Procida,' 'Antonio Foscarini,' 'Ludovico Sforza,' and, above all, in 'Arnaldo da Brescia.'

While speaking of Niccolini, I must not forget to mention that his history of the house of Hohenstauffen is rapidly progressing towards completion. No public announcement of it has yet been made; but it is very generally known that he has for some time past been engaged on this subject, and his own report is that his labours are near their termination. He speaks with no great respect of Raumer; and it will be curious enough to compare the German historian's views of such a subject with those of an Italian.

But the book which has made the greatest stir lately among the active thinkers and patriots of Italy—ay! and among their rulers too—is Cesare Balbo's treatise '*Delle Speranze d'Italia.*' THE HOPES OF ITALY! Why there is rank treason and sedition in the very title! What business has Italy to hope? And what can she hope, but the destruction of the powers that be? Accordingly, no book has for some time past been so rigorously prohibited in Italy. It was printed at Paris a few months since, and was instantly ordered to be most carefully excluded. So I sent at once to my bookseller's, and ordered it to be sent home to me directly! But this was at Florence, it must be remembered;—at Rome, or Naples, it would have been otherwise.

Well! the first remarkable circumstance attending the publication of Signor Balbo's book, is that it is *not prohibited in the dominions of the King of Sardinia*. And truly this is significant enough. I should be curious to know what they think of this matter at Vienna. Signor Balbo is a Piedmontese; a subject, therefore, of Sardinia; and his book bears on its title-page this epigraph from the gospel of St. Luke, '*Porro unum est necessarium.*' 'But one thing is needful.' Now the one thing that Signor Balbo deems needful for Italy is the expulsion of the Austrians. This is the aim and object of his book, as it is that of all good Italians. But very different opinions are held as to the means by which such a devoutly wished consummation might be brought about. I cannot enter in this letter on the interesting, though painful subject of the difficulties which lie in the way of all the different schemes proposed for the liberation of Italy. It will readily be conceived that the most insuperable of them consist not in the power of the oppressor, but in the errors and follies of the oppressed. It is in despair of otherwise overcoming the obstacles so arising, it is to be presumed, that Signor Balbo proposes to Italy to make Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the captain of her hopes. The Austrians are to be driven from Italian soil by the efforts of the Italians rallied under that prince, who is yet but too bitterly remembered to have betrayed once already the banded patriots whom he had persuaded to be weak enough to trust in his princely faith. When he was Prince de Carignano he was enrolled in the list of the Carbonari, who were then engaged in schemes for the independence of Italy. As one of the sworn con-

spirators, he was in possession of lists of the members, and these he took to the king, his father; thus causing a greater amount of death, proscription, imprisonment, and misery, than any other event has ever brought on the patriots of Italy. Is this man, thus a cold traitor in the spring-tide of his warm youth, to be trusted, now that he has grown gray in king-craft, and hardened in the heart-withering duplicities and necessities of despotic policy? Is any hope to be placed in such an one? Signor Balbo, it should seem, thinks there may, thinks at all events that there is none better visible in the political horizon. And, what is more notable, the scheme seems to please, at all events not to offend, the monarch in question; since he alone, among his fellows, the rulers of Italy, has not prohibited the book. Possibly he remembers that his kingly ends were once before not ill served by a little dabbling in revolutionary schemes. Possibly he may consider that no opportunity so favourable for the purpose of strangling the hopes of Young Italy is likely to offer, as that presented to him by grappling with her in a fraternal embrace. At all events, had I the power of making myself heard by the Italians from one end of the Peninsula to the other, my last word in this matter would bid them distrust this royal Sinon and his Grecian gifts.

Not that I think that Italy is likely to listen to the proposal. Out of Piedmont the work has been received with but small approbation by Young Italy. In Lombardy, where the galled jade most winces under the pitiless rider that wrings her withers, any and every proposal for the overthrow of the Austrian will meet in some degree with a favourable reception. But in central and southern Italy Signor Balbo's proposals have excited but little sympathy. The cancer that is there most deeply eating into their vitals is a different one. It is the Papacy. True it is that Austria once well out of Italy, the Papacy would not last a month. But then Signor Balbo professes the sentiments of a good Roman Catholic; and it is difficult for a Roman to believe that any good can come of schemes proposed by those who hold such a faith. Romanism may find favour anywhere rather than at Rome.

I had intended to say a few words on two or three other matters of Italian interest, but it is really time to bring this long letter to a conclusion. I must just mention that the old ex-king, Joseph Bonaparte, who died here the other day, has left a considerable mass of MS. memoirs to Prince Musignano, the son of the Prince de Canino, with directions that they are not to be opened till he is twenty-five. He is now twenty. Assuredly if posterity does not sufficiently well know the doings of our times and those of our fathers, it will not be for want of care on our parts to tell them all about it.

Of course your readers have seen in the public papers accounts of the inundation of the Arno, which afflicted Florence on Sunday, November 3rd. It is centuries since such a visitation has been experienced here. The calamity has been a very serious one, and the destruction of property immense. The conduct of the grand duke, his munificence, thoughtfulness, personal activity, and benevolence, have been above all praise. The English have, as usual, come forward handsomely to assist in alleviating the distress of the poorer sufferers. The water stood about eight feet deep in the streets of the lower part of the town.

MILAN, September 30th, 1844.

The sixth annual meeting of the Scientific Association of Italy is over ;—the ' *Congresso Convocato in Milano*,' so long looked forward to has come together and dispersed again, and Milan is returning to its—sooth to say—somewhat unscientific condition again. The first question to be asked and answered is—Has the meeting been a successful one? The partisans of the association point triumphantly in reply, to the list of members, amounting to nearly twelve hundred. It is a larger number than has assembled at any one of the previous meetings, and may fairly be assumed to indicate that an interest in scientific matters, and love for the pursuits of science is on the increase in Italy. The large number of members composing this sixth congress, is the more remarkable, say the managers of the Milanese arrangements, seeing that the eligibility of those who presented themselves for admission to its ranks, was far more severely scrutinised than has been the case at previous meetings. Thus it was laid down as a rule, that the mere fact of having been a member of any or all of the five former assemblies, was no title of admissibility. And much heart-burning, discontent, and jealousy, has arisen from the decision.

But is the mere enumeration of its members, granting them to be all honourable men in the roll of science, a sufficient answer to the inquiry—has the Milanese meeting been a successful one? We think not quite. What are the objects of these locomotive meetings in the different cities of the great nations of Europe? If the *sole* purpose is the assembling as large a number of men occupied in scientific pursuits, for the sake of intercommunication, and the advancement of science by the opportunity thus furnished them of comparing their experiences, the results which they have attained, and the doubts which have beset them ;—if these were the *sole* objects in view, it would seem a better plan to select some most central and otherwise convenient city as the permanent place of meeting. Many advantages would attend this method of organising the association. But there are other objects in contemplation, and those assuredly not the least important in the scheme of these associations, which all the leading nations of Europe have now copied from each other, that would be lost if their locomotive character were abandoned. Perhaps in Germany, England, and France, the most valuable result of these meetings is the influence they may be expected to exercise on the city in which they assemble. In Italy there can be no doubt that this is the case. Torpid, lethargic, and intellectually dead, as is the society of the cities of Italy for the most part, it is a great matter to awaken the public mind to the fact that there *are* interests and occupations other than the eternal round of intolerable insipidities offered by the boudoir, the theatre, the *casino*, and the *corso*. In a state of society such as that which many circumstances of long standing conspire to render the social life of Italy, where the votaries of science are, for the most part, poor, unappearing, recluse men, exercising absolutely no influence on the social world around them, it is of no small moment to exhibit science majestic in the imposing strength of its united forces, honoured by the world, and revered by the great and powerful.

This we conceive to be the most important object of these annual meetings in Italy. And having explained our views on this point we cannot but confess our opinion that the Milan meeting was not so successful a one as could have been wished.

The contrast indeed between the reception of the scientific men of Italy at Florence, a year or two ago, and at Milan this year was truly remarkable. It was not that the *official* reception was less distinguished for its cordiality and magnificence ; though it is worthy of remark that the expenses of the meeting

were supplied from a different source in the two capitals in question. At Florence it was the grand duke, whose liberality and munificence were exerted to the utmost to make the meeting agreeable to its members, and to do honour to science in their persons. At Milan the government did scarcely any thing. Almost, if not quite, all the expense was borne by the municipality of Milan. This is an extremely rich body, and its expenditure has been very large on the occasion. Every thing was done by the corporation in the most liberal, indeed, magnificent manner. It was not in this point that the contrast showed itself; but in one of unfortunately far greater importance.

It was in the *social* reception which the Congress met with in either city;—not its individual members—that is another matter;—but the Congress as a body. In a word, it was at Florence *the fashion*; at Milan it was the reverse. At Florence ‘every body,’ all the noblesse, the ladies, with the grand duchess at their head, and the ‘world of fashion,’ took pleasure in mixing with the ‘world of science,’ joining its meetings, its dinners, even attending its sectional discussions. The grand duchess attended several. At Milan a very different feeling was observable. As a body the nobility held themselves aloof. They did, indeed, give, it may be urged, one ball to the members of the congress at their ‘Casino dei Nobili.’ But, this duty done, they held themselves aloof. The evening meetings at the Ricardi Palace, in Florence, used to be crowded to overflowing with all the rank and beauty of the city. The rooms of the Palazzo Marino, in which the evening meetings were held in Milan, presented the melancholy appearance of a number of middle-aged gentlemen wandering through the half-filled and nearly silent rooms, with all the symptoms of being out of their element, dying of ennui, and any thing but enjoying themselves. No! the Milan belles would have nothing to say to the wise men. Milan is celebrated for the beauty of its women. But upon this occasion they decided it to be *mauvais ton* to show themselves. It may be very possible that the interests of science were advanced all the more uninterruptedly from the philosophers having been left to their own lubrications. But the result certainly was that the Congress wore a dull and grim appearance compared to the festive, gala-like meeting of Florence.

Now, that the black-coated disciples of Urania should have been unblest at Milan by the presence of the gaily-decked votaries of Terpsichore, is a matter of infinitely small consequence. In all seriousness the Congress may have very probably served its purely scientific end all the better for the absence of a number of exclusive, illiterate nobles, and their, if possible, more illiterate and uneducated wives and daughters. But the spirit of the Milanese society, thus manifested, is of no small moment as regards the future hopes and destinies of Italy.

For it must be understood that it was not simply because the beaux and belles of Milan are almost wholly uneducated and illiterate that they, therefore, found nothing to attract them in the society of the philosophers, and for that reason did not go near them. Not a bit of it. They would have shown themselves, and ‘talked of Shakspeare and the musical glasses,’ or of Galileo and hydropathy, like others under similar circumstances, if the Congress had been a Congress of *nobles* instead of, for the most part, of *roturiers*. Here was the point of difficulty.

Yes! the Congress, whatever its other claims to consideration may have been, was deficient in ‘quarterings,’ and was, therefore, no company for the Milanese noblesse. Nowhere, in Europe, is the effete barbarism of ‘castes’ more in vigour than at Milan. The result, of course and of necessity is, that the exclusives there are the least advanced in social and moral civilisation of

all the great cities of Italy. Will it be believed that these noble blockheads have a Casino for themselves and their females, to whose festivities the more distinguished of their non-noble fellow-citizens are invited—after what manner does the civilised nineteenth-century Englishman think? Thus: A gallery has been constructed, looking from above into the ball-room. There such more distinguished *roturiers*, with their families, as the privileged caste may condescend to invite—not to share—but to witness their festivities, being duly fenced in with an iron grating, may gaze through the bars at the Paradise that they can never enter. It is at least something! They may there see what it is to be 'noble!' The happy ones, thus permitted to feast their eyes, may, at least, boast of their less fortunate fellow-citizens, of the condescension with which they have been *honoured*, to and thus propagate, in some degree, the blessings of exclusiveness among the ranks of the swinish multitude! In their happy gallery, at the top of the noble ball-room, they may, at least, inhale the refuse breath steaming up from noble lungs—delicious gales from Araby the blest. Surely this is *something*. The wealthy citizens of Milan feel that it is; and they value the so condescendingly granted privilege accordingly.

Yes! the *roturier* citizens of Milan—incredible as it may seem to those whose more civilised social system has given them the feelings of men in the place of those of slaves—do gratefully and gladly accept these invitations. Yes! for one of the curses most surely attendant on the undue separation of a privileged caste, is the degradation of *both* parties—the real abasement of the pariah, as well as the fancied exaltation of the noble.

And these exclusive nobles pretend to feelings of patriotism!—pretend to hate the Austrians!—to sigh for the liberation of Italy from her oppressors! We strongly recommend them to change the tone of their aspirations. They should cling to the Austrian rule. That alone can preserve to them their present social position. They should welcome the domination of a social system, whose principles are their principles, and whose plans for the world's future are far more congruous with their own, than those of the men who hope for and await the regeneration of Italy. Of a surety these so aristocratically exclusive patriots are under the influence of a great mistake. If the day should come—or to speak more truthfully—when the day shall come, that shall see Italy once again what she has been, and what she may be, the change so difficult to make will not be made for *their* profit. The revolution which must be brought about by the enlightened minds and stout right arms of Italy's worthiest sons will not be brought about, they may rest assured, for the purpose of pushing backward the social system of young Italy to such a point of antiquated barbarism, as may suit their present privileges, pursuits, tastes, and notions. No! the nobles of Milan had better change either their social habits, or their politics, with as little delay as possible.

Having thus disposed of the social aspect and influences of the Congress at Milan, and expressed our opinion that it cannot be considered to have been successful in this point of view, we have a few words to say of it in its purely scientific capacity.

There were, as will almost always be the case in these things, several 'places in the middle where the paste was not;' but, on the whole, the meeting was not only a very full one, but highly respectable also from quality as well as quantity. Humboldt and Arago were among the regretted absentees to whom we have alluded. It was sought to mitigate our regrets by assuring us that they would be present at the next annual meeting, which is to take place at Naples.

Rüppel of Francfort, the well-known African traveller, a veritable German

Mungo Parke, was there, and read several papers in the Zoological section. Von Hammer Purgstall from Vienna, the historian of the Ottoman empire, was a member of the Geological section. Gräberg von Hemsö, whose name as a geographer has been made known throughout Europe, by his work on Morocco—the most authentic we have—and who is now librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, read a long paper on the recent progresses of geographical science. Orioli, from Corfu, a Bolognese, exiled from his country for liberal opinions, was there, and communicated to the Physical section some remarkably curious discoveries respecting the laws which regulate electrical currents.

The astronomers Plana from Turin, and Amici from Florence, were there.

The Cavaliere Schmidt of Berlin, who is the son-in-law of our celebrated entomologist Spence, and himself an enthusiastic votary of the same science, read a paper in the Zoological section, which was ordered to be printed in the acts of the Congress.

The Prince de Canino, Charles Lucien Buonaparte, was of course there, and was, it may be said, the soul of the meeting. He it was who first introduced these annual assemblies into Italy, his adopted country. He was president of the Zoological section.

There were twenty-four Englishmen among the nearly twelve hundred members of the Congress. Among them may be specially mentioned Lord Northampton, Dr. Roget, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Lord de Mawley. But none of the twenty-four took any active share in the business of the meeting. Some of the qualifications assigned to our countrymen, in the printed lists of members, are strange enough, and imply strange misconceptions on the part of the admitting body. For instance, as one gentleman's title of admissibility to a scientific congress, he is stated to be '*The Director of the East India Company.*'

Then we must by no means omit to record among the *notables*, that the Congress counted among its members two ladies—the Baroness Ernesta Kotz, and the Baroness Luigia Kotz, both canonesses, and both of Vienna. They were members of the Physical section.

Lastly, the General President of the Congress was the Conte Borromeo, the lineal descendant of the sainted Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, whose tomb, in the centre of the magnificent *duomo*, is to the present day rarely unsurrounded by a group of worshippers. In fact the worthy president's ancestor is by far the most popular saint in the calendar at Milan. The business of the meeting was opened with a speech by the noble president, which had the effect of reminding the members in the outset, that they were on Austrian territory, under the surveillance of Austrian authorities, watched with Austrian jealousy, and assembled by the grudging sufferance of Austria. In truth there were few there whose hearts or heads required any reminding of these humiliating facts; and the discontent to which the Count Borromeo's speech gave rise was very general, and deeply felt, if not loudly expressed. From the general tone of the speech, it might properly have been addressed to a number of schoolboys, whom their master chose to permit, once and away as an exercise of their ingenuity, to employ themselves on topics of their own selection, instead of on a set theme. He recommended them to give their attention to such and such subjects, and admonished them to shun such and such others. The Prince de Canino let fall some words in his inaugural address to his section, which were evidently intended to reply to the ungracious and ill-timed observations of the president. The speech was printed by Canino, and distributed to the members of the Congress; but the words which in the following extract are in italics, were not allowed by the Censor to be printed. We were enabled to obtain an MS. copy of them.

He had congratulated the assembly on the presence of Cardinal Gaisruck of Vienna, among them,—the first dignitary of the church who had attended any one of the meetings of the institution. And from this he took occasion to say: 'The alliance of religion with knowledge is not a command of human invention, but is the design of evangelical truth. And he who breaks or loosens their connexion, is not only the enemy of man, but the adversary of God! But since the voice is ever useful, which is raised to maintain the inespugnable right of free discussion for all men, I turn myself to you, my most worthy colleagues,—to you whose wishes are not for the limitation of thought, but are in favour of its unshackled conquests, and the progressive enlargement of its boundaries.'

Canino's speech was received with immense applause. He has, in fact, almost all the qualities most necessary to ensure unbounded popularity among such a body as that composing the Congress—or indeed among any men. His scientific acquirements are well known throughout Europe. He may fairly be classed among the first zoologists of the day. But, if his science is not such as that of princes is usually found to be, the works published by him on his favourite pursuit are truly princely. He holds and professes openly republican principles. And his manners, habits, dress, and address, are far more in keeping with his opinions, than with the social rank which fortune has assigned him. Though somewhat corpulent, he is very active, and even alert. His figure and entire appearance are as far as well might be from that of the beau-ideal of miss-in-her-teens; but a physiognomist would pronounce him still extremely handsome. He wears an enormous beard and moustache, as black as a coal, which yet do not avail to conceal the play of his very expressive and highly benevolent mouth. His eyes are black, bright, piercing, and never for an instant quiet. Every morning, a little before the hour of the opening of the section, he might be seen bustling about the quadrangle of the Palazzo Brera, with his quick but shuffling gait, a load of books, papers, and portfolios under his arm, the capacious pockets of his broad, and somewhat seedy, black coat, stuffed with copies of his yesterday's printed speech, or some new brochure of interest to his section, and entering into close confabulation with one or other of the members of it. He talks Italian, French, and English, with equal facility, and almost equal correctness. With all these qualities, it will be readily conceived that he was indeed the very life and soul of the Congress.

By his help, and that of several other kindred spirits, the Congress passed off pleasantly enough; and we contrived to enjoy ourselves very satisfactorily, despite the cold shoulder of the Milanese exclusives, and their ill-omened opening speech of our apparently thoroughly Austrianised president. There were geological excursions along the course of the Adda, and in the highly interesting neighbourhood of Varese for the geologists;—several extremely curious chemical experiments, by Professor Schönbein for the chemists; and much information, many novel communications, various pleasant meetings, new acquaintanceships formed, and old friendships renewed, and much good-fellowship for all.

The Congress was divided into the following sections:

1. Medicine; with a subsection for Surgery. 2. Zoology; Anatomy; Comparative Physiology. 3. Botany; Vegetable Physiology. 4. Geology; Mineralogy; Geography. 5. Mathematics. 6. Chemistry. 7. Agronomy; Technology.

And the only instance we heard of all concerned not being perfectly contented with this distribution, was in the case of the members of the fourth section. The geographers complained loudly that the geologists took up all

the time ; and that they had no opportunity to get in a word. The fact is, that the two rival sciences ought each to have formed a section ; and such will, doubtless, be the case at future meetings.

Among many matters of interest was the formation of a society for the improvement of Italian wines. The aim and ambition of the society is the exclusion of French and other foreign wines from the peninsula, by those fair and legitimate means, by which only an enlightened commercial code would ever seek to exclude the commodities of rival producers ;—by the amelioration, namely, of their own home products. We have very little doubt that nature has been sufficiently bountiful to her favoured Italy, to enable her to accomplish this great and praiseworthy object entirely. But she has a long and difficult path of improvement to traverse before she can hope to achieve it. She is probably equally defective in her culture of the vine, and her mode of managing its produce at present. The society of which we are speaking purposes to direct its efforts to both these objects. Several Italian wines, from different parts of the peninsula, were produced at the public dinner-tables of the Congress ; and the amount of body and flavour, in many of them, was such as to leave little doubt on the minds of competent judges, that judicious improvements in cultivation, vintaging, and making, would enable the vineyards which produced them to compete with the finest products of France or Germany. The prevailing fault was the too great astringency. It was the wish of several members of the society, that one of its laws should bind all those enrolled in its ranks to use no foreign wines. But this was resisted by the majority ;—on higher grounds, we think, than a mere unwillingness to impose privations on their appetite. The true method of stimulating the producer to improve his produce, is not, surely, to persuade the consumer to content himself with that which is inferior.

It would be easy, and not uninteresting, to point out the leading faults of the Italian wine-growers and wine-makers, and to indicate the principal difficulties with which the society for the improvement of Italian wines will have to contend ;—but it would lead us too far a-field, at present. It may be mentioned that the best wines produced at the Milan meeting were from Calabria, from Sicily, and from Piedmont.

A very handsome work on Milan and its environs, in two volumes, royal 8vo., composed expressly for the occasion, and printed at the expense of the municipality, was presented to every member of the meeting. A commemorative medal in bronze was also struck by the same wealthy and munificent body, and presented to each member.

We have only one other remark to make in conclusion. It was the opinion of many of those Italians who most deeply mourn the present condition of their country, and most earnestly look forward to its regeneration, that the true friends of Italian progress ought to abstain from attending the Milan Congress. "It is a favour," they argued, "granted by Austria ;—it becomes us to accept of none from her. No results, be assured, will be permitted by our jealous tyrant, which can, in any way, tend to the social amelioration of Italy, and every voluntary contact with the government of the stranger, serves but to accustom us to our chains, and thus to rivet them the more firmly."

We cannot concur in the tone of this reasoning. We cannot comprehend any principle of delicacy or honour which should restrain the Italians from seizing and making the most of any and every concession that can be wrung from their oppressors. And as for the '*favour*' granted by Austria, Italy ought to know right well that nothing in this kind would be granted that her tyrant felt she could venture to withhold. But it is exactly herein that lies the hope of Italy and of other peoples similarly situated. It is that by degrees,—all too slow, alas !—but still by sure and irresistible degrees the general progress of

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